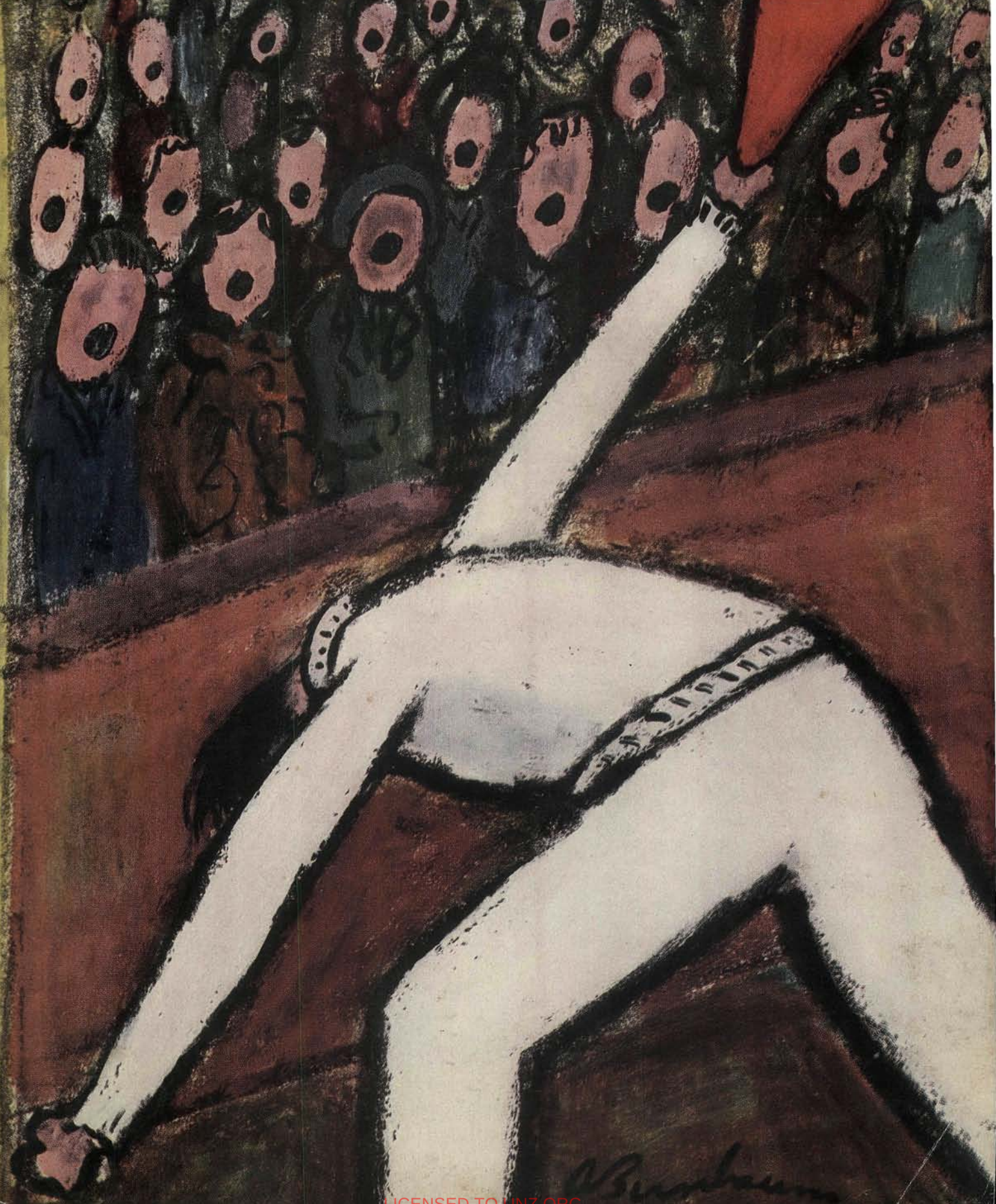


Oct 14, 1950

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# NEW YORKER

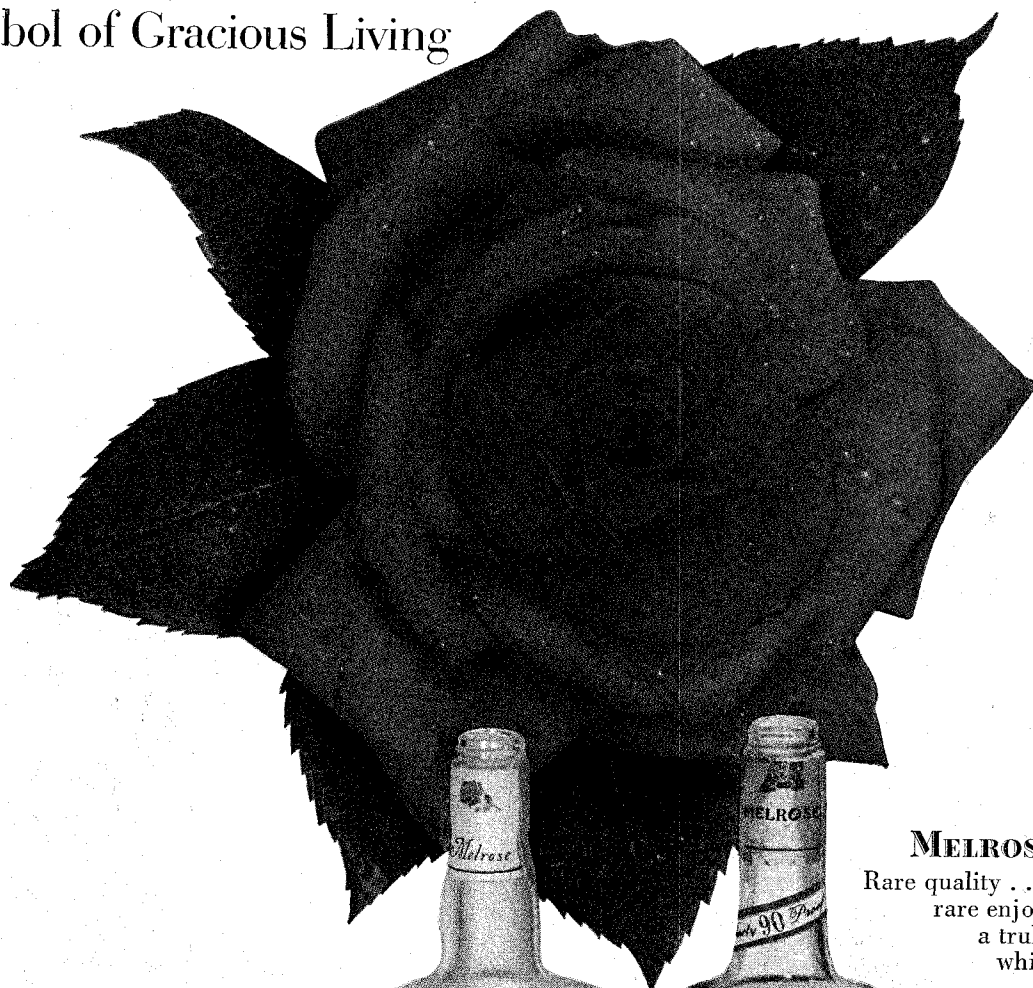




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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**AFFAIRS OF STATE**—Celeste Holm in a comedy about Washington love and politics, neat and unsurprising, that is Louis Verneuil's first job of playwriting in English. With Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**BLACK CHIFFON**—This import from London, starring Flora Robson, will be closed until Monday, Oct. 23. (48th St. Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Upon resumption of performances, the piece will play nightly, except Sundays, and offer matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.)

**DAPHNE LAUREOLA**—Dame Edith Evans is splendid as a ladylike alcoholic, and Cecil Parker and the rest of the cast support her nobly, but this English comedy does not, when all is said and done, amount to much. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

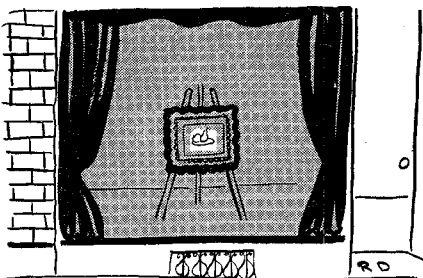
**THE GIOCONDA SMILE**—Aldous Huxley's adaptation of his justly celebrated short story conceivably has its points as simple melodrama, but it will almost certainly distress admirers of the original. Basil Rathbone, Valerie Taylor, and George Relf are enthusiastic in leading roles. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**THE HAPPY TIME**—About a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy. It is in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinee Thursday, Oct. 12.)

**PETER PAN**—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has contributed some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:40; special matinee Thursday, Oct. 12.)

**SEASON IN THE SUN**—The first comedy hit to come along this semester. It was written by Wolcott Gibbs, and is based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in this magazine. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Eddie Mayehoff, Paula Laurence, and Anthony Ross. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**LONG RUNS—THE COCKTAIL PARTY**: T. S. Eliot's play dealing with an unorthodox psychiatrist and some bothersome patients. Now with Henry Daniell and Margaret Phillips. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) ... **DEATH OF A SALESMAN**: The end of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Thomas Mitchell is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING**: Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel concerning a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody. The cast includes Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **MISTER ROBERTS**: The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226.



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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|    |    |    |    | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |

Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thursday, Oct. 12.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**LEGEND OF SARAH**—A comedy by James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau, with Marsha Hunt, Tom Helmore, and Ethel Griffies. Directed by Benn W. Levy and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**THE CONSUL**—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Patricia Neway, Gloria Lane, and Lydia Summers. Bruni Falcon substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinee performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**MICHAEL TODD'S PEEP SHOW**—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and the cast includes Lina

Romay. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, Oct. 15.)

**PARDON OUR FRENCH**—This new Olsen and Johnson enterprise is very much like the three that preceded it and will presumably attract the same public. In addition to the two masterminds, the cast includes Marty May, Denise Darcel, Helene Stanley, and six remarkably energetic midgets. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**TICKETS, PLEASE!**—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thursday, Oct. 12.)

**LONG RUNS—GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES**: Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **KISS ME, KATE**: "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **SOUTH PACIFIC**: Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton has replaced Ezio Pinza, but we still have Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**CALL ME MADAM**—Ethel Merman and Paul Lukas in a musical by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Produced by Leland Hayward and directed by George Abbott. Dances by Jerome Robbins, and scenery and costumes by Raoul Pène duBois. Opens Thursday, Oct. 12. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**BURNING BRIGHT**—A new play by John Steinbeck, with Kent Smith, Barbara Bel Geddes, Howard Da Silva, and Brooks Martin. Produced by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, and directed by Guthrie McClintic. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### BALLET

**LES BALLET DE PARIS**—"Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," "L'Œuf à la Coque," "Les Forains," and "Carmen." With Roland Petit and Colette Marchand. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

### MISCELLANY

**THE MEDIUM AND THE TELEPHONE, and ARMS AND THE MAN**—Theatre-in-the-round productions. The Gian-Carlo Menotti operas will close on Saturday, Oct. 14, and Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker will open in a revival of Shaw's play on Thursday, Oct. 19. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**RODEO**—Brahma-bull-riding, bronco-busting, calf-roping, and wild-steer-wrestling, plus

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### THE NEW YORKER

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

songs and dances by Gene Autry and Champion. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 22.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**AMBASSADOR**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, dancing in the Trianon Room to the polite music of Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras at dinner and supper.

**BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra appears at dinnertime in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays, and, except Sundays, at cocktail time "under the clock." No dancing in either inglenook.

**CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village rumpus room is back in its pristine mood. Joe Bushkin and his pagan crew, some of whom use stringed weapons, are on the bandstand. Lea Mathews, a young lady with a fetching voice, is around, too. Cliff Jackson is beginning his second century as the interlude pianist. Dancing.

**DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6000)—Ninety minutes of old-fashioned minstrel-show tumult, serving mostly to prove that there's nothing new on Broadway and that girls are man's best friend. Some pleasing nonsense is supplied by the Rigoletto Brothers, some trumpeting by W. C. Handy, some balladry by Harry Armstrong. Noble Sissle and Billy Banks are involved with the dance music.

**EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A curious mixture of Manhattan gone Hollywood and Hollywood gone Manhattan, plus a dash of just plain folks from Park Avenue. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

**NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Chef's Special in the Terrace Room is the ice show, which is compounded of many traditional ingredients but also offers Jean Arlen and a couple of other young ladies especially designed for gym suits. Bernie Cummins' band provides well-tempered dance music. Peter Kent's orchestra helps out now and then. Closed Sundays.

**PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Mimi Benzell performs at dinner and supper (except Sundays, when there is just a dinner show), along with Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band. Miss Benzell is sometimes arch, sometimes pedagogic, and sometimes, happily, just lyric. Closed Mondays. ¶ Every night, Stanley Worth's orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre. Page Morton plays piano and sings.

**PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room offers the customary Persian Room dinner and supper shows, embellished by the songs of Jane Froman, the dances of Mary Raye and Naldi, and the dance music of Mark Monte's Continentals and Dick LaSalle's orchestra. Closed Sundays. ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a worldly and well-got-up bower, is full of Maximilian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthay's dance music after eight-thirty. ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music from the cocktail hour to midnight. No dancing.

**RITZ-CARLTON**, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—At dinner, in the ancestral Oval Room, Emery Deutsch's soft-spoken music, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra does the honors. ¶ Mr. Sandler's music is also audible in the Palm Court from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

**ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo, one of the most famous of the swallows of Capistrano. Closed Sundays.

**ST. REGIS**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Maisonette has dinner and supper dancing to Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's bands. Margaret Phelan is as hand-

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some as the room, but not all her ballads are quite so distinguished. Closed Sundays.

**SAVOY-PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

**SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnival Room, a fairly fancy peacock alley, once again has dinner and supper dance music by a platoon of Lester Lanin's musicians and a cluster of Jan Brunasco's gypsies. Closed Sundays. ¶ In the Café bar, except Sundays, Don Abney's piano, from six to twelve.

**STATLER**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Through Saturday, Oct. 14, Ralph Flanagan, maker of what might be called teen-age fan-club dance music, will be in the Café Rouge at dinner and supper. Jimmy Dorsey, always a *lettre-rouge* Café Rouge event, takes charge on Monday, Oct. 16. Closed Sundays.

**STORK CLUB**, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A handy midtown refuge for youngsters who can't think how to kill time until dawn. Suzy Mulligan is the local Circe. Payson Re's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

**VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, in a basic little black dress and occasionally in far from Basic English, does those wisps of French ballads about heaven and earth and love and death with artfully artless perfection. Emile Petti's orchestra, a choir, and an accordionist smooth the path for her. Panchito's rumba band is also here.

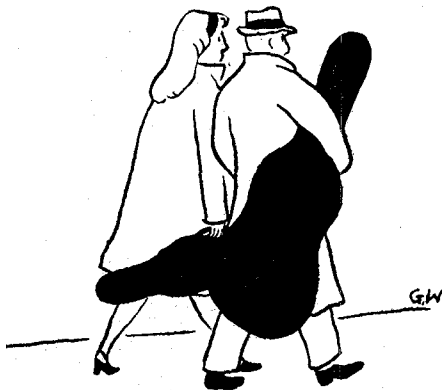
**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Roger Price, whose chalk talks on whatever flits through his complex mind come entirely apart if subjected to the least analysis, is lecturing at dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room. Emil Coleman's orchestra, with which Mischka Borr's band alternates, is the mainstay in the music department. Kitty Kallen sings in both shows. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until midnight. ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra plays for dancing in the Flamingo Room from six until around one. Closed Sundays.

**NOTE:** The Rainbow Room, our closest approximation of Pikes Peak, has reopened, after years of desuetude, for cocktails and listening music, the latter by Ford Harrison's orchestra. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone is CI 6-5800, and the management will pour from four-thirty to nine every evening but Sunday.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, dean of Manhattan's piano professors, is once more in his native habitat. This season, he is heard at dinner and supper and isn't around Sundays. ¶ **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose face has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here with his band after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too.



Saturdays, Mr. Davis puts on a tea dance from five to seven. Closed Sundays. ¶ **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse and the bloods from the East Sixties elbow to elbow. Except Sundays, Felix Romaine's table-side string music from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed is at the piano. ¶

**ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): The denizens of Radio Row unceasingly taking their ease. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. ¶ **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Simone Dolphen, conducting what amounts to a one-girl aquacade on top of Bob Downey's piano. Mr. Downey and Harold Fonville play double piano, and Jim Hawthorne sings. Hazel Webster is the piano soloist. Sunday is old-movie night and Monday is young-amateur night. ¶ **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A friendly Latin-American playground providing a plethora of song and dance, some of it by the house guests. Closed Sundays. ¶ **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, a sterling example of the now-or-never school of interior decorating, has the perennial Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. ¶

**VIEUX CARRÉ**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, Louis Hawkins presides over this bit of Southern comfort, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant, sprinkling his piano music and his conversation pieces lightly over his audience from cocktail time on. ¶ **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, foremost interpreter of the songs of Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and other modernist composers, is in her parlor, upstairs over the convulsive Show Spot bar. Sam Hamilton, a good man in his own right, is her pianist. ¶ **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A very casual bar and terrace, where Spivy, starting around ten, does a batch of her single-entendre ditties. Herbert Kingsley, the house pianist, also gets into her act. Closed Sundays. ¶ **LA COMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, a pianist with a prodigious memory, is at the piano after eight. Burke McHugh and Strat Walling set forth a few bits of nonsense later in the evening. Closed Sundays. ¶ **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels and his loyal mates—the blues-shouting Mae Barnes, the singing pianist Norene Tate, and the clowning pianist Garland Wilson—putting on their variety show at ten-thirty and doing (as the spirit moves) solos, duets, trios, and quartets. Alice Ghostley, who is newer at the game, does splendidly by the extremely funny songs of G. Wood, her pianist. Closed Mondays. ¶ **RALEIGH ROOM**, Hotel Warwick, 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): Cy Coleman's trio, whose only problem is too many (rather than too few) ideas, is one good reason for listening in here. Another is William Adler's violin. Closed Sundays. ¶

**CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano and cymbalon music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance music between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

**BIG AND BRASSY**

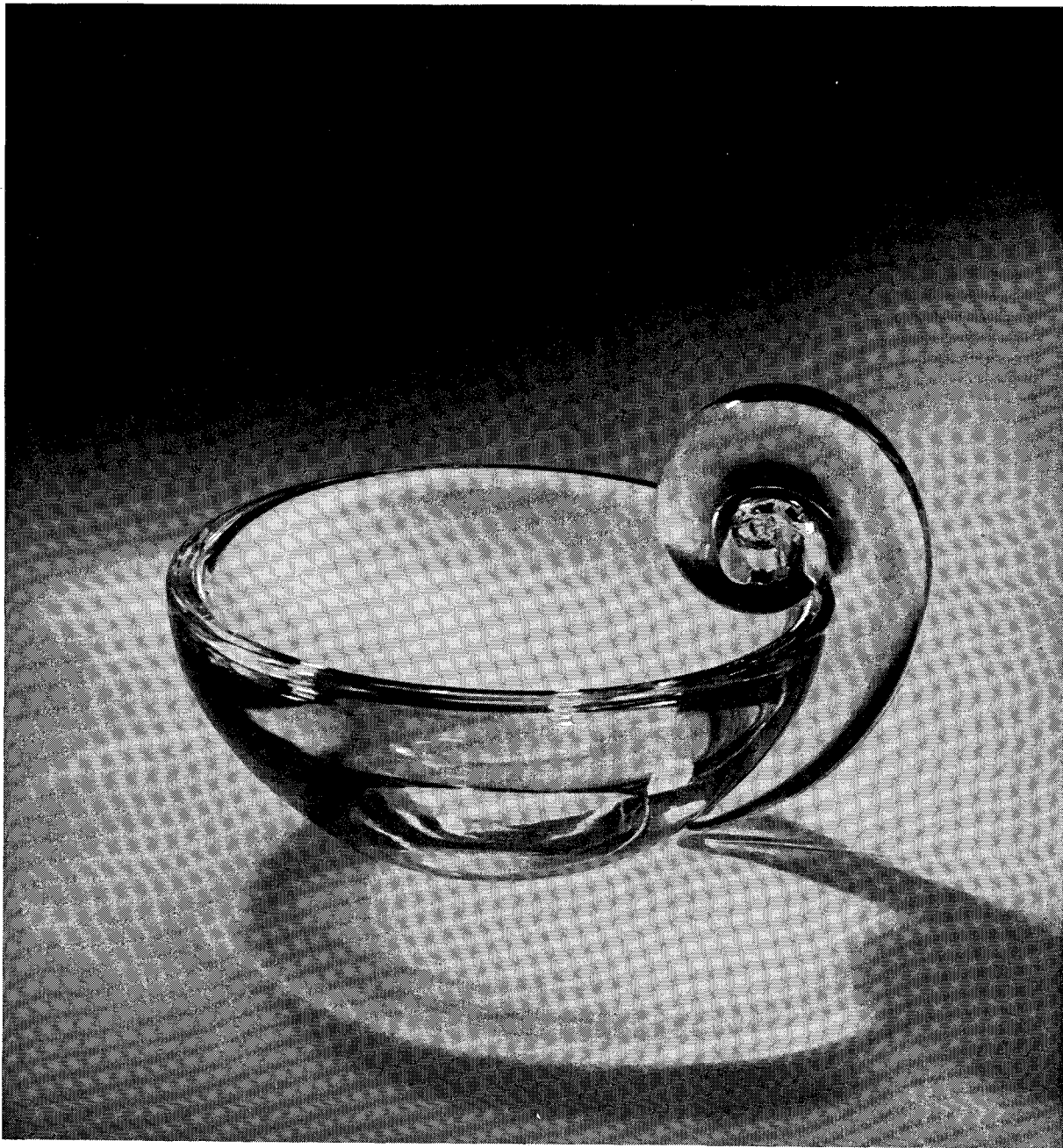
**COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, a generally amusing trip in a Pullman smoker, sometimes filibusters for hours, so you may miss the rest of the show, which, aside from the singing of Patti Page and Betty Harris, is not of historic importance. Dancing. ¶ **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The well-known Billy Daniels, who delivers his love songs in Holy Roller style. Ted and Phyllis Rodriguez dance, and Pupi Campo's and Walter Nye's orchestras are on the revolving bandstand. Closes for the season on Sunday, Oct. 15.

**SUPPER CLUBS**

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Wally Cox, a youthful Mark Twain in modern undress, plus the Weavers, a heaping (and fetching) helping of homespun song and homespun wit; the Mad Moiseses, an unruly cluster of lady elves; and Barbara Cook, a golden-haired and engaging new little nightingale. Luxurious background music by Stuart Ross, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Harold Cooke. ¶ In the lounge, a parade of em-





OLIVE OR NUT DISH

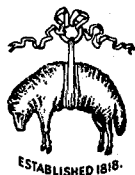
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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

inent pianists—Ralph Strain at cocktails and dinner, Eadie and Rack after the theatre. ... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's autumn extravaganza involves Michael Brown's bizarre ballads of doom and Shirl Conway's songs of love, the young but often bright humor of the Deuces Wild, and (through Tuesday, Oct. 17) the hearty pipings of the Four Lads. On Wednesday, Oct. 18, George Hall, a travelling salesman with a neat assortment of comic novelties, goes in at left halfback. Norman Paris, the infant prodigy, and his trio are a whole school of modern music in themselves. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Through Thursday, Oct. 12, Richard Dyer-Bennett's unique library of modern and ancient songs. Charlotte Rae, a boisterous humorist, will stay on, and will be joined by Ed McCurdy, a Canadian folk singer and guitarist, and Mildred Smith, a new balladier. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Mr. Condon's band, in a state of flux these days, now contains Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, and Johnny Windhurst, which is not a bad mixture. Ralph Sutton is doing the interlude solo piano, as good a turn as can be found in town. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer madness. Closed Sundays. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is at work here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A band, Dixieland in mood, made up of Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, among others. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. ... **POP CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): A musical history (the eighty-eighth, at a guess) of jazz, with Fletcher Henderson and Earl Bostic and their bands, to say nothing of the handsome singing of Irene Williams and the prancing of some athletic showgirls. Closed Mondays. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Al Hibbler sings, and a group led by Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt, plus Machito and his Afro-Cuban orchestra, provide music for the millions. Jam sessions Mondays. ... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night shivarees are still going on. On Oct. 13, the band of Wilbur and Sidney de Paris (Omer Simeon, Frank Signorelli, John Kirby, and Fred Moore) will attempt to stand off Max Kaminsky's boys (Sandy Williams, Bob Wilber, Elmer Schoebel, and George Wettling). ... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night welkin-ringing rituals, employing (on Oct. 13) the services of Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five. Dancing.

### ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, weekdays.)

#### GALLERIES

**DARREL AUSTIN**—A ten-year retrospective (1940-50) that clearly shows the development of his highly individualistic style and ideas. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Oct. 28.)  
**CONTEMPORARY DRAWINGS**—Fine pieces by Léger, Klee, and Matisse, among many others, in a carefully selected survey of the modern European and American schools. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 14.)  
**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **BARCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Water colors and caseins by members of the gallery, including Sol Wilson, John Costigan, and Harold Weston; through Oct. 21. ... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's annual pre-season exhibition, consisting of over a hundred and thirty paintings and sculptures by as many artists. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11;



# COMMAND PERFORMANCE



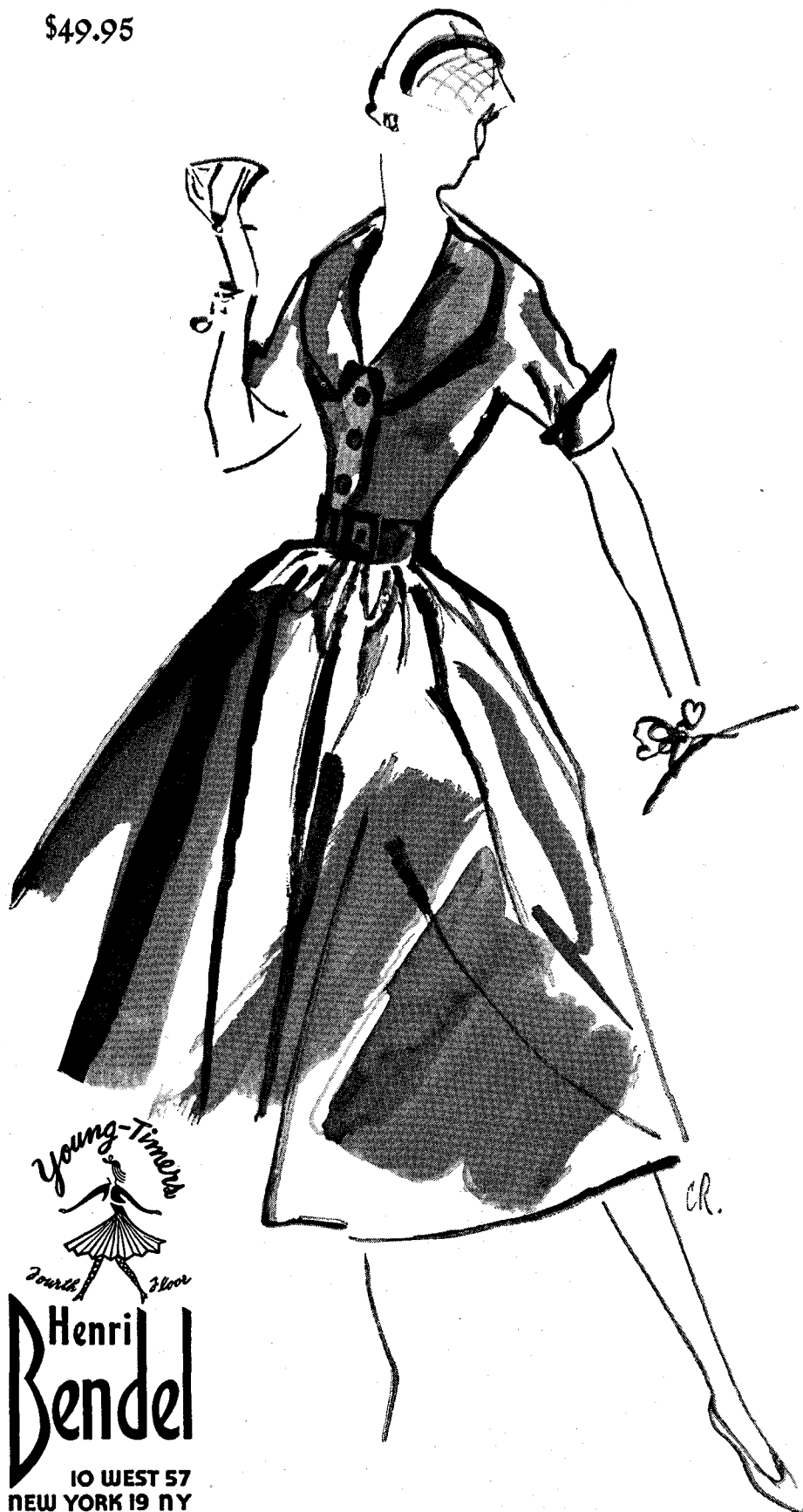
The loveliest women are now consolidating their conquests by wearing Command Performance, most feminine and urbane of Helena Rubinstein's perfumes. And how wonderful that you can afford to buy Command Performance without visiting Paris to do so! Madame Rubinstein imports costly essential oils from France,

then compounds and bottles the perfume here in America. An exquisitely haunting fragrance — in long-lasting eau de parfum at 5.50, 3.00 and 1.75. The concentrated perfume itself costs from 2.00 for the purse size up to 45.00 for the largest bottle. ©Helena Rubinstein Inc., 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. *Prices plus tax.*



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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Oct. 13.... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: A generally lively twenty-fifth-anniversary selection of paintings and sculptures by Julian Levi, Bernard Karfiol, and Niles Spencer; through Oct. 21.... **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.: This gallery's first exhibition—a pleasant group showing by Milton Avery, Frank Gebhart, Esther and Jenne Magafan, and others, along with a roomful of works by the late Emil Ganso; through Oct. 28.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Extreme modern pieces, some chosen as much for their shock quality as for their artistic value. Paul Delvaux and Marcel Duchamp are among the contributors; through Oct. 21.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Water colors and gouaches by Louise Stanton and John Hartell, among others, in a roundup of this gallery's younger artists; through Oct. 21.... **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and other works by members of the art-school faculty, including Stuart Davis, Abraham Rattner, and Chaim Gross. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3:30; through Oct. 13.

**DAHLOY LPCAR**—Farm scenes, direct in approach and simple in style, by this Maine artist. (Wellons, 43 E. 50th St.; through Oct. 20.)

**BENJAMIN KOPMAN**—Figure studies and landscapes, in oils, solidly conceived and somewhat reminiscent of Daumier and Cézanne. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 21.)

**LEO MANSO**—Recent oils, most of them depicting the sea, wharves at night, or marine forms, in his first one-man show since 1947. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; through Oct. 14.)

**MODERN FRENCH**—Water colors and drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, among them Ingres, Braque, Picasso, and Redon. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 21.)... Paintings and other works, most of them never before exhibited in this country, by Léger, Masson, Lurçat, and others. (New Gallery, 63 W. 44th St. Weekdays, 10 to 8; through Oct. 20.)... Paintings by such well-known artists as Vlaminck, Dufy, and Utrillo, along with some interesting work by two young Parisians, François Arnal and Bernard Buffet. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 13.)

**MURAL DESIGNS**—A group of artists (including Hofmann, Motherwell, and Hare) and architects (including Breuer and Gropius) collaborating on designs for murals and buildings. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Oct. 23.)

**LEO QUANCHI**—Rather rigidly patterned but effective abstractions. (Salpeter, 36 W. 56th St. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Oct. 20.)

**MURIEL STREETER**—Paintings, mainly landscapes, with a wistful touch that makes one think of some of the neo-romantics. (Hewitt, 18 E. 69th St.; through Oct. 14.)

**THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING**—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Oct. 31.)

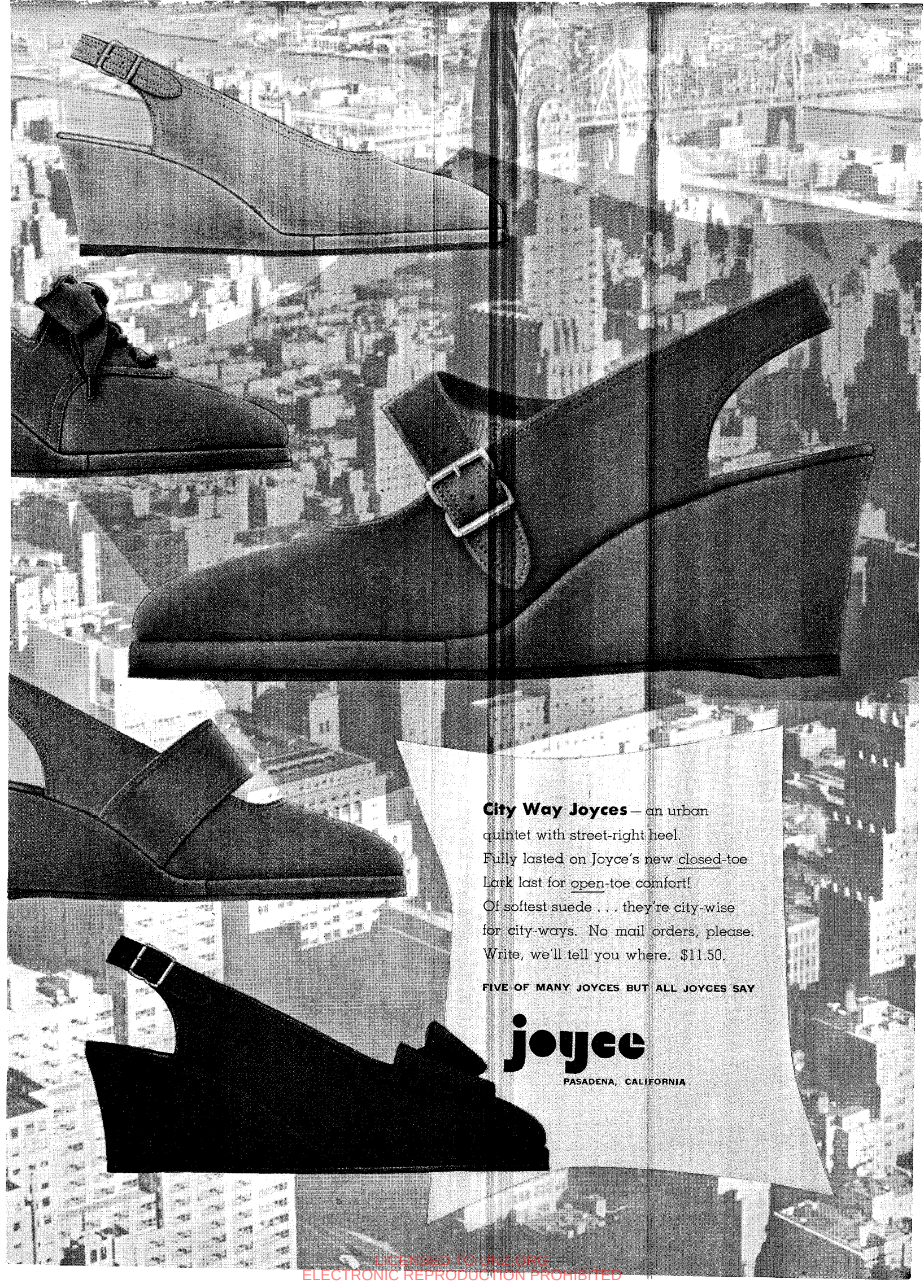
**SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS**—At the **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Eugenie Baizerman. Weekdays, noon to 5:30; through Nov. 9.... **CHINA HOUSE**, 125 E. 65th St.: Art of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties; through Nov. 10. Closed Saturdays.... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57th St.: James Lechay; through Oct. 28.... **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: Seventy-fifth-anniversary show by the Art Students League. Daily, 1 to 5; through Oct. 29.... **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Maurice Utrillo; through Nov. 11.... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Hannah Small; through Oct. 28.... **SEGY**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: African sculptures; through Nov. 9.

**NOTE**—The semiannual art exhibit in Washington Square is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, Oct. 15.

### MUSEUMS

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—A showing of oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures by members of the Museum's art-school faculty. The group includes Max Beckmann, William Baziot, Reuben Tam, and Milton





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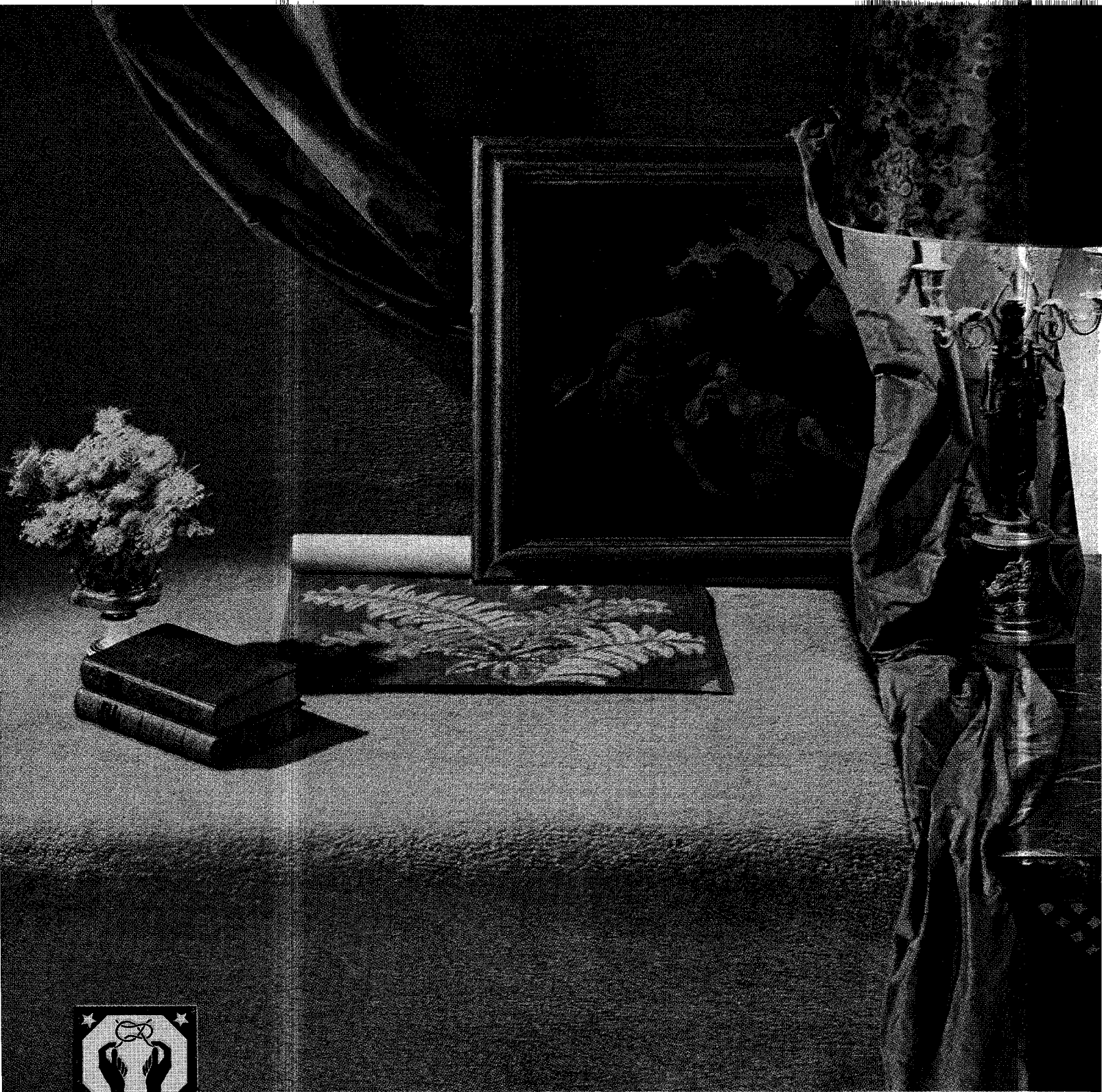
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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hebald. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5; through Oct. 15.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Thirty-five models of important Jewish historical scenes, from the time of Abraham to the proclamation of Israel's independence. The models were built by an Englishman, Denny C. Stokes. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Oct. 12, from 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; through March 30.)

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years; through Oct. 29.... ♪ Chess sets and boards given to the Museum in 1948 by Gustavus A. Pfeiffer; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. There are groupings of American, British, pre-Nazi German, and Latin-American art, as well as a section devoted to portraits; through Oct. 15.... ♪ Models, photographs, and plans of buildings designed by the firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, among them the N.Y.U.-Bellevue Medical Center, at 1st Ave. and 34th St., and Lever House, at Park Ave. and 53rd St.; through Nov. 5.... ♪ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 7.)

**MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Nov. 7.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 10 W. 8th St.—A display of American art, part of the permanent collection, that includes oils, water colors, sculpture, and drawings. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Nov. 5.)

### MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall LU 2-4536.)

#### OPERA

**NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY**—Friday, Oct. 13, at 7:30: The company's premiere of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger"... ♪ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English)... ♪ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "Carmen"... ♪ Sunday, Oct. 15, at 2:30: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English)... ♪ Sunday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "La Traviata"... ♪ Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger"... ♪ Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Turandot"... ♪ Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "Aida"... ♪ Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "The Tales of Hoffmann"... ♪ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:30: "Faust"... ♪ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

#### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—At Carnegie Hall—Opening performances of the season, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:45; Friday, Oct. 13, at 2:30; and Sunday, Oct. 15, at 2:45 (no soloists); Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 20, at 2:30 (both with Ossy Renardy, violin).

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Opening performance of the season, Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

**CHAMBER ART SOCIETY**—Robert Craft conducting a chamber orchestra, with Edward Steuermann, piano, and vocal soloists. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 5:30.)

**LITTLE SINGERS FROM PARIS**—L'Abbé Maillet directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:30.)

#### RECITALS

**ADOLF BUSCH AND RUDOLF SERKIN**—In a violin-and-piano recital. (Hunter College Assembly

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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490.  
Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

AEOLIAN TRIO—Chamber music. (Town Hall.  
Sunday, Oct. 15, at 5:30.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano. (Carnegie  
Hall. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

JEANETTE MACDONALD—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall.  
Monday, Oct. 16, at 8:40.)

FRANK GLAZER—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednes-  
day, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

BURL IVES—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre,  
Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext.  
2461. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

JACQUES ABRAM—Piano. (Washington Irving  
High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday,  
Oct. 21, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

### SPORTS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—On SATURDAY, OCT. 14: Army  
vs. Michigan, at Yankee Stadium, at 2 . . .  
¶ Brooklyn College vs. N.Y.U., at Ebbets  
Field, at 8 . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at  
Hamilton, at 2 . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell,  
at Cambridge, at 2 . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs.  
Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 2 . . . ¶ Prince-  
ton vs. Navy, at Princeton, at 2 . . . ¶ Rutgers  
vs. Temple, at New Brunswick, at 2 . . .  
¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2 . . .  
SATURDAY, OCT. 21, all at 2: Brown vs. Prince-  
ton, at Providence . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Penn-  
sylvania, at Baker Field . . . ¶ Cornell vs.  
Yale, at Ithaca . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Lehigh,  
at Hanover . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Army, at Cam-  
bridge . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Syracuse, at  
Worcester . . . ¶ Navy vs. Southern Cali-  
fornia, at Baltimore . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. N.Y.U.,  
at New Brunswick.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yanks  
vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, Thursday,  
Oct. 12, at 8:30 . . . ¶ Yanks vs. Green Bay  
Packers, Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:30 . . . POLO  
GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Sun-  
day, Oct. 15, at 2:05.

HUNT RACING—Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club.  
(Flourtown, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 14.) . . .  
¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa.  
Saturday, Oct. 21.)

POLO—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at  
3:30 . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase:  
Sundays at 3.

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from  
Thursday, Oct. 12, through Wednesday, Oct.  
18. The Interborough Handicap, Thursday,  
Oct. 12; the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday,  
Oct. 14; and the Remsen Handicap, Wednes-  
day, Oct. 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn  
Station for the track weekdays between 10:45  
and 1, and Saturday between 10:45 and 1:25.)  
. . . EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15,  
from Thursday, Oct. 19, through Wednesday,  
Nov. 15. The Demoiselle, Saturday, Oct. 21.  
(Trains will leave Penn Station for the track  
between the times given above.) . . . GARDEN  
STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except  
Mondays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 4.  
The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 14,  
and the Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 21.  
(A train leaves Penn Station for the track  
daily at 10.) . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at  
1:30, from Tuesday, Oct. 17, through  
Wednesday, Nov. 1.

TROTTING—At SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga  
Springs: Daily at 8:15; through Saturday,  
Oct. 14 . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at  
8:40; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (A train  
leaves Grand Central Station for the track  
daily at 7:11.)

### FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The New York City Opera Company  
presenting a special children's performance  
of "The Love for Three Oranges," in Eng-  
lish. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-  
8989. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 2:30.)

CONCERT—Opening children's concert of the sea-  
son by the Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor  
Buketoff conducting, with Burl Ives narrating  
"Peter and the Wolf." (Town Hall. LU 2-  
4536. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 3.)

PLAYS—By the PLAY-MART: "Rumpelstiltskin."  
(Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St.  
Saturdays, Oct. 14 and 21, at 1:30 and 3:15.  
For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . CHILDREN'S



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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**WORLD THEATRE:** "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 3.)

**MARIONETTES—The SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES:** "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 11 and 3.)... **TIBOR NAGY MARIONETTES:** "The Guardsman Who Wasn't Afraid." (Baroque Suite, Hotel Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 12 and 3. For tickets, call AL 4-1075.)

**MOVIES—Features and cartoons.** (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS—**The General Assembly is in session weekdays. Plenary meetings are held at Flushing Meadow, where about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. When the full Assembly is not on duty, its committees confer in rooms at Lake Success that accommodate up to a hundred onlookers each; also at Lake Success, visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets to any meeting, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

**NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—**Hundreds of thousands of items displayed by more than a hundred and fifty dealers, from about fifteen states; the items range from the rare and very expensive to the country-fair variety. You'll find a silver chalice by Paul Revere, a pair of Adam torchères, and a William and Mary black lacquer bookcase, as starters. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 16-20, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 21, from 1 to 6.)

**WASHINGTON SQUARE ANTIQUES SHOW—**More antiques, these chiefly of the Federal period, including mechanical toys, souvenirs of Jenny Lind, portraits of famous Americans, and assorted knickknacks, as well as Pennsylvania and New York primitive furniture. The setting is the one-time coach house of the Rhineland mansion. (Engineering Woman's Club, 2 Fifth Ave. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 12-13, from 11 to 10, and Saturday, Oct. 14, from 11 to 5.)

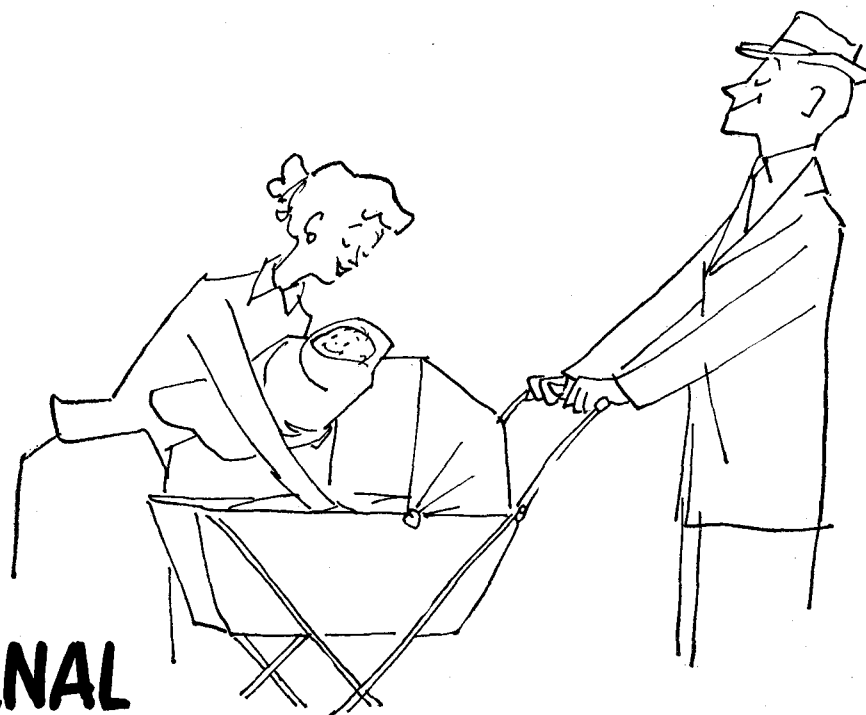
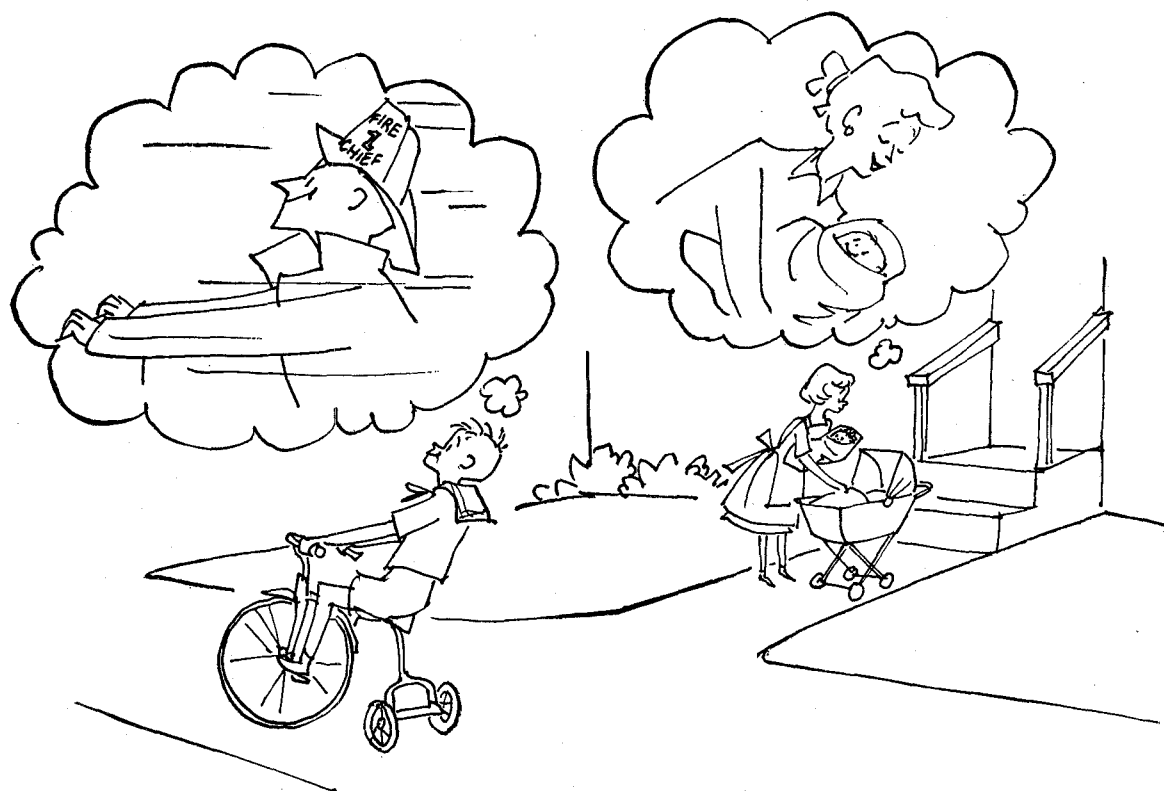
**NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—**Portraits, by such artists as Trumbull and Peale, of prominent New York residents of the eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries, along with miniatures and silver, all collected by the late Waldron Phoenix Belknap, Jr., and dating back to some of New York's oldest households. (170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Thursday, Oct. 19, through Thursday, Nov. 30. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**AUCTIONS—**At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—French, English, and American furniture, and garden sculptures, porcelains, and decorations, property of the late Samuel Rubel. (Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 12-14, each day at 2.)... ¶ Modern paintings, prints, drawings, and sculptures by French and American artists, among them Renoir, Picasso, Weber, and Hurd, along with Mexican and African-primitive sculptures, owned by Mats Bjerke, of Stockholm; the Pepsi-Cola Company; and others. (Exhibition Saturday, Oct. 14, and Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 16-18, from 9:30 to 5; auction Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

**NOTES—**The final days and hours of the registration period for the Nov. 7 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 12-13, from 5 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 14, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.... ¶ Columbus Day is Thursday, Oct. 12.



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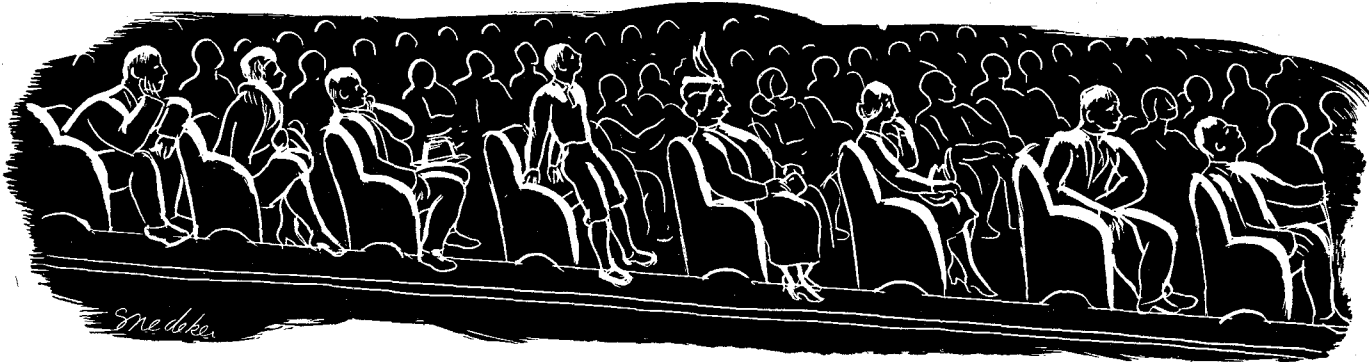
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



**BITTER RICE**—Extravagantly lively ladies in the rice fields of the Po Valley. An Italian film, in which Silvana Mangano is outstanding as the most tempestuous of the harvesters. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

**CINDERELLA**—The famous fairy tale as interpreted by Walt Disney, who does much better with mice than he does with human beings. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Oct. 14-17.)

**THE GLASS MENAGERIE**—An accurate, if sometimes lethargic, adaptation of the Tennessee Williams play. Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy, Jane Wyman, and Kirk Douglas have the leading roles. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Oct. 18.)

**THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE**—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a chipper English film that depicts the consequences of trying to transform a venerable boys' school into a coeducational establishment. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

**THE MEN**—A forthright approach to the problems of paraplegic veterans. Marlon Brando is splendid as the hero, and he gets plenty of help from Teresa Wright, Everett Sloane, and forty-five residents of a government hospital in California. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 12....  
Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Oct. 14....  
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 17-18....  
Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; starting Oct. 18.)

**MISTER 880**—Edmund Gwenn as a counterfeiter specializing in honest sentiment and phony dollar bills. Quite diverting. With Dorothy McGuire and Burt Lancaster. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000; Oct. 12.)

**THE RED SHOES**—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

**TREASURE ISLAND**—Stevenson's great adventure yarn, complete with all the pirate trimmings, in a topnotch production by Walt Disney. Robert Newton, as Long John Silver, and

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bobby Driscoll, as young Jim Hawkins, are outstanding in a large and bloodthirsty cast. Made in England. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

**TRIO**—Another movie made up of Somerset Maugham stories, not as good as its predecessor, "Quartet," but distinguished by some first-rate acting. An English picture, with Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA**—Romance in Genoa, with Jean Gabin registering an excellent performance as a Frenchman whose charm overwhelms a handsome woman and her growing daughter. Isa Miranda and Vera Talchi are superb as the ladies involved. A French-Italian production. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Oct. 14.)

## REVIVALS

**THE ADVENTURES** (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 13-15.)

**ANGEL AND SINNER** (1947)—A French version of de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" and "Madoiselle Fifi." With Micheline Prelle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Oct. 17, tentative.)

**CITY LIGHTS** (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304....  
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Oct. 12....  
Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; Oct. 12. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5....  
Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 16.)

**A FOREIGN AFFAIR** (1948)—A congresswoman, a Nazi siren, and an Army captain in Occupied Berlin. With Jean Arthur and Marlene

Dietrich. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Oct. 14.)

**THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN** (1936)—Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper in the Odets story of conspiracy and war in China. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 16-17.)

**IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT** (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 15-16....  
Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Oct. 17-18.)

**MAJOR BARBARA** (1941)—The screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, with Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 12.)

**MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON** (1939)—A Frank Capra film, with Jean Arthur and James Stewart. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 13-14.)

**THE PHILADELPHIA STORY** (1940)—Philip Barry's play, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Oct. 15-17.)

**PYGMALION** (1938)—More G.B.S. A British picture, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 12.)

**SHANGHAI EXPRESS** (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 14.)

**SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchard. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Oct. 18.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Through Oct. 15: "A Corner in Wheat" (1909), with Frank Powell; "Enoch Arden" (1915), with Lillian Gish; and "Broken Blossoms" (1919), with Lillian Gish....  
Starting Oct. 16: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1903); and "Tol'able David" (1921), with Richard Barthelmess. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

**ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)  
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger.

**BIJOU**, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)  
THE RED SHOES.

**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)  
"A Life of Her Own," Lana Turner, Ray Milland.

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)  
Through Oct. 13: "Between Midnight and Dawn," Mark Stevens, Edmond O'Brien.  
From Oct. 14: "Outrage," Mala Powers, Tod Andrews.

**GLOBE**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)  
Through Oct. 13: "Surrender," Vera Ralston, John Carroll.  
From Oct. 14: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli.

**LITTLE CINÉMET**, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)  
Through Oct. 17: "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi; and "The Barber of

## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Seville" (in Italian), revival, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Italo Tajo.  
From Oct. 18: "Two Orphans" (in Italian), Valli.

**MAYFAIR**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)  
TREASURE ISLAND.

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)  
Through Oct. 18: THE GLASS MENAGERIE.

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)  
Through Oct. 17: "Union Station," William Holden, Lyle Bettinger.  
From Oct. 18: "Dark City," Charlton Heston, Elizabeth Scott.

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)  
"Two Flags West," Linda Darnell, Jeff Chandler, Joseph Cotten.

**ROXY**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)  
Oct. 12: MISTER 880.  
From Oct. 13: "All About Eve," Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, George Sanders. (Showings are at 10:30, 1:45, 5, and 8:30. No one will be seated after the start of each performance. Tickets may be purchased at the box office in advance.)

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)  
"The Toast of New Orleans," Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza.

**STRAND**, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)  
"The Breaking Point," John Garfield, Patricia Neal.

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)  
"State Secret," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

**WORLD**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)  
BITTER RICE (in Italian).



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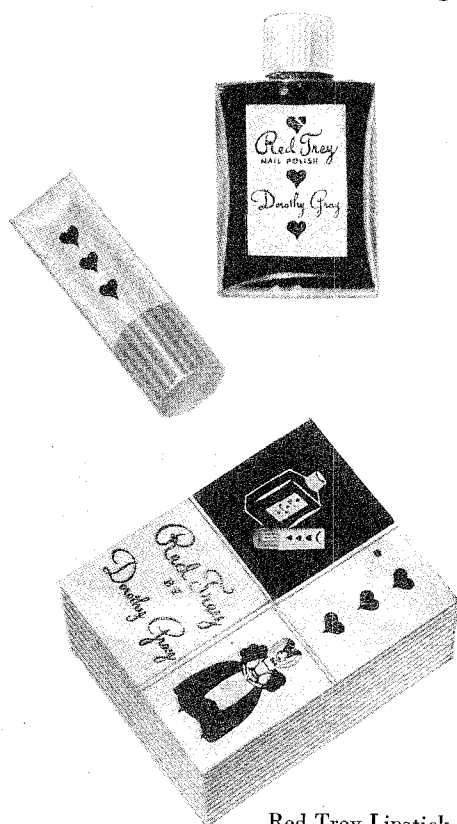
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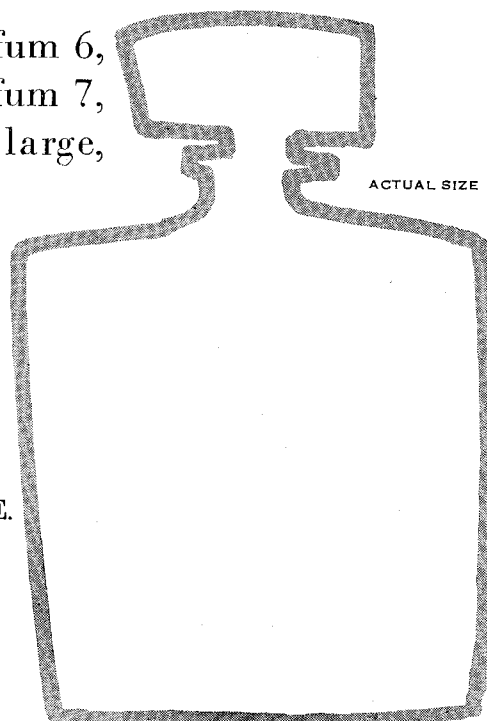
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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

**T**HE circumstances under which Garry Davis may regain his citizenship seem to us pathetically ignoble for a man whose renunciation of it was based on such high and universal hopes. Mr. Davis, who now wants in again, has been advised that he has a good prospect of becoming naturalized in 1952, and that the reason he can expect to attain his goal with such relative speed is that the lady he married several months ago is an American citizen. It is perhaps symptomatic of these cockeyed times that an individual who forswears his allegiance to his native land in an attempt to become one with all mankind should find himself dependent, ultimately, on being related to somebody with the right connections.

**W**E were in receipt last week of a copy of a telegram sent by Ralph Slater, hypnotist, to the Messrs. Corsi, Impellitteri, and Pecora, the three principal candidates in the forthcoming mayoralty election, in which he urged them to speak openly and frankly to the citizenry while hypnotized. The text of the communication follows:

RESPECTFULLY OFFER YOU AND YOUR RIVALS MY STAGE AT CARNEGIE HALL ON THURSDAY NIGHT. SOPHISTICATED AMERICANS, ESPECIALLY NEW YORKERS, ARE WEARY OF CAMPAIGN SPEECHES THAT PROMISE THE WORLD WILL BE REBUILT ALONG THEIR SPECIFICATIONS IF YOU ARE ELECTED. THEREFORE, IN ORDER TO PRESENT YOUR POSITION WITHOUT MAKING SEEMINGLY NECESSARY POLITICAL CONCESSIONS, YOU MAY USE MY STAGE TO ADDRESS THE VOTERS OF NEW YORK CITY WHILE UNDER THE UNINHIBITING INFLUENCE OF HYPNOSIS.

We were inclined, at first glance, to think well of the idea of submitting candidates for public office to hypnotism but on reflection developed doubts. One trouble with it is that people under hypnosis are likely to have a subservient attitude toward their hypnotist, and the

hypnotist may or may not be human. We recall the case of the cat named Puffy, who was reported by the press, not long ago, to have hypnotized well over two hundred persons in a single year. It seems to us a question whether it isn't better to leave the politician with his inhibitions and his secrets, however shady or socially unfortunate, than to expose him to the influence of a hypnotist, man or cat.

**H**OW often does the immigrant, and even his son, suffer a feeling of constraint in the land of his, or his parents', adoption! How often does the rural dweller, or the small-town man, suffer a feeling of inferiority toward his metropolitan brother! It has remained for the *Times*, in a recent article about a colony of poultry farmers in the Toms River-Farmingdale section of New Jersey, to put its finger on a sovereign remedy for these discomfitures. According to the *Times*, these husbandmen—one thousand strong, recruited, or descended from people recruited, from New York by the Jewish Agricultural Society—ship out forty-five thousand cases of eggs a week, have modern community houses offering lectures, concerts, and art exhibits, and enjoy facilities for basketball, handball, and tennis. "We are part and parcel of the American way of life," the paper quotes one of the poultrymen as saying, and another: "We all came from the city; we have our problems, like city folk. The presence of a psychiatrist completes our community-life program." The village psychiatrist—the ultimate feather in the

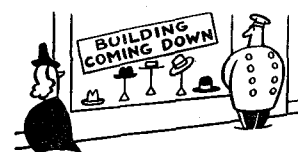


assimilationist's cap, the suburban cousin's comforting and triumphant symbol! We salute the Jersey poultrymen, and

wish them many happy neuroses, psychoses, and mental blocks. May the cackle of their hens and the crowing of their roosters be as maddening as the honking of our midtown traffic, and psychosomatic bursitis as prevalent on the Toms as on the self-assured banks of the North and East Rivers.

### Eheu

**"B**UILDING Coming Down! Everything Must Go Regardless of Cost." "After Twenty-seven Years of Styling Men's Hats We Are Forced to Discontinue . . ." Those bold and blunt signs, posted in the windows of two of the three tenant stores in the Ritz-Carlton (Innovation Luggage and Mory,



Custom Hatter; only the Munsch-Protzmann Company, chemists, has succeeded in maintaining its reserve), are now, we noticed the other day, heralding the coming demise of this renowned hotel. We were prompted to call on Mr. James O. Stack, its president, and the first thing he told us was that it has had a brief reprieve; the wreckers won't take over on January 1st, as scheduled—not until February 1st, and maybe not until several weeks after that. Then the Ritz *will*, barring an act of God, suffer its demise, aged forty years and a few weeks. We set about gathering some obituary notes. The building was designed by Warren & Wetmore for Robert W. Goellet; the late Whitney Warren was an uncle of Goellet's. It cost five million dollars, and the furnishings and equipment cost seven hundred and fifty thousand more. Mr. Goellet paid five thousand dollars for the use of the Ritz name, and nursed the hotel through good



times and bad until his death, in 1941. It has three marble fire-escape stairways; two gold-plate dinner services; a serving pantry on every floor, with waiters on duty at all hours; a hundred-ton ice-manufacturing machine; and, in its fourth, and lowermost, basement, an engine room containing four three-hundred-and-fifty-horsepower dynamos, which generate enough kilowatt-hours (three million a year) to run a town of twenty-five hundred. Under the seats of its elevators are vials of perfume, refilled once a week. Vichyssoise was invented in its kitchen. The marble garlands above the mirrors in its Adam dining room are set ten inches into the walls. Mr. Stack found this out a few years ago, after an interior decorator advised him to scrape the garlands off to improve the room's appearance. They wouldn't scrape off, and Mr. Stack let them stay. Percy and Harold Uris, brothers, are the lessees of the site, which is assessed at \$3,610,000, and they will put up an office building on it. Their father was a manufacturer of ornamental ironwork, a good deal of which went into the Ritz, so the sons will be destroying their old man's product, *inter alia*. This is as Freudian as you can get in real estate.

The Ritz's Banquet Department, which has served Lillie Langtry, Joffre, Foch, Clemenceau, and Leopold III of Belgium, and which replaced all the light bulbs in the Palm Court and Oval Room with candles for a wedding reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vance Storrs for their elder daughter, will close down sometime in January. The twelfth and sixteenth floors were shut off last summer, so that their furniture could be done over for use in the new Carlton House, on Madison Avenue between Sixty-first and Sixty-second Streets, early in 1951, but the pressure of business has been so great—the place is packed and has more calls for reservations than it can take care of for the rest of the year—that Mr. Stack has reopened them, using the refurbished articles. The Ritz has ordered no stationery, nuts, bolts, or hinges since last January, when its fate was announced. It is coasting along handily on its fat.

We asked Mr. Stack how about the help, and he told us that one-third of the seven hundred employees will go to the latter-day Carlton House, which the Ritz-Carlton Hotel Corporation owns. (This corporation is part of the William Waldorf Astor Estate, which bought the Ritz from Harvard, to which Goelet

had left it.) Of the remaining two-thirds, a number have 1951 jobs in other hotels, and practically all, so Mr. Stack believes, are sure to get jobs, because, he says, "If they worked here a year or more, any hotel would be glad to take them." Five of the employees have been at the Ritz since the day it opened: Louis Diat, the head chef, who presides over a kitchen crew of a hundred and forty-eight; Alfred Spiegler, the restaurant comptroller; Michael Gallagher, the chief engineer; John Lawlor, one of the doormen; and Henri Baritaud, the head butcher. George Reinhardt, tender of the Little Bar, near the entrance to the Oak Room, has been there since 1913 (he ran the room for a club during prohibition); Ramón Tacias, the fish cook, since 1914; Charles Silvani, the maître d'hôtel, since 1915; Athanas (Tommy) Haritonides, the lobby porter, since 1918; Sisto Campoli, a coffeeman, since 1919; and Stefano Terzano, headwaiter of the main dining room, since 1920.

M. Diat, who invented vichyssoise in 1917, will be supervising chef at the new Carlton House, and one of his chief assistants, Armand Kauffman, will be head chef. The Messrs. Spiegler, Lawlor, Baritaud, Silvani, and Terzano will also go to Carlton House, which will have a men's bar, a ladies' cocktail lounge, a restaurant seating two hundred and thirty, and two private dining rooms for tenants—one accommodating seventy-five, the other thirty-five. Mr. Reinhardt has no plans as yet. Richard O'Brien, head bartender of the Men's Bar (he works at the National Golf Links, in Southampton, summers), will take over the Sixty-second Street men's bar. William O'Dwyer, who made drinks at the kitchen service bar for five months during the winter of 1912-13, is Ambassador to Mexico.

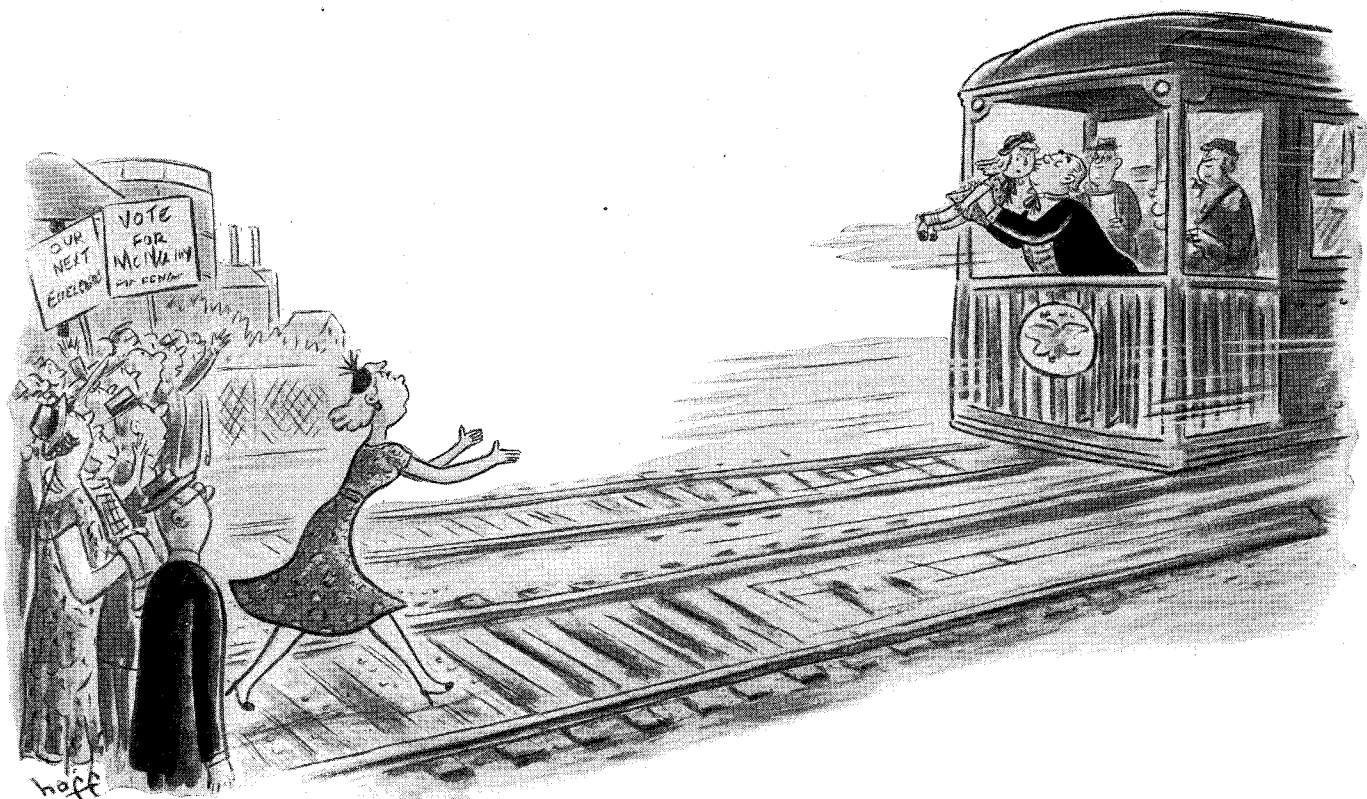
We sought Mr. Stack's permission to buttonhole a few old-timers, and he said O.K., anyone except M. Diat,

who, he indicated, feels so bad about the Building Coming Down that it would be cruel to stir him up. We thereupon made a partial tour of the premises, and obtained the following statements. Mr. Lawlor: "The Ritz is my first and only job. I got it at eighteen, soon after coming to America from County Mayo. Oh, the sleighs that used to come up to the Ritz entrance, with their little bells jingling! It was a lovely sight." Mr. Silvani: "No matter what they say they're building uptown, it won't be like this. Continental atmosphere is something of the past." Mr. Terzano: "Some of us can't believe it's happening. The Ritz is our home. Why, I put in more hours at this place—nine-thirty in the morning until eleven-thirty at night—than I do at my home." Mr. Reinhardt: "The favorite drink used to be what we called the Ritz Cocktail—one-sixth Italian vermouth, one-sixth Noilly-Prat, two-thirds gin, and a twist of orange peel. I'm told that a similar drink was served at the Harvard Club, where it was called an H.P.W., after Harry Payne Whitney, but I don't know why; as I understand it, Mr. Whitney was a Yale man." We also learned that, among Ritz customers of yore, Frank Munsey liked pea soup; Joseph E. Widener, chicken and Veuve Clicquot; Clarence H. Mackay, toasted rolls; Rodman Wanamaker, double steaks; Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker, sweet gherkins; Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt, split baby turkey with purée of corn; the Duke of Windsor, English preserves with ginger; Harvey Firestone, lobster salad; Charles Chaplin, scrambled eggs. Mr. Stack, who favors haddock *andalouse*, expects to spend most of 1951 winding up the hotel's affairs in an office reserved for him at the headquarters of the Astor Estate.

"Our old customers are all sore as hell," Mr. Stack said. "We used to get our out-of-town clients theatre tickets weeks ahead when we knew they were coming, we often shopped for them, and we took care of their children during Christmas and Easter vacations. When the Ritz goes, the only hotel in the country with a constantly attended serving pantry on every floor will be the Boston Ritz." Mr. Stack likes an occasional Ritz Cocktail, but he doesn't pretend to rival his predecessor, the late Albert Keller, who was once invited into a Ritz suite by some General Motors officials for a drink. One of the G.M. men opened a bottle of champagne and started to pour some for







Keller, and he stopped him. "Never mind the glass," said he, and drained the bottle without removing it from his lips.

**INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE:** The American War Correspondents Association, a group of World War II chaps who have their headquarters on West Fifty-fourth Street, got a letter from an East Side lady last week requesting an answer to several rather fine-point questions about the American Revolution.

### *How to Sell Pop*

**W**E were invited over to the Statler one afternoon last week to watch a group of Canada Dry supervisors, sales managers, and such rehearse a pageant designed to enliven a conference of the company's local salesmen that evening. We were advised that the run-through would get under way in the Georgian Room around four-thirty, but when we arrived there at that hour, we found the place, which had been decorated with striped awnings and equipped with carnival booths, bare of mummies. While we were peering around, a solemn young gentleman entered, approached us briskly, identified himself as L. S. Saylor, Canada Dry promotion, and delivered,

roughly, the following dissertation: "The purpose of this entertainment is to work up a sense of team spirit and belonging among our salesmen. The Canada Dry men in this area are older and more cosmopolitan than those in the rest of the country, and it's hard to enthuse them by ordinary methods. Tonight, we're going to put on a kind of circus. It ties in with some promotion we've been doing in connection with our TV show. You might say that we're going to sugarcoat the twenty minutes of *sell* that will be the serious part of the conference. We think that seeing the bosses running around made up as clowns, hula dancers, Bowery boys, and so on, will help to break down barriers and make for a kind of friendliness and loyalty, which will result, of course, in more sales in the metropolitan area." "Where is everybody?" we inquired. "They've gone to the Henry Hudson Hotel to be made up," said Mr. Saylor. "In a few minutes, they'll arrive by bus at a point midway between Sixth and Seventh on Thirty-first Street. They're going to parade in from there. They are really throwing themselves into this. As part of the scheme, we've issued play money to salesmen who are making good records, and they can use the stuff to buy chances at the booths around here. A few weeks ago, we had a pro-

motion drive based on a cowboy theme, and it included a mystery prize. Even the most sophisticated salesmen got worked up about that, and we all had a good time spoofing the winner. What he got was a kiss from a lady made up to look like a cowgirl, and also an envelope containing ten dollars." We told Mr. Saylor that we would hop around to Thirty-first Street to see the performers arrive. We found them already there, jammed in a parked bus, under the scrutiny of four women and a couple of children. Conspicuous at the bus windows were men in blond fright wigs who kept screaming that they wanted to be let out. At the end of fifteen minutes, the crowd around the bus had swelled to eleven and included a couple of beaters from the Canada Dry kraal, who adjured the bus passengers to keep their shirts on. A gorilla, who may or may not have had a shirt on, appeared in the doorway of the bus and announced, "Two more minutes of this and I'm dead." "How about some music while we're waiting for the starting signal?" a beater proposed. From somewhere inside the bus, a hurdy-gurdy struck up "Anchors Aweigh." The music was quickly drowned out by the rumble of discontent from the bus passengers. "This is a hell of a way to sell pop," remarked one of the fright wigs. When a full half hour



had elapsed, a Canada Dry courier dashed up to signal the start of the parade. The bus disgorged the gorilla, clowns, bums, a hurdy-gurdy man, circus barkers in derbies, and a drum majorette of unquestioned charm and beauty. All hands carried balloons, and all jostled along to the rhythm of a bass drum that started out lettered "CANADA DRY" and wound up "ADA DRY." Spectators attributed the parade, variously, to the Democrats, the Masons, Gene Autry, Ringling Brothers, and the movies. The procession circled the Statler lobby and headed for the Georgian Room. Trailing after it, we found half a hundred salesmen assembled to meet their masquerading bosses. The center of their attention was clearly the drum majorette. "She's from the TV show," one of them told us. "If the bosses would give us more like her, we'd have bigger sales than Coca-Cola."

At this point, a voice over a loudspeaker ordered the bosses into an adjoining room for rehearsal. Mr. Saylor appeared. "There's a wonderful spirit of enthusiasm here," he said. "For God's sake, get that bar opened!" said a

gentleman beside him. "My nerves are shot. I just saw a crazy woman outside try to kick a man in the stomach. He was an ordinary stranger watching the parade, and this woman comes up and tries to kick him. I got mixed up in the thing and she tried to kick *me*." Mr. Saylor clucked sympathetically, and turned to listen to a messenger from the banquet hall. "Bad news," he told us. "There's not going to be time for a rehearsal. I'm sorry I brought you all the way down here on a wild-goose chase." He gave us a copy of the song the gathering was going to sing at the affair, a tie-in with the TV program: Ooooooh, they pester their Moms and they get around Dads  
For all of the things that children desire.  
They'll work and they'll save and they'll read our ads;  
Make plans to include them as buyers.

### Precision

A NEW CANAAN resident went into his post office the other morning to mail a couple of important letters and asked the man at the parcel-post window, the only one open, for two three-cent stamps. "You'll have to wait

five minutes," the clerk told him. "The stamp window doesn't open until nine." He pointed to an adjacent window, and the New Canaanite waited patiently before it until the dot of nine, when it shot open briskly and revealed his old, or five-minute-old, friend, who smiled pleasantly and said, "Now, let's see—two threes."

### Sir Gladwyn

OUR admiration for Sir Gladwyn Jebb's forensic talent, as demonstrated on the Security Council, especially during his recent presidency of that body, moved us to write him for an interview, and he took us to lunch at his New York club, the Knickerbocker. As most television followers outside the Hopalong Cassidy set know, the permanent representative of the United Kingdom Delegation to the United Nations is a tall, handsome, liquid-eyed gentleman with a mobile visage that can readily be turned into a poker face. He has the rank of ambassador and maintains a staff of from eight to ten in an office in the Empire State Building. At lunch, he wore a pin-striped blue suit and a boldly striped shirt, and described himself as a diplomatic Jack-of-all-trades. "I'm the representative on the Security Council," he said, "but now that the General Assembly is sitting, I may take over on one or two of its committees. I must say I was rather astonished at the volume and temper of the mail I received, mostly from television watchers, after I became president of the Security Council—at least a thousand letters, some quite flattering. I got a lot of nice ones from people with Irish and Jewish names, who you'd think might be down on the British. And no complaints about my English accent. Surprising! I'd have thought it would irritate Americans. You know what some of them say about the Oxford drawl." Sir Gladwyn, who went to Oxford, thoughtfully chewed a piece of broiled kidney, took a swallow of beer, and continued, "The Oxford drawl is not really Oxford at all. It was introduced by the Bloomsbury set—Lytton Strachey, John Maynard Keynes, and so forth. Most of them went to Cambridge. I call it a Cambridge drawl." He smiled, and told us that most of the letters from his television audience were answered with a printed form reading, "The Permanent Representative of the United Kingdom Delegation to the United Nations presents his compliments and has the honour to acknowledge,"





et cetera. "One man sent a form back the other day and said it was too impersonal," said Sir G. "I think I may change it to 'Sir Gladwyn Jebb presents his compliments,' et cetera."

Sir G., whose full name is Hubert Miles Gladwyn Jebb, was born fifty years ago, the son of a man he described as a soldier who at twenty-eight came into a large Yorkshire estate and spent most of the remaining fifty-two years of his life travelling. Jebb *filis* spent his first seven years on his father's place, and then, upon the separation of his parents, lived in London with his mother. "Father was always rushing around the world," he said. "I didn't see him for ten years. When I was seventeen, he drifted into Eton, said, 'Hello. How are you?,' and drifted out. His place in Yorkshire, which was a few miles from Renishaw Hall, where the Sitwells lived, was sold in the early thirties, and is now a home for miners." Sir G. entered the diplomatic service in 1924, and has had assignments in Paris, Teheran, Rome, and London. "Persia is a lovely place to look at," he said. "Very nice people. Have some English mustard?" We asked him whether his ability to think fast on his feet, as manifested in the way he has countered the Russian tactics in the Security Council, had its origins in debating experience at Oxford, and he said no—that he had had no oratorical training at Oxford and that this probably was just as well. "Gestures are sometimes fatal," he said, and added that he imagines it is much easier to think up a reply in the Security Council than in the House of Commons or the United States Senate, because of the extra time afforded by translations. Malik was characterized by Sir Gladwyn as very pleasant and witty offstage. "You can't have a general discussion with the Russians," he said, "but I respect Mr. Malik's vigor. He's a powerful creature." We had

heard that Sir Gladwyn was in charge of the Korean peace, and said as much. He shook his head and inquired, "What peace?"

The permanent representative and his wife and the younger of their two daughters, Stella, who is sixteen, are about to move into a house in Riverdale. He expects his other daughter, Vanessa, eighteen, and his son, Miles, twenty-one, who is at Oxford, to join the family for Christmas. He now has an apartment at the Essex House, and one night two or three weeks ago, as, after a conference with Bevin in the Waldorf, he was walking homeward up Fifth Avenue, he was accosted by a man who, calling him by name, introduced himself as Walter Winchell. "He asked me to have a drink with him," Sir Gladwyn

told us. "I wasn't sure it *was* Walter Winchell until he said, 'We'll go to the Stork Club.' Then I knew it must be. I can't bear night clubs as a rule, but I went along. We met a Mr. Billingsley there, and had a most agreeable talk."

### Youthful Folly

CONVERSATIONAL exchange between a very old man and a very young man strolling along Riverside Drive:

VERY OLD MAN (pointing to Palisades with walking stick): "Ever been over there?"

VERY YOUNG MAN: "Yes, sir."

VERY OLD MAN: "I was over there once, when I was young, but I didn't like it at all. Never went back."



*"I don't like a biography that just slides over the first wife."*



## ACROSS THE STREET AND INTO THE GRILL

**T**HIS is my last and best and true and only meal, thought Mr. Pirnie as he descended at noon and swung east on the beat-up sidewalk of Forty-fifth Street. Just ahead of him was the girl from the reception desk. I am a little fleshed up around the crook of the elbow, thought Pirnie, but I commute good.

He quickened his step to overtake her and felt the pain again. What a stinking trade it is, he thought. But after what I've done to other assistant treasurers, I can't hate anybody. Sixteen deads, and I don't know how many possibles.

The girl was near enough now so he could smell her fresh receptiveness, and the lint in her hair. Her skin was light blue, like the sides of horses.

"I love you," he said, "and we are going to lunch together for the first and only time, and I love you very much."

"Hello, Mr. Pirnie," she said, overtaken. "Let's not think of anything."

A pair of fantails flew over from the sad old Guaranty Trust Company, their wings set for a landing. A lovely double, thought Pirnie, as he pulled. "Shall we go to the Hotel Biltmore, on Vanderbilt Avenue, which is merely a feeder lane for the great streets, or shall we go to Schrafft's, where my old friend Botticelli is captain of girls and where they have the mayonnaise in fiascos?"

"Let's go to Schrafft's," said the girl, low. "But first I must phone Mummy." She stepped into a public booth and dialled true and well, using her finger. Then she telephoned.

As they walked on, she smelled good. She smells good, thought Pirnie. But that's all right, I add good. And when we get to Schrafft's, I'll order from the menu, which I like very much indeed.

**T**HEY entered the restaurant. The wind was still west, ruffling the edges of the cookies. In the elevator, Pirnie took the controls. "I'll run it," he said to the operator. "I checked out long ago." He stopped true at the third floor, and they stepped off into the men's grill.

"Good morning, my Assistant Treasurer," said Botticelli, coming forward

with a fiasco in each hand. He nodded at the girl, who he knew was from the West Seventies and whom he desired.

"Can you drink the water here?" asked Pirnie. He had the fur trapper's eye and took in the room at a glance, noting that there was one empty table and three pretty waitresses.

Botticelli led the way to the table in the corner, where Pirnie's flanks would be covered.

"Alexanders," said Pirnie. "Eighty-six to one. The way Chris mixes them. Is this table all right, Daughter?"

Botticelli disappeared and returned soon, carrying the old Indian blanket.

"That's the same blanket, isn't it?" asked Pirnie.

"Yes. To keep the wind off," said the Captain, smiling from the backs of his eyes. "It's still west. It should bring the ducks in tomorrow, the chef thinks."

Mr. Pirnie and the girl from the reception desk crawled down under the table and pulled the Indian blanket over them so it was solid and good and covered them right. The girl put her hand on his wallet. It was cracked and old and held his commutation book. "We are having fun, aren't we?" she asked.

"Yes, Sister," he said.

"I have here the soft-shelled crabs, my Assistant Treasurer," said Botticelli. "And another fiasco of the 1926. This one is cold."

"Dee the soft-shelled crabs," said Pirnie from under the blanket. He put his arm around the receptionist good.

"Do you think we should have a green pokeweed salad?" she asked. "Or shall we not think of anything for a while?"

"We shall not think of anything for a while, and Botticelli would bring the pokeweed if there was any," said Pirnie. "It isn't the season." Then he spoke

to the Captain. "Botticelli, do you remember when we took all the mailing envelopes from the stockroom, spit on the flaps, and then drank rubber cement till the foot soldiers arrived?"

"I remember, my Assistant Treasurer," said the Captain. It was a little joke they had.

"He used to mimeograph pretty good," said Pirnie to the girl. "But that was another war. Do I bore you, Mother?"

"Please keep telling me about your business experiences, but not the rough parts." She touched his hand where the knuckles were scarred and stained by so many old mimeographings. "Are both your flanks covered, my dearest?" she asked, plucking at the blanket. They felt the Alexanders in their eyeballs. Eighty-six to one.

"Schrafft's is a good place and we're having fun and I love you," Pirnie said. He took another swallow of the 1926, and it was a good and careful swallow. "The stockroom men were very brave," he said, "but it is a position where it is extremely difficult to stay alive. Just outside that room there is a little bare-faced high-boy and it is in the way of the stuff that is being brought up. The hell with it. When you make a breakthrough, Daughter, first you clean out the baskets and the half-wits, and all the time they have the fire escapes taped. They also shell you with old production orders, many of them approved by the general manager in charge of sales. I am boring you and I will not at this time discuss the general manager in charge of sales as we are unquestionably being listened to by that waitress over there who is setting out the decoys."

"I am going to give you my piano," the girl said, "so that when you look at it you can think of me. It will be something between us."

"Call up and have them bring the piano to the restaurant," said Pirnie. "Another fiasco, Botticelli!"

They drank the sauce. When the piano came, it wouldn't play. The keys were stuck good. "Never mind, we'll leave it here, Cousin," said Pirnie.

**T**HEY came out from under the blanket and Pirnie tipped their waitress exactly fifteen per cent minus withholding. They left the piano in the restaurant, and when they went down the elevator and out and turned in to the old, hard, beat-up pavement of Fifth Avenue and headed south toward Forty-fifth Street where the pigeons were, the air was as clean as your grandfather's howitzer. The wind was still west.

I commute good, thought Pirnie, looking at his watch. And he felt the old pain of going back to Scarsdale again.

—E. B. W.







*"It hit me all of a sudden, Joe, that I wasn't spending enough time with the children."*



## THE POT OF GOLD

**Y**OU could not say fairly of Ralph and Laura Whittemore that they had the failings and the characteristics of incorrigible treasure hunters, but you could say truthfully of them that the shimmer and the smell, the peculiar force of money, the promise of it, had an untoward influence on their lives. They were always at the threshold of fortune; they always seemed to have something on the fire. Ralph was a fair young man with a tireless commercial imagination and an evangelical credence in the romance and sorcery of business success, and although he held an obscure job with a clothing manufacturer, this never seemed to him anything more than a point of departure.

The Whittemores were not importunate or overbearing people, and they had an uncompromising loyalty to the gentle manners of the middle class. Laura was a pleasant girl of no particular beauty who had come to New York from Wisconsin at about the same time that Ralph had reached the city from Illinois, but it had taken two years of comings and goings before they had been brought together, late one afternoon, in the lobby of a lower Fifth Avenue office building. So true was Ralph's heart, so well did it serve him then, that the moment he saw Laura's light hair and her pretty and sullen face he was enraptured. He followed her out of the lobby, pushing his way through the crowd, and since she had dropped nothing, since there was no legitimate excuse to speak to her, he shouted after her, "*Louise! Louise! Louise!*," and the urgency in his voice made her stop. He said he'd made a mistake. He said he was sorry. He said she looked just like a girl named Louise Hatcher. It was a January night and the dark air tasted of smoke, and because she was a sensible and a lonely girl, she let him buy her a drink.

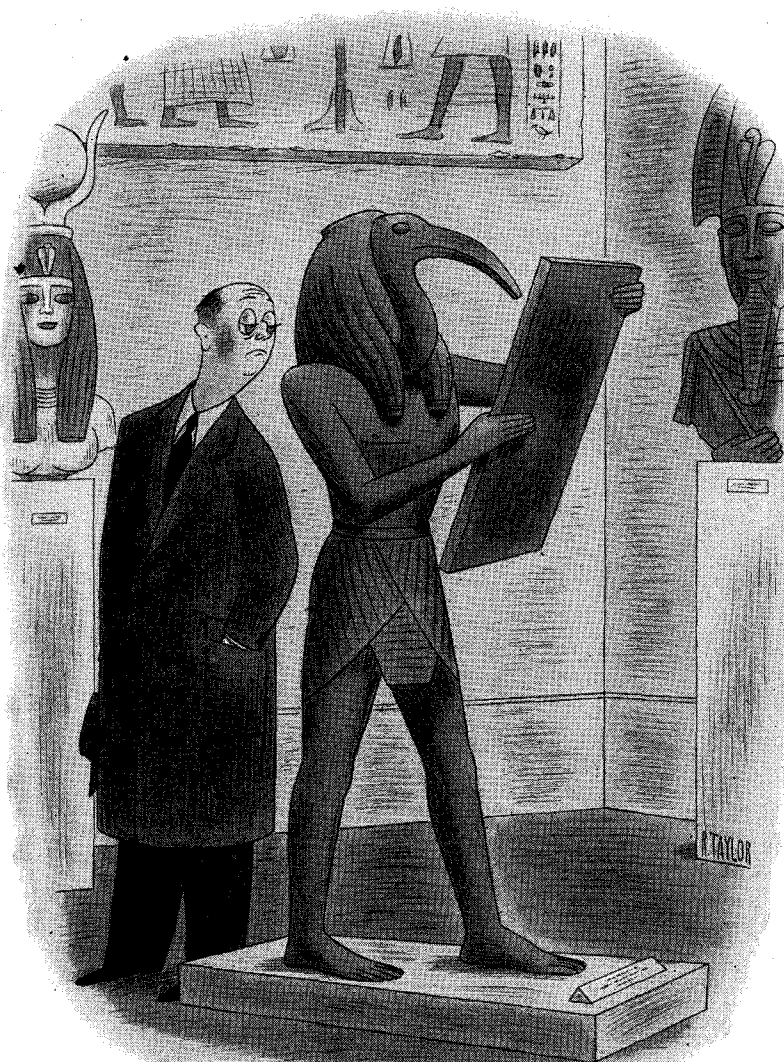
This was in the thir-

ties, and their courtship was hasty. They were married three months later. Laura moved her belongings into a walkup on Madison Avenue, above a pants presser's and a florist's, where Ralph was living. She worked as a secretary, and her salary, added to what he brought home from the clothing business, was little more than enough to keep them going, but they never seemed touched by the monotony of a saving and gainless life. They ate dinners in drugstores. She hung a reproduction of van Gogh's "Sunflowers" above the sofa she had bought with some of the small sum of money her parents had left her. When their aunts and uncles came to town—their parents were dead—they had dinner at the Ritz and went to the theatre. She sewed curtains and shined his shoes, and on Sundays they stayed in bed until noon. They seemed to be standing at the threshold of plenty; and Laura often told people that she was terribly excited because of this wonderful job that Ralph had lined up.

In the first year of their marriage, Ralph worked nights on a plan that promised him a well-paying job in Texas, but through no fault of his own this promise was never realized. There was an opening in Syracuse a year later, but an older man was decided upon. There were many other profitable but elusive openings and projects between these two. In the third year of their marriage, a firm that was almost identical in size and character with the firm Ralph worked for underwent a change of ownership, and Ralph was approached and asked if he would be interested in joining the overhauled firm. His own job promised only meagre security after a series of slow promotions and he was glad of the chance to escape. He met the new owners, and their enthusiasm for him seemed intense. They were prepared to put him in charge of a department and pay him twice what he was getting then. The arrangement was to remain tacit for a month or two, until the new owners had secured their position, but they shook hands warmly and had a drink on the deal, and that night Ralph took Laura out to dinner at an expensive restaurant.

They decided, across the table, to look for a larger apartment, to have a child, and to buy a second-hand car. They faced their good fortune with perfect calm, for it was what they had expected all along. The city seemed to them a generous place, where people were rewarded either by a sudden and deserved development like this or by the capricious bounty of lawsuits, eccentric and peripheral business ventures, unexpected legacies, and other windfalls. After dinner, they walked in Central Park in the moonlight while Ralph smoked a cigar. Later, when Laura had fallen asleep, he sat in the open bedroom window in his pajamas.

The peculiar excitement with which the air of the city seems charged after midnight, when its life falls into





the hands of watchmen and drunks, had always pleased him. He knew intimately the sounds of the night street: the bus brakes, the remote sirens, and the sound of water turning high in the air—the sound of water turning a mill wheel—the sum, he supposed, of many echoes, although, often as he had heard the sound, he had never decided on its source. Now he heard all this more keenly because the night seemed to him portentous.

He was twenty-eight years old; poverty and youth were inseparable in his experience, and one was ending with the other. The life they were about to leave had not been hard, and he thought with sentiment of the soiled tablecloth in the Italian restaurant where they usually went for their celebrations, and the high spirits with which Laura on a wet night ran from the subway to the bus stop. But they were drawing away from all this. Shirt sales in department-store basements, lines at meat counters, weak drinks, the sooty jonquils he brought her up from the subway in the spring, when jonquils were cheap—these were all unmistakably the souvenirs of the poor, and while they seemed to him good and gentle, he was glad that they would soon be memories.

Laura resigned from her job when she got pregnant. The reorganization and Ralph's new position hung fire, but the Whittemores talked about it freely when they were with friends. "We're terribly pleased with the way things are going," Laura would say. "All we need is patience." There were many delays and postponements, and they waited with the patience of people expecting justice. The time came when they both needed clothes, and one evening Ralph suggested that they spend some of the money they had put aside. Laura refused. When he brought up the subject, she didn't answer him and seemed not to hear him. He raised his voice and lost his temper. He shouted. She cried. He thought of all the other girls he could have married—the dark blonde, the worshipful Cuban, the rich and pretty one with a cast in her right eye. All his desires seemed to lie outside the small apartment Laura had arranged. They were still not speaking in the morning, and in order to strengthen his position he telephoned his potential employers. Their secretary told him they were both out. This made him apprehensive. He called several times from the telephone booth in the lobby of the building he worked in and was told that they were busy, they were out, they were in conference with lawyers, or they



*"Get the quickest, easiest shave you've had in a long time, men. No push-pull, no click-click, no complicated cartridges or ejectors to struggle with. Simply unscrew the top of the holder, insert blade, screw top back, and you're ready to go!"*

were talking long distance. This variety of excuses frightened him. He said nothing to Laura that evening and tried to call them the next day. Late in the afternoon, after many tries, one of them came to the phone. "We gave the job to somebody else, sonny," he said. Like a saddened father, he spoke to Ralph in a hoarse and gentle voice. "Don't try and get us on the telephone any more. We've got other things to do besides answer the telephone. This other fellow seemed better suited, sonny. That's all I can tell you, and don't try to get me on the telephone any more."

Ralph walked the miles from his office to his apartment that night, hoping to free himself in this way from some of the weight of his disappointment. He was so unprepared for the shock that it affected him like vertigo, and he walked with an odd, high step, as if the paving

were quicksand. He stood downstairs in front of the building he lived in, trying to decide how to describe the disaster to Laura, but when he went in, he told her bluntly. "Oh, I'm sorry, darling," she said softly and kissed him. "I'm terribly sorry." She wandered away from him and began to straighten the sofa cushions. His frustration was so ardent, he was such a prisoner of his schemes and expectations, that he was astonished at the serenity with which she regarded the failure. There was nothing to worry about, she said. She still had a few hundred dollars in the bank, from the money her parents had left her. There was nothing to worry about.

When the child, a girl, was born, they named her Rachel, and a week after the delivery Laura returned to the Madison Avenue walkup. She took all the care



of the baby and continued to do the cooking and the housework.

**R**ALPH's imagination remained resilient and fertile, but he couldn't seem to hit on a scheme that would fit into his lack of time and capital. He and Laura, like the hosts of the poor everywhere, lived a simple life. They still went to the theatre with visiting relatives and occasionally they went to parties, but Laura's only continuous contact with the bright lights that surrounded them was vicarious and came to her through a friend she made in Central Park.

She spent many afternoons on a park bench during the first years of Rachel's life. It was a tyranny and a pleasure. She resented her enchainment but enjoyed the open sky and the air. One winter afternoon, she recognized a woman she had met at a party, and a little before dark, as Laura and the other mothers were gathering their stuffed animals and preparing their children for the cold journey home, the woman came across the playground and spoke to her. She was Alice Holinshed, she said. They had met at the Galvins'. She was pretty and friendly, and walked with Laura to the edge of the Park. She had a boy of about Rachel's age. The two women met again the following day. They became friends.

Mrs. Holinshed was older than Laura, but she had a more youthful and precise beauty. Her hair and her eyes were black, her pale and perfectly oval face was delicately colored, and her voice was pure. She lighted her cigarettes with Stork Club matches and spoke of the inconvenience of living with a child in a hotel. If Laura had any regrets about her life, they were expressed in her friendship for this pretty woman, who moved so freely through expensive stores and restaurants.

It was a friendship circumscribed, with the exception of the Galvins', by the sorry and touching countryside of Central Park. The women talked principally about their husbands, and this was a game that Laura could play with an empty purse. Vaguely, boastfully, the two women discussed the irons their men had in the fire. They sat together with their children through the sooty twilights, when the city to the south burns like a Bessemer furnace, and the air smells of coal, and the wet boulders shine like slag, and the Park itself seems like a strip of woods on the edge of a coal town. Then Mrs. Holinshed would remember that she was late—she was always late for something mysterious

and splendid—and the two women would walk together to the edge of the woods. This vicarious contact with comfort pleased Laura, and the pleasure would stay with her as she pushed the baby carriage over to Madison Avenue and then began to cook supper, hearing the thump of the steam iron and smelling the cleaning fluid from the pants presser's, below.

**O**NE night, when Rachel was about two years old, the frustration of Ralph's search for the goat track that would let him lead his family to a realm of reasonable contentment kept him awake. He needed sleep urgently, and when this blessing eluded him, he got out of bed and sat in the dark. The charm and excitement of the street after midnight escaped him. The explosive brakes of a Madison Avenue bus made him jump. He shut the window, but the noise of traffic continued to pass through it. It seemed to him that the penetrating voice of the city had a mortal effect on the precious lives of the city's inhabitants and that it should be muffled.

He thought of a Venetian blind whose outer surfaces would be treated with a substance that would deflect or absorb sound waves. With such a blind, friends paying a call on a spring evening would not have to shout to be heard above the noise of trucks in the street below. Bedrooms could be silenced that way—bedrooms, above all, for it seemed to him then that sleep was what everyone in the city sought and only half captured. All the harried faces on the streets at dusk, when even the pretty girls talk to themselves, were looking for sleep. Night-club singers and their amiable customers, the people waiting for taxis in front of the Waldorf on a wet night, policemen, cashiers, window washers—sleep eluded them all.

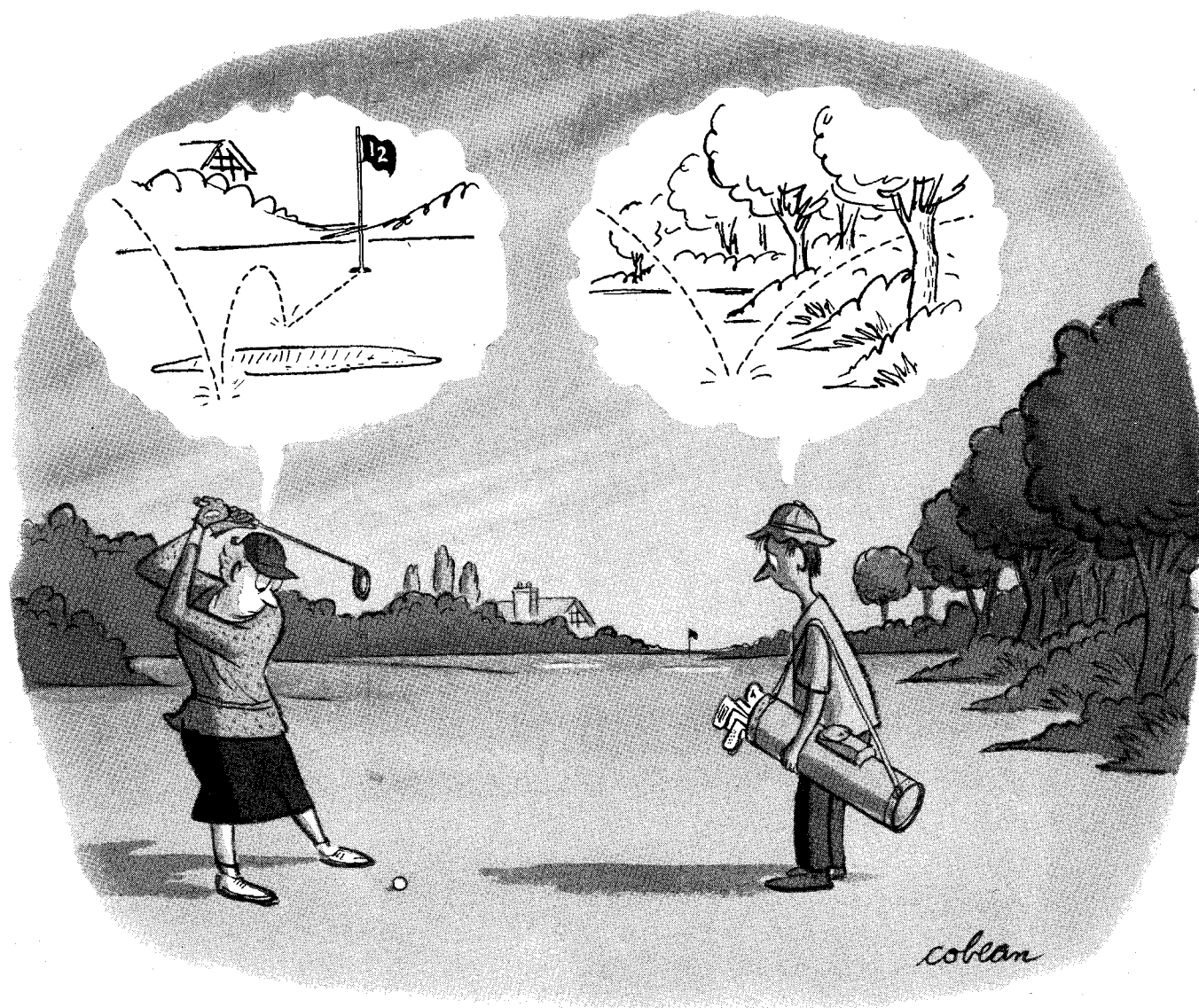


He talked over this Venetian blind with Laura the following night, and the idea seemed sensible to her. He bought a blind that would fit their bedroom window, and experimented with various paint mixtures. At last he stumbled on one that dried to the consistency of felt and was porous. The paint had a sickening smell, which filled their apartment during the four days it took him to coat and recoat the outer surface of the slats. When the paint had dried, he hung the blind, and they opened the window for a test. Silence—a relative silence—charmed their ears. He wrote down his formula, and took it during his lunch hour to a patent attorney. It took the lawyer several weeks to discover that a similar formula had been patented some years earlier. The patent owner—a man named Fellows—had a New York address, and the lawyer suggested that Ralph get in touch with him and try to reach some agreement.

The search for Mr. Fellows began one evening when Ralph had finished work, and took him first to the attic of a Hudson Street rooming house, where the landlady showed Ralph a pair of socks that Mr. Fellows had left behind when he moved out. Ralph went south from there to another rooming house and then west to the neighborhood of ship chandlers and marine boarding houses. The nocturnal search went on for a week. He followed the thread of Mr. Fellows' goings south to the Bowery and then to the upper West Side. He climbed stairs past the open doors of rooms where lessons in Spanish dancing were going on, past whores, past women practicing the "Emperor" Concerto, and one evening he found Mr. Fellows sitting on the edge of his bed in an attic room, rubbing the spots out of his necktie with a rag soaked in gasoline.

Mr. Fellows was greedy. He wanted a hundred dollars in cash and fifty per cent of the royalties. Ralph got him to agree to twenty per cent of the royalties, but he could not get him to reduce the initial payment. The lawyer drew up a paper defining Ralph's and Mr. Fellows' interests, and a few nights later Ralph went over to Brooklyn and got to a Venetian-blind factory after its doors had closed but while the lights of the office were still burning. The manager agreed to manufacture some blinds to Ralph's specifications, but he would not take an order of less than a hundred dollars. Ralph agreed to this and to furnish the compound for the outer surface of the slats. These expenditures had taken more than three-fourths of





the Whittemores' capital, and now the problem of money was joined by the element of time. They put a small advertisement in the paper for a housewares salesman, and for a week Ralph interviewed candidates in the living room after supper. He chose a young man who was leaving at the end of the week for the Midwest. He wanted a fifty-dollar advance, and pointed out to them that Pittsburgh and Chicago were just as noisy as New York. A department-store collection agency was threatening to bring them into the small-claims court at this time, and they had come to a place where any illness, any fall, any damage to themselves or to the few clothes they owned would be critical. Their salesman promised to write them from Chicago at the end of the week, and they counted on good news, but there was no news from Chicago at all. Ralph wired the salesman twice, and the wires must have been forwarded, for he replied to them from

Pittsburgh: "Can't merchandise blinds. Returning samples express." They put another advertisement for a salesman in the paper and took the first one who rang their bell, an old gentleman with a cornflower in his buttonhole. He had a number of other lines—mirror wastebaskets, orange-juicers—and he said that he knew all the Manhattan housewares buyers intimately. He was garrulous, and when he was unable to sell the blinds, he came to the Whittemores' apartment and discussed their product at length, and with a blend of criticism and charity that we usually reserve for human beings.

Ralph tried to borrow money, but neither his salary nor his patent was considered adequate collateral for a loan at anything but ruinous rates, and one day, at his office, he was served a summons by the department-store collection agency. He went out to Brooklyn and offered to sell the Venetian blinds back to the manufacturer. The man gave him

sixty dollars for what had cost a hundred, and Ralph was able to pay the collection agency. They hung the samples in their windows and tried to put the venture out of their minds.

Now they were poorer than ever, and they ate lentils for dinner every Monday and sometimes again on Tuesday. Laura washed the dishes after dinner while Ralph read to Rachel. When the girl had fallen asleep, he would go to his desk in the living room and work on one of his projects. There was always something coming. There was a job in Dallas and a job in Peru. There were the plastic arch preserver, the automatic closing device for ice-box doors, and the scheme to pirate marine specifications and undersell Jane's. For a month, he was going to buy some fallow acreage in upstate New York and plant Christmas trees on it, and then, with one of his friends, he projected a luxury mail-order business, for which they could



never get backing. When the Whittemores met Uncle George and Aunt Helen at the Ritz, they seemed delighted with the way things were going. They were terribly excited, Laura said, about a sales agency in Paris that had been offered to Ralph but that they had decided against, because of the threat of war.

**T**HE Whittemores were in their thirties when the war began. They were apart for two years. Laura took a job. She walked Rachel to school in the morning and met her at the end of the day. Working and saving, Laura was able to buy herself and Rachel some clothes. When Ralph returned at the end of the war, their affairs were in good order. The experience seemed to have refreshed him, and while he took up his old job as an anchor to windward, as an ace in the hole, there had never been more talk about jobs—jobs in Venezuela and jobs in Iran. They resumed all their old habits and economies. They remained poor.

Laura gave up her job and returned to the afternoons with Rachel in Central Park. Alice Holinshed was there. The talk was the same. The Holinsheds were living in a hotel. Mr. Holinshed was vice-president of a new firm manufacturing a soft drink, but the dress that Mrs. Holinshed wore day after day was one that Laura recognized from before the war. Her son was thin and bad-tempered. He was dressed in serge, like an English schoolboy, but his serge, like his mother's dress, looked worn and outgrown. One afternoon when Mrs. Holinshed and her son came into the Park, the boy was crying. "I've done a dreadful thing," Mrs. Holinshed told Laura. "We've been to the doctor's and I forgot to bring any money, and I wonder if you could lend me a few dollars, so I can take a taxi back to the hotel." Laura said she would be glad to. She had only a five-dollar bill with her, and she gave Mrs. Holinshed this. The boy continued to cry, and his mother dragged him off toward Fifth Avenue. Laura never saw them in the Park again.

Ralph's life was, as it had always been, dominated by anticipation. In the years directly after the war, the city appeared to be immensely rich. There seemed to be money everywhere, and the Whittemores, who slept under their worn overcoats in the winter to keep themselves warm, seemed separated from their

enjoyment of this prosperity by only a little patience, resourcefulness, and luck. On Sunday, when the weather was fine, they walked with the prosperous crowds on upper Fifth Avenue. It seemed to Ralph that it might only be another month, at the most another year, before he found the key to the prosperity they deserved. They would walk on Fifth Avenue until the afternoon was ended and then go home and eat a can of beans for dinner and, in order to balance the meal, an apple for dessert.

They were returning from such a walk one Sunday when, as they climbed the stairs to their apartment, the telephone began to ring. Ralph went on ahead and answered it.

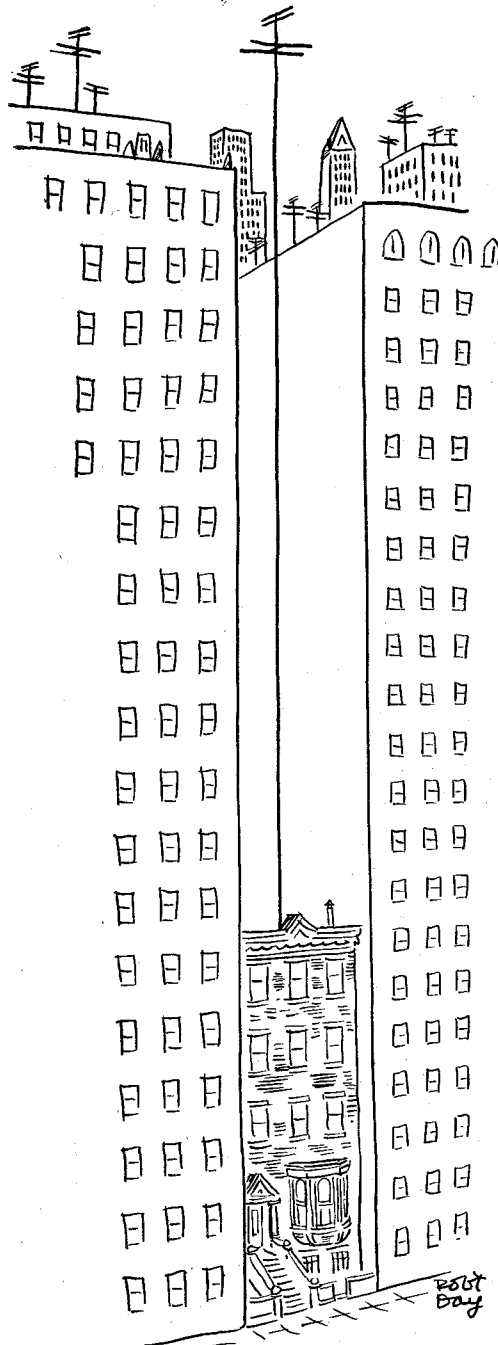
He heard the voice of his Uncle

George, a man of the generation that remains conscious of distance, who spoke into the telephone as if he were calling from shore to a passing boat. "This is Uncle George, Ralphie!" he shouted, and Ralph supposed that he and Aunt Helen were paying a surprise visit to the city, until he realized that his uncle was calling from Illinois. "Can you hear me?" Uncle George shouted. "Can you hear me, Ralphie? . . . I'm calling you about a job, Ralphie. Just in case you're looking for a job. Paul Hadaam came through—can you hear me, Ralphie?—Paul Hadaam came through here on his way East last week and he stopped off to pay me a visit. He's got a lot of money, Ralphie—he's rich—and he's starting this business out in the West to manufacture synthetic wool.

Can you hear me, Ralphie? . . . I told him about you, and he's staying at the Waldorf, so you go and see him. I saved his life once. I pulled him out of Lake Erie. You go and see him tomorrow at the Waldorf, Ralphie. You know where that is? The Waldorf Hotel. . . . Wait a minute, here's Aunt Helen. She wants to talk with you."

Now the voice was a woman's, and it came to him faintly. All his cousins had been there for dinner, she told him. They had had a turkey for dinner. All the grandchildren were there and they behaved very well. George took them all for a walk after dinner. It was hot, but they sat on the porch, so they didn't feel the heat. She was interrupted in her account of Sunday by her husband, who must have seized the instrument from her to continue his refrain about going to see Mr. Hadaam at the Waldorf. "You go see him tomorrow, Ralphie—the nineteenth—at the Waldorf. He's expecting you. Can you hear me? . . . The Waldorf Hotel. He's a millionaire. I'll say goodbye now."

**M**R. HADAAM had a parlor and a bedroom in the Waldorf Towers, and when Ralph went to see him, late the next afternoon, on his way home from work, Mr. Hadaam was alone. He seemed to Ralph a very old man, but an obdurate one, and in the way he shook hands, pulled at his ear lobes, stretched himself, and padded around the parlor on his bandy legs Ralph recognized a spirit that was unimpaired, independent,





and canine. He poured Ralph a strong drink and himself a weak one. He was undertaking the manufacture of synthetic wool on the West Coast, he explained, and had come East to find men who were experienced in merchandising wool. George had given him Ralph's name, and he wanted a man with Ralph's experience. He would find the Whittemores a suitable house, arrange for their transportation, and begin Ralph at a salary of fifteen thousand. It was the size of the salary that made Ralph realize that the proposition was an oblique attempt to repay his uncle for having saved Mr. Hadaam's life, and the old man seemed to sense what he was feeling.

"This hasn't got anything to do with your uncle's saving my life," he said roughly. "I'm grateful to him—who wouldn't be?—but this hasn't got anything to do with your uncle, if that's what you're thinking. When you get to be as old and as rich as I am, it's hard to meet people. All my old friends are dead—all of them but George. I'm surrounded by a cordon of associates and relatives that's damned near impenetrable, and if it wasn't for George giving me a name now and then, I'd never get to see a new face. Last year, I got into an automobile accident. It was my fault. I'm a terrible driver. I hit this young fellow's car and I got right out and went over to him and introduced myself. We had to wait about twenty minutes for the wreckers and we got to talking. Well, he's working for me today and he's one of the best friends I've got, and if I hadn't run into him, I'd never have met him. When you get to be as old as me, that's the only way you can meet people—automobile accidents, fires, things like that."

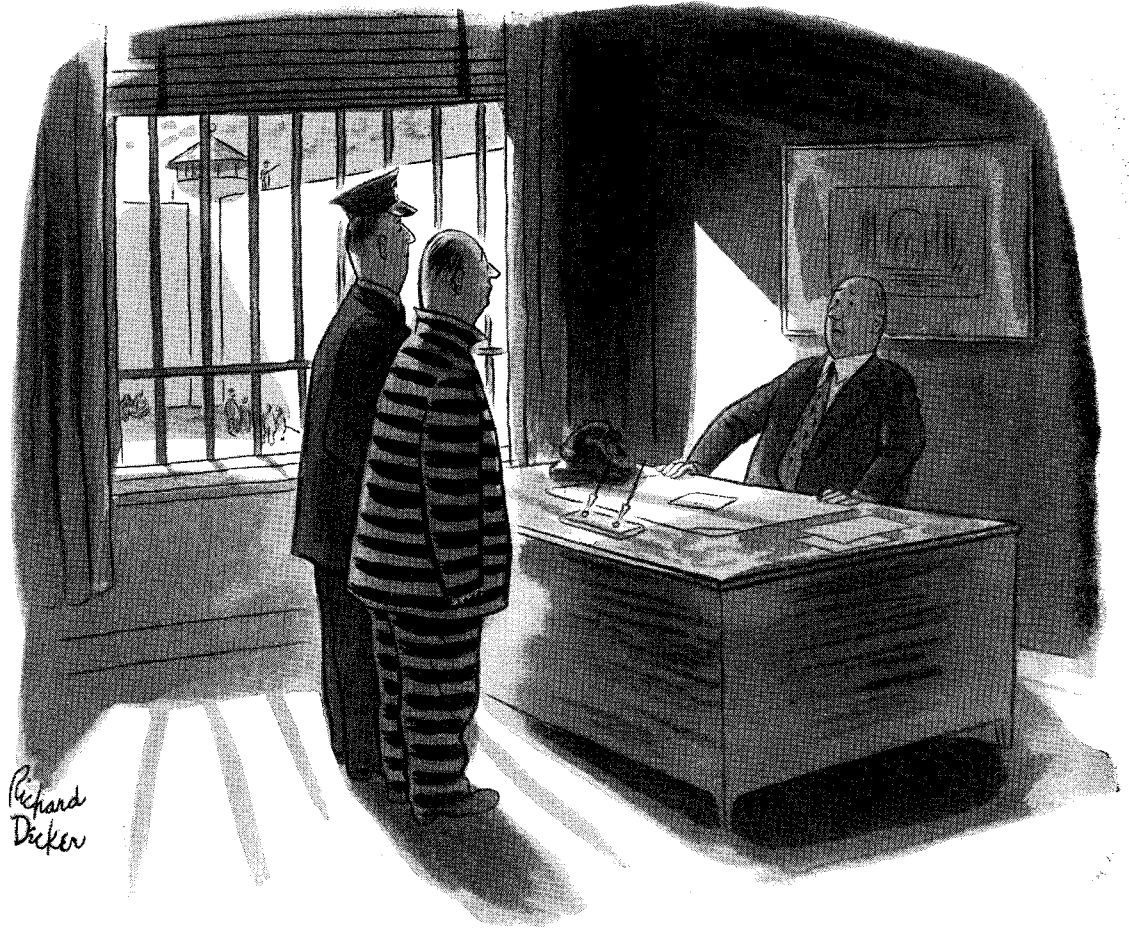
He straightened up against the back of his chair and tasted his drink. His rooms were well above the noise of traffic and it was quiet there. Mr. Hadaam's breath was loud and steady, and it sounded, in a pause, like the heavy breath of someone sleeping. "Well, I don't want to rush you into this," he said. "I'm going back to the Coast the day after tomorrow. You think it over

and I'll telephone you." He took out an engagement book and wrote down Ralph's name and telephone number. "I'll call you on Tuesday evening, the twenty-seventh, about nine o'clock—nine o'clock your time. George tells me you've got a nice wife, but I haven't got time to meet her now. I'll see her on the Coast." He started talking about baseball and then brought the conversation back to Uncle George. "He saved my life. My damned boat capsized and then righted herself and sunk right from underneath me. I can still feel her going down under my feet. I couldn't swim. Can't swim today. Well, goodbye." They shook hands, and as soon as the door closed, Ralph heard Mr. Hadaam begin to cough. It was the profane, hammering cough of an old man, full of bitter complaints and distempers, and it hit him pitilessly for all the time that Ralph was waiting in the hallway for the elevator to take him down.

On the walk home, Ralph felt that this might be it, that this preposterous chain of contingencies that had begun with his uncle's pulling a friend out of Lake Erie might be the one that would

save them. Nothing in his experience made it seem unlikely. He recognized that the proposition was the vagary of an old man and that it originated in the indebtedness Mr. Hadaam felt to his uncle—an indebtedness that age seemed to have deepened. He gave Laura the details of the interview when he came in, and his own views on Mr. Hadaam's conduct, and, to his mild surprise, Laura said that it looked to her like the bonanza. They were both remarkably calm, considering the change that confronted them. There was no talk of celebrating, and he helped her wash the dishes. He looked up the site of Mr. Hadaam's factory in an atlas, and the Spanish place name on the coast north of San Francisco gave them a glimpse of a life of reasonable contentment.

Eight days lay between Ralph's interview and the telephone call, and he realized that nothing would be definite until Tuesday, and that there was a possibility that old Mr. Hadaam, while crossing the country, might, under the subtle influence of travel, suffer a change of heart. He might be poisoned by a fish sandwich and be taken off the train in Chicago, to die in a nursing



*"It's no one special thing, Warden. I guess I just don't like it here."*



home there. Among the people meeting him in San Francisco might be his lawyer, with the news that he was ruined or that his wife had run away. But eventually Ralph was unable to invent any new disasters or to believe in the ones he had invented.

This inability to persevere in doubting his luck showed some weakening of character, but he was nearly forty and his head was gray. There had hardly been a day when he had not been made to feel the power of money, but he found that the force of money was most irresistible when it took the guise of a promise, and that years of resolute self-denial, instead of rewarding him with reserves of fortitude, had left him more than ordinarily susceptible to temptation. Since the change in their lives still depended upon a telephone call, he refrained from talking—from thinking, so far as possible—about the life they might have in California. He would go so far as to say that he would like some white shirts, but he would not go beyond this deliberately contrite wish, and here, where he thought he was exercising restraint and intelligence, he was, instead, beginning to respect the bulk of superstition that is supposed to attend good fortune, and when he wished for white shirts, it was not a genuinely modest wish so much as it was a memory—he could not have put it into words himself—that the gods of fortune are jealous and easily deceived by false modesty. He had never been a superstitious man, but on Tuesday he scooped the money off his coffee and was elated when he saw a ladybug on the bathroom window sill. He could not remember when he had heard money and this insect associated, but neither could he have explained any of the other portents that he had begun to let govern his movements.

Laura watched this subtle change that anticipation worked on her husband, but there was nothing she could say. He did not mention Mr. Hadaam or California. He was quiet; he was gentle with Rachel; he actually grew pale. He had his hair cut on Wednesday. He wore his best suit. On Saturday, he had his hair cut again and his nails manicured. He took two baths a day, put on a fresh shirt for dinner, and frequently went into the bathroom to wash his hands, brush his teeth, and wet down his cowlick. The preternatural care he gave his body and his appearance reminded her of an adolescent surprised by early love.

The Whittemores were invited to a party for Monday night and Laura in-

sisted that they go. The guests at the party were the survivors of a group that had coalesced ten years before, and if anyone had called the roll of the earliest parties in the same room, like the retreat ceremony of a breeched and decimated regiment, "Missing. . . Missing. . . Missing" would have been answered for the squad that had gone into Westchester; "Missing. . . Missing. . . Missing" would have been spoken for the platoon that divorce, drink, nervous disorders, and adversity had slain or wounded. Because Laura had gone to the party in indifferent spirits, she was conscious of the missing.

She had been at the party less than an hour when she heard some people coming in, and, looking over her shoulder, saw Alice Holinshed and her husband. The room was crowded and she put off speaking to Alice until later. Much later in the evening, Laura went into the toilet, and when she came out of it into the bedroom, she found Alice sitting on the bed. She seemed to be waiting for Laura. Laura sat down at the dressing table to straighten her hair. She looked at the image of her friend in the glass.

"I hear you're going to California," Alice said.

"We hope to. We'll know tomorrow."

"Is it true that Ralph's uncle saved his life?"

"That's true."

"You're lucky."

"I suppose we are."

"You're lucky, all right." Alice got up from the bed and crossed the room and closed the door, and came back across the room again and sat on the bed. Laura watched her in the glass, but she was not watching Laura. She was stooped. She seemed nervous. "You're lucky," she said. "You're so lucky. Do you know how lucky you are? Let me tell you about this cake of soap," she said. "I have this

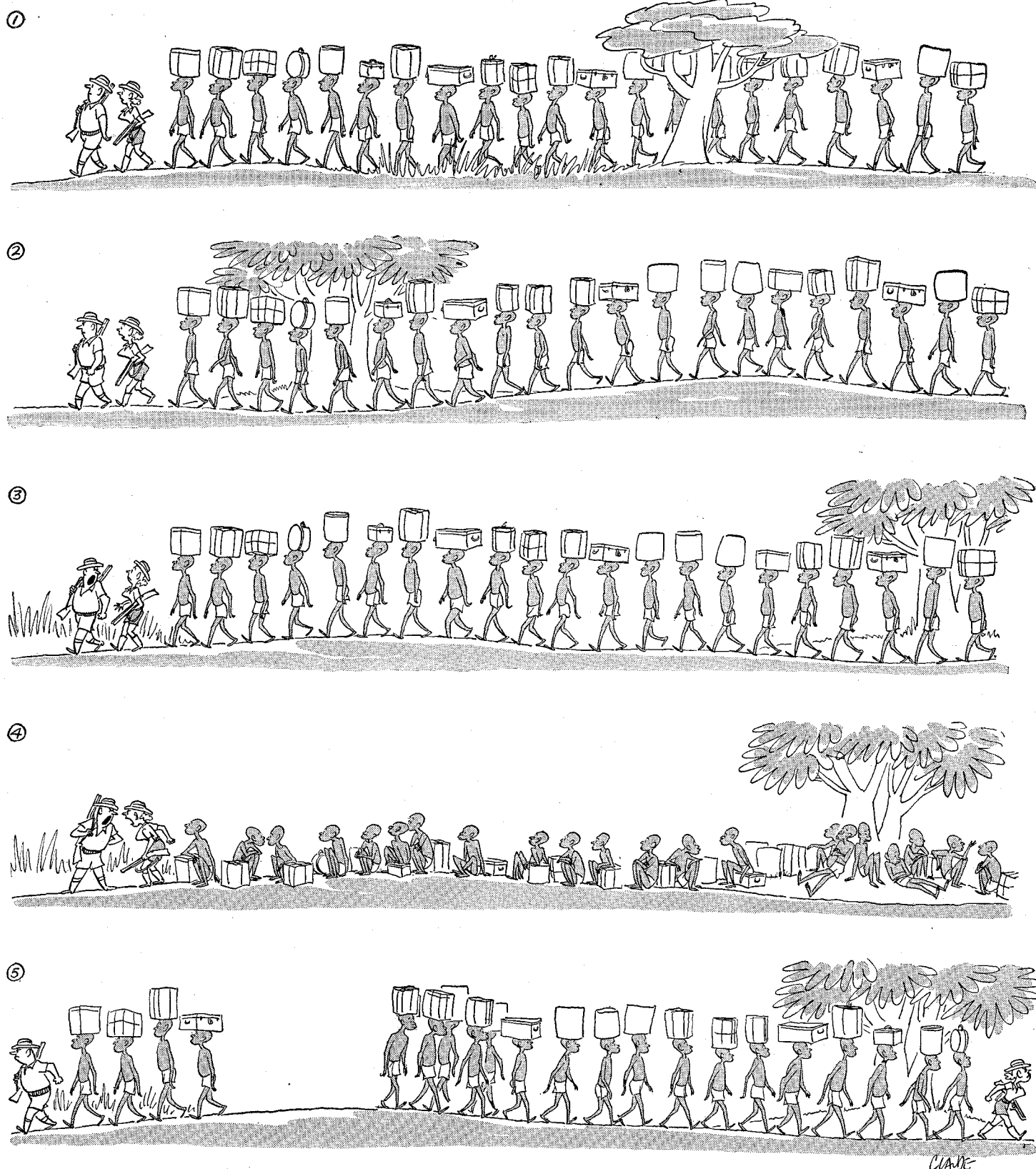


cake of soap. I mean I had this cake of soap. Somebody gave it to me when I was married, fifteen years ago. I don't know who. Some maid, some music teacher—somebody like that. It was good soap, good English soap, the kind I like, and I decided to save it for the big day when Larry made a killing, when he took me to Bermuda. First, I was going to use it when he got the job in Bound Brook. Then I thought I could use it when we were going to Boston, and then Washington, and then when he got this new job, I thought maybe this is it, maybe *this* is the time when I get to take the boy out of that rotten school and pay

the bills and move out of those bum hotels we've been living in. For fifteen years I've been planning to use this cake of soap. Well, last week I was looking through my bureau drawers and I saw this cake of soap. It was all cracked. I threw it out. I threw it out because I knew I was never going to have a chance to use it. Do you realize what that means? Do you know what that feels like? To live for fifteen years on promises and expectations and loans and credits in hotels that aren't fit to live in, never for a single day to be out of debt, and yet to pretend, to feel that every year, every winter, every job, every meeting is going to be the one. To live like this for fifteen years and then to realize that it's never going to end. Do you know what that feels like?" She got up and went over to the dressing table and stood in front of Laura. Tears had risen into her large eyes, and her voice was harsh and loud. "I'm never going to get to Bermuda," she said. "I'm never even going to get to Florida. I'm never going to get out of hock, ever, ever, *ever*. I know that I'm never going to have a decent home and that everything I own that is worn and torn and no good is going to stay that way. I know that for the rest of my life, for the rest of my life, I'm going to wear ragged slips and torn nightgowns and torn underclothes and shoes that hurt me. I know that for the rest of my life nobody is going to come up to me and tell me that I've got on a pretty dress, because I'm not going to be able to afford that kind of a dress. I know that for the rest of my life every taxi-driver and doorman and headwaiter in this town is going to know in a minute that I haven't got five bucks in that black imitation-suede purse that I've been brushing and brushing and brushing and carrying around for ten years. How do you get it? How do you rate it? What's so wonderful about you that you get a break like this?" She ran her fingers down Laura's bare arm. The dress she was wearing smelled of benzine. "Can I rub it off you? Will that make me lucky? I swear to Jesus I'd murder somebody if I thought it would bring us in any money. I'd wring somebody's neck—yours, anybody's—I swear to Jesus I would—"

Someone began knocking on the door. Alice strode to the door, opened it, and went out. A woman came in, a stranger looking for the toilet. Laura lighted a cigarette and waited in the bedroom for about ten minutes before she went back to the party. The Holinsheds had gone. She got a drink and sat





down and tried to talk, but she couldn't keep her mind on what she was saying.

The hunt, the search for money that had seemed to her natural, amiable, and fair when they first committed themselves to it, now seemed like a hazardous and piratical voyage. She had thought, earlier in the evening, of the missing.

She thought now of the missing again. Adversity and failure accounted for more than half of them, as if beneath the amenities in the pretty room a keen race were in progress, in which the loser's forfeits were extreme. Laura felt cold. She picked the ice out of her drink with her fingers and put it in a flower

vase, but the whiskey didn't warm her. She asked Ralph to take her home.

**A**FTER dinner on Tuesday, Laura washed the dishes and Ralph dried them. He read the paper and she took up some sewing. At a quarter after eight, the telephone, in the bedroom,



rang, and he went to it calmly. It was someone with two theatre tickets for a show that was closing. The telephone didn't ring again, and at half past nine he told Laura that he was going to call California. It didn't take long for the connection to be made, and the fresh voice of a young woman spoke to him from Mr. Hadaam's number. "Oh, yes, Mr. Whittemore," she said. "We tried to get you earlier in the evening but your line was busy."

"Could I speak to Mr. Hadaam?"

"No, Mr. Whittemore. This is Mr. Hadaam's secretary. I know he meant to call you, because he had entered this in his engagement book. Mrs. Hadaam has asked me to disappoint as few people as possible, and I've tried to take care of all the calls and appointments in his engagement book. Mr. Hadaam had a stroke on Sunday. We don't expect him to recover. I imagine he made you some kind of promise, but I'm afraid he won't be able to keep it."

"I'm very sorry," Ralph said. He hung up.

Laura had come into the bedroom while the secretary was talking. "Oh, darling!" she said. She put her sewing basket on the bureau and went toward the closet. Then she went back and looked for something in the sewing basket and left the basket on her dressing table. Then she took off her shoes, treed them, slipped her dress over her head and hung it up neatly. Then she went to the bureau, looking for her sewing basket, found it on the dressing table, and took it into the closet, where she put it on a shelf. Then she took her brush and comb into the bathroom and began to run the water for a bath.

The lash of frustration was laid on and the pain stunned Ralph. He sat by the telephone for he did not know how long. He heard Laura come out of the bathroom. He turned when he heard her speak.

"I feel dreadfully about old Mr. Hadaam," she said. "I wish there were something we could do." She was in her nightgown, and she sat down at the dressing table like a skillful and patient

woman establishing herself in front of a loom, and she picked up and put down pins and bottles and combs and brushes with the thoughtless dexterity of an experienced weaver, as if the time she spent there were all part of a continuous operation. "It did look like the treasure..."

The word surprised him, and for a moment he saw the chimera, the pot of gold, the fleece, the treasure buried in the faint lights of a rainbow, and the primitivism of his hunt struck him. Armed with a sharp spade and a home-made divining rod, he had climbed over hill and dale, through droughts and rain squalls, digging wherever the maps he had drawn himself promised gold. Six paces east of the dead pine, five panels in from the library door, underneath the creaking step, in the roots of the pear tree, beneath the grape arbor lay the bean pot full of doubloons and bullion.

She turned on the stool and held her thin arms toward him, as she had done more than a thousand times. She was no longer young, and more wan, thinner than she might have been if he had found the doubloons to save her anxiety and unrelenting work. Her smile, her naked shoulders had begun to trouble the indecipherable shapes and symbols that are the touchstones of desire, and the light from the lamp seemed to brighten and give off heat and shed that unaccountable complacency, that benevolence, that the spring sunlight brings to all kinds of fatigue and despair. Desire for her delighted and confused him. Here it was, here it all was, and the shine of the gold seemed to him then to be all around her arms. —JOHN CHEEVER

## RETURN

One maple, red already, says,  
*Prepare; be more than reconciled.*  
The Harvest Home at Summerfield  
Will be a week from Thursday night.

The pictures of the football teams  
Show, in the background, heavy shade;  
The pear tree, with its metal load,  
On Gothic arch of iron bends.

Some apples fall; the Concords darken;  
Niagaras, however, fill  
Translucent-pale; along the wall  
Berries of bittersweet begin.

The birds are few, but butterflies  
Come, black and double, to the phlox;  
Loose on its post, the letter box  
Holds nothing but one orange card,

Due notice of the town address.  
*Prepare; be more than reconciled.*

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES



"I must be doing all right. Mr. Curtis made a pass at me today."



# PROFILES

## PHYSICAL CULTURE

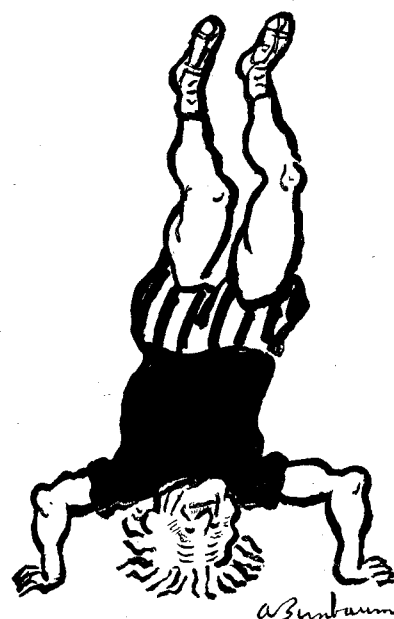
### 1-SINK OR SWIM

**A**t eighty-two, muscular, carping, carrot-ridden, a recent bridegroom, Bernarr Macfadden is beginning what he regards as the middle hitch of an astonishing career. By a private scheme of longevity prognosis, he has discovered that man's span, if he follows the proper, or Macfadden, health doctrines, is a hundred and twenty years or thereabouts, and in his own case, because he has followed them fanatically, he thinks he can expect a kind of mortal lagniappe of from one to four decades. The truth is that Macfadden, whose enterprise as magazine-and-newspaper publisher, nature healer, sex lecturer, pamphleteer, and unsuccessful candidate for President has seen no parallel anywhere, never felt better in his life. He walks to his office in the Daily News Building from his modest apartment on upper Central Park West, frequently barefoot and sometimes carrying a forty-pound bag of sand on his back.

Macfadden's doctrines are somewhat out of the ordinary, as health talk goes. In his early youth, he cured himself of consumption, torpor, fright, and general frailty by a regimen he worked out on his own, and he has never departed from it. Fasting is the keystone of Macfadden's plan. Like the late Mohandas Gandhi, he goes off the food for long stretches, at which times the muscular pattern of his body is very evident, and more photogenic. He has himself photographed in the nude, and the pictures, after the usual brushwork, turn up in profusion in his magazine, *Health Review*, formerly known as *Physical Culture*. He changed the name not long ago in an effort to jack up the circulation, which had fallen sluggish. During a fast, Macfadden works with improved vigor. He is able to dictate as many as twenty editorials in a day and write four or five articles under various nom de plumes. Occasionally he dictates while standing on his head, an exercise that he favors. In any given issue of *Health Review*, he is liberally represented in the list of contributors. In a recent one, for example, he appeared as several of his favorites: J. Walter Smithson, Alexander Marshall, Harold De Haviland, and Vincent Perry. This multiple shadow life is not due to any furtive streak in Macfadden's character; he merely

enjoys the freedom of expression permitted by a spurious handle. Also, he is by nature contentious, and, as a routine gesture, is likely, as J. Walter Smithson, to take spirited issue with Harold De Haviland. One of his favorite devices is to argue, by means of the aliases, both sides of a knotty question. A typical double-page layout might be headed "Is Meat Necessary to the Human Diet? 'Absolutely,' says J. Walter Smithson. 'Certainly Not,' says Harold De Haviland." It has always amused Macfadden that certain of his readers are apt to be passionate admirers of, say, Vincent Perry but, according to their letters, can't stomach the works of Alexander Marshall. It is a confused literary situation, and one that he doesn't intend to clear up if he can help it.

It seems safe to say that Macfadden has been the recipient of as much organized abuse as any man in the history of the country. He appreciates the fact that this recognition has come within the temporal limits of his life. John Wilkes Booth had a strong posthumous vogue, but it was largely regional, and Benedict Arnold's acclaim matured many years after his death. Macfadden has been attacked principally, he feels, because he has crusaded for many ideas that were far ahead of their time. Among his liveliest tormentors have been the American Medical Association, whiskey and tobacco companies, advertising agencies, patent-medicine venders, and other publishers. From the start, one of his prime rules has been to stay clear of doctors, and, in addition, he favors total abstinence from alcohol, tobacco, and medicines, eating little or nothing, hard exercise, frank talk about the body, illustrated with pictures, and a healthy, or interested, attitude toward sex. His pioneer advocacy of raw vegetables, with special emphasis on carrots, is widely known; the carrot has become his symbol, half humorously brandished in numberless photographs of the Master. Macfadden has no personal physician, and it is doubtful that he would consult one if he broke a leg. Nevertheless, he is obliged to visit a doctor once a year, to be examined for his pilot's license. Since the middle twenties, he has been wildly devoted to aviation and maintains a plane of his own in Florida; up North, he rents or borrows one when he flies.



Bernarr Macfadden

His most recent annual examination took place a few weeks ago in the office of a New York physician, Dr. Edward G. Brownell, for whom he offered to stand on his head at the beginning of the proceedings. After searching through the forms, Dr. Brownell replied that no mention was made of this feat, and they passed on to other matters. In substance, the Doctor's finding was that Macfadden, at eighty-two, is in corking fine condition throughout and eminently fit to fly. Hearing this news, Macfadden generously offered to prescribe a routine that would put Dr. Brownell into decent shape, too, and then returned to his office, carrying his shoes in his hands.

In view of the successful job Macfadden has done on himself, it is difficult to dismiss his theories as the reckless prattle of a disordered messiah. Certainly they have been combined with a shrewd business sense; at one time his fortune was roughly estimated to be around thirty million dollars. In this period (circa 1930), he was publishing the magazines *Physical Culture*, *True Story*, *Love and Romance*, *Ghost Stories*, *True Detective*, *Master Detective*, *True Romances*, *True Experiences*, *Your Home*, and *Model Airplane*, and ten newspapers—the New York *Evening Graphic*, the New York *Daily Investment News*, the *Automotive Daily News*, the *Detroit Daily*, the *Philadelphia Daily News*, the *New Haven Times*, and four smaller dailies in Michigan. Off and on, he found time to acquire and operate such sideline businesses as sanitariums, health farms, restaurants, schools, and hotels. In 1941, after a brisk wrangle with



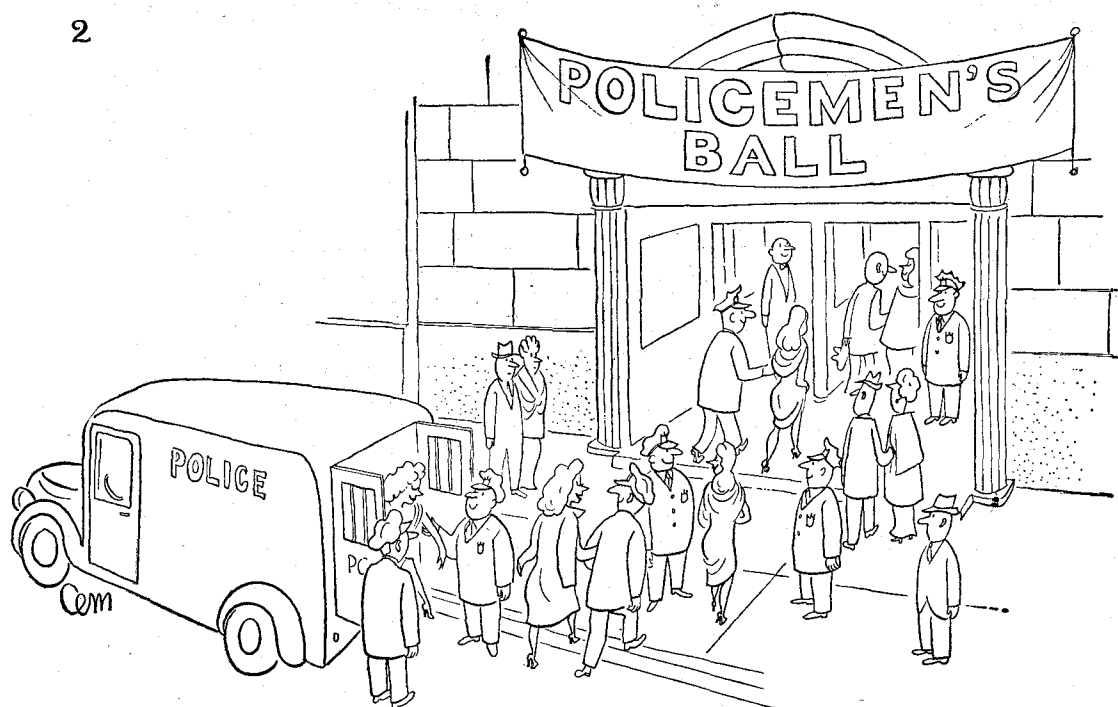
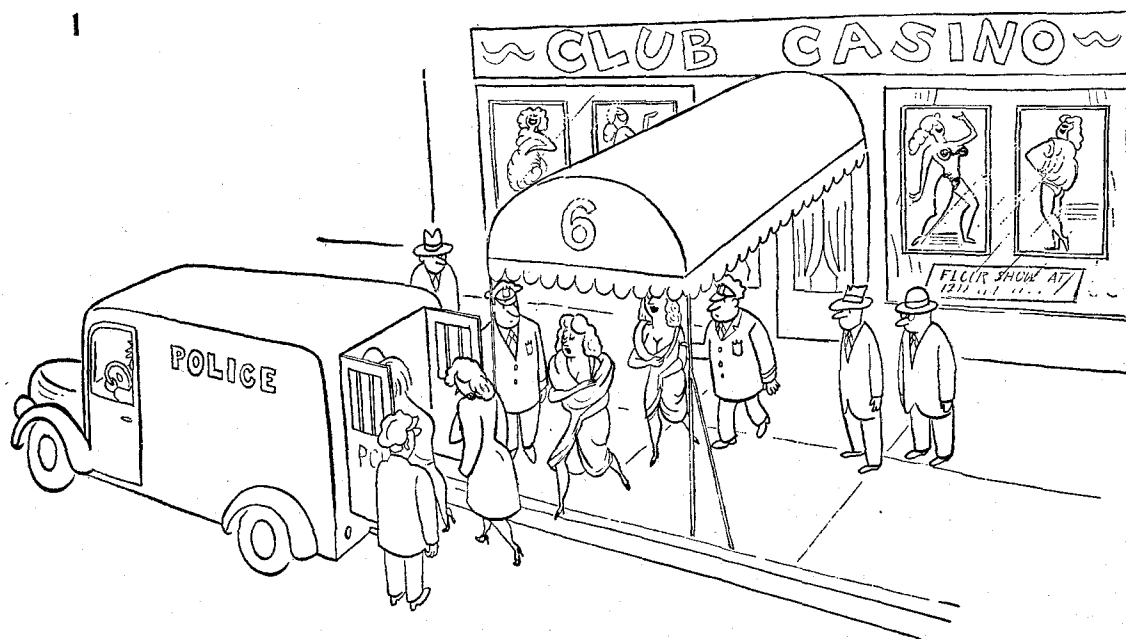
the minority stockholders of his publishing corporation, he withdrew from the management with considerable hauteur and with six-per-cent bonds in exchange for his common stock. He was permitted to take along his pet magazine, *Physical Culture*, and was made to agree not to start any publications that would compete with the company's organs for at least five years. In essence, the quarrel revolved around the aggrieved complaints of the minority owners that Macfadden was financing his sidelines and his ambitious personal life with expense tabs on the publishing company. Ten years previously, he had established, with a five-million-dollar grant, the Bernarr

Macfadden Foundation, dedicated to the spreading of the good word on health, and today he functions as the president of this organization. The Foundation gets out *Health Review*; sells a health course; and owns the Castle Heights Military Academy, at Lebanon, Tennessee; a big physical-culture hotel at Dansville, New York; several summer health camps; and a scattering of similar properties, all calculated to remake mankind in Macfadden's image. The publisher has been accused of seeing himself in a rather deified light, even of assuming godhead, but his closest friends say that this is simply a matter of careless voice inflec-

tion. "I've been called a crank and a quack," Macfadden said recently, while squeezing a tennis ball in each hand to enlarge the muscles of his forearms, "but I say to you that every crusader in history has been stoned, scorned, and spat upon. In any event, it won't make a particle of difference to Me, one way or the other."

**M**ACFADDEN's appearance is a significant case of nature imitating art. He looks very much like a good but unflattering statue of himself. Over the years he has advocated vigorous facial exercises, mostly grimaces, and practiced them daily, with the result that his face,

in the words of one of his biographers, seems "a little muscle-bound." It is a strong face, of deep lines and sharp angles, and, when flexed, formidable. He has thick, wiry gray hair, which he wears quite long, straggling down over his ears, but he has rubbed a small bald spot on the top by spending perhaps a disproportionate amount of time on his head. Surprisingly, for one so bulky in tights, Macfadden is physically a small man, standing only five feet six and weighing around a hundred and forty-five. Like many men of muscle, the clothed Macfadden is deceptive; disrobed, he springs into prominence and takes on the aspect of a valuable museum piece. The tone of his skin is youthful, possibly as a result of his addiction to "friction baths," a vitalizing operation in which he scrapes himself for ten minutes each morning with a particularly abrasive towel. Muscularly, he is a phenomenon. A good many of our elderly public figures, like Bernard Baruch and Connie Mack, superficially appear to be as well preserved as Macfadden, but they have neglected their sinews. The chances are good that despite their rosy look, neither Baruch nor Mack could hold his own

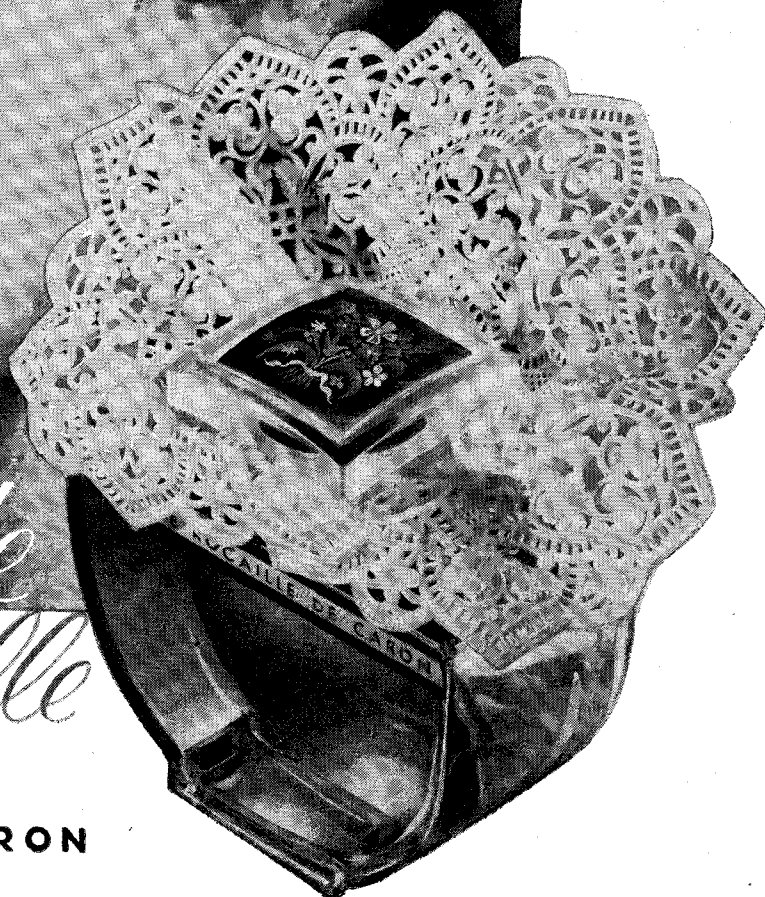






*Hearts de*  
*Rocaille*

PARFUM DE CARON



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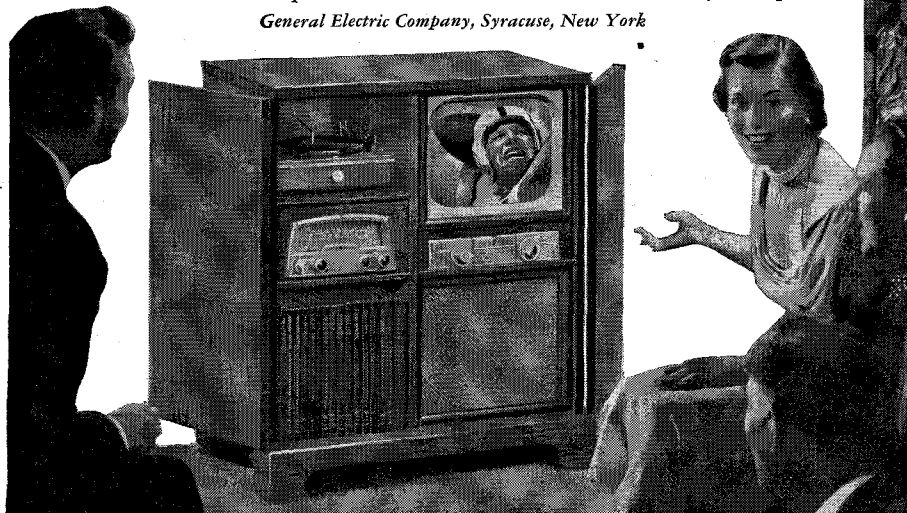
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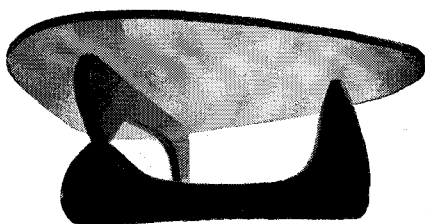
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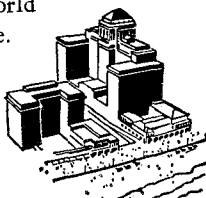
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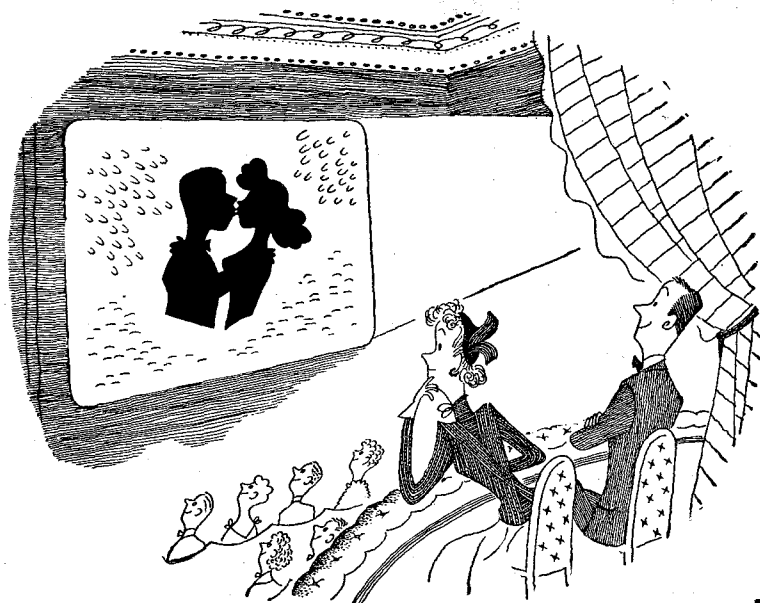


in an all-out game of leapfrog; Macfadden, on the other hand, places leapfrog high on his list of relaxations. With the romping huskies at his health camps, he often strips down to his drawers and, with the springiest gait of the lot, soars expertly over the young backs.

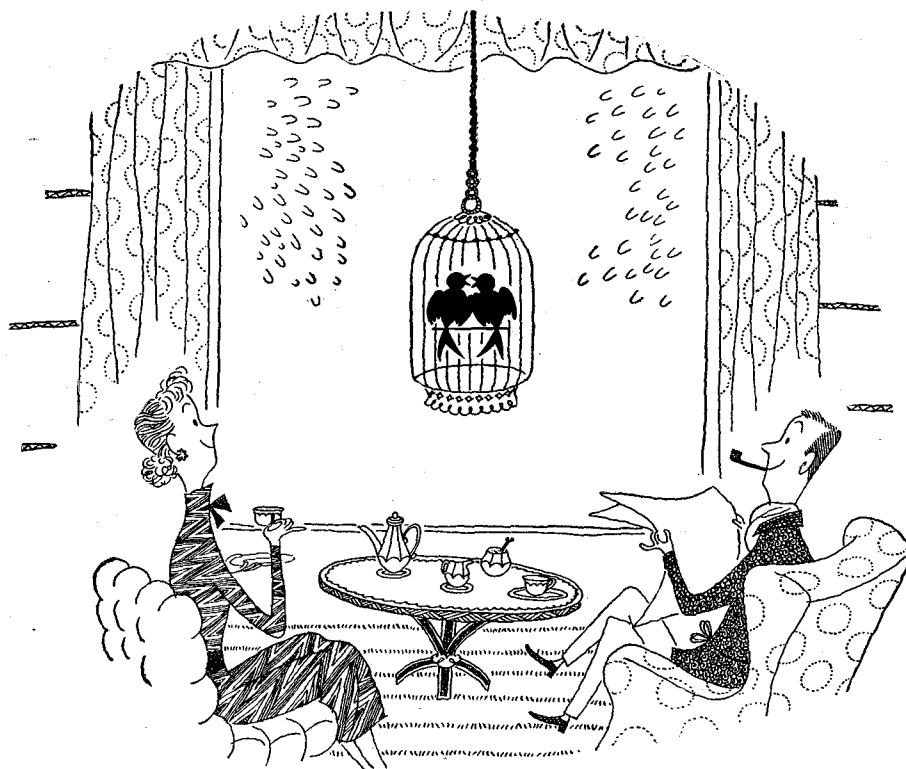
To celebrate his eighty-first birthday, Macfadden thought of and discarded several hackneyed forms of festivity, such as giving a garden party and stuffing himself with devil's food, and decided to make a parachute jump from an airplane. The celebration was held above the airfield at Dansville, where he has the big physical-culture hotel. In full jumping rig, he made important contributions to the photographic memorabilia of that year. As has been his custom for seven decades, he rejected all the advice of friends and experts, arraying himself in a business suit, a football helmet, knee and shin guards, and a pair of tennis shoes. His pilot and plane were hired for the occasion. Among the several hundred spectators, the odds were about even that the body either would never be found or would be broken up past any hope of a normal interment. A few people, mostly airfield employees and newspaper representatives, imagined that he would back out at the last minute. "I told him I'd give him the signal to jump," the pilot said later, "but he sort of made up his mind on his own hook. One minute, he was sitting there peaceably, and the next he arose as if he'd suddenly remembered an appointment, threw the door open, and took a header out." The publisher narrowly missed a clump of pine trees, sailed over a shed, and landed, upright, in a stubby field. He was free of fractures and in good spirits. "It was on the order of leapfrog," he told his friends, and gave them a reproachful sermon on how to live right and stay strong.

It was two years ago, in what he considered the summer of his life, that Macfadden took his third bride. (His first two marriages had ended in divorce.) She was Jonnie Lee, a good-looking and vivacious blond divorcee of forty-two, who, like himself, was, and is, a lecturer on sex and health topics, as well as an interior decorator. Miss Lee was in New York when she and the publisher met, through friends, but her career had been formed in California, where she evolved, singlehanded, the science of Cosmo-Dynamics, which has to do with personal magnetism, love, and everlasting youth. Macfadden's courtship of Miss Lee could have been taken directly





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out of the pages of *True Romances*, and possibly was. He conscientiously tries to live by his own preachments, and he has often contended, in both fact and fiction, that an age differential is no bar to wedded harmony. In the case of his third marriage, his seniority of thirty-eight years over Mrs. Macfadden seems to him, and to her, just about right. She has described his wooing as "among the most insistent I ever heard of, here or California." Twenty-four hours after their first meeting, he visited her apartment with a contract providing that she make three lecture appearances on behalf of the Foundation. While she was thinking this over, he left for Miami, where he owned a monster health hotel, rather strikingly named the Macfadden Deauville. From the hotel, Macfadden summoned Miss Lee by telephone, saying, in effect, "You must come down here at once. These guests are starved for guidance." She reluctantly consented. Her first night there, on the boardwalk, beneath an implausible resort moon (which she still feels Macfadden somehow rigged up personally), she heard his protestation of love and offer of marriage. Miss Lee said, as she recalls it, "I think we should have a six-month cooling-off period, Mr. Macfadden." The publisher nodded and said, "Just call me Bernarr." Three days later, they were married.

It is a felicitous match. The former Miss Lee cannot recall ever before meeting anybody as forthright and dogged as her husband. She is very fond of him and calls him Daddy. "I've got a genius on my hands," she often tells her friends, adding that she intends to give him every aid in his campaign to make the world straighten up and act like a man. In the early days of their marriage, the couple found a few household adjustments necessary. To begin with, Macfadden refused to surrender his bachelor quarters on Central Park West and the bride expressed doubts that two could live in the place, which bears a marked resemblance to the cell of an especially negligent monk. It has no rugs, curtains, or bed. Macfadden hasn't slept in a bed for upward of sixty years. He sleeps on the floor, with an old Army blanket pulled around him. This mild eccentricity has given rise to a number of contretemps during his long and vivid career. Once, in London, he threw a monkey wrench into the machinery of the Savoy Hotel, whose housekeeper balked at making up his bed on the floor. "If the beds ain't good enough for him," she kept saying, "why don't he go over to the Ritz?" Macfadden ex-

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plained that his peculiar couch had to do with a health program, and specifically that it strengthened the spine, whence all vigor flows, and the Savoy was finally talked around. On another occasion, before the 1936 Presidential election, Macfadden decided to call on Governor Alf Landon in Topeka, and took a fifty-dollar-a-day suite in the town's best hotel. Before retiring the first night, he agreed to be interviewed the following morning, and then forgot all about it. When the reporters burst in, they found him stretched out on the bare boards beneath a tall, carved bed of impressive elegance. Their accounts centered on the folly of spending all that money for an upper-class bed and then sleeping under it.

Jonnie Lee Macfadden sleeps in a bed in her own apartment, on Central Park South. Both she and her husband feel that with two separate views of the Park they have a living arrangement that permits healthful variety, and their domestic life is a happy one. Like all wives, though, she has a couple of trivial reforms that she hopes eventually to put into effect. One concerns her husband's dining habits. Four evenings a week, she goes to his apartment and helps him cook dinner; to date, she has found these outings trying. Macfadden's dietary ideas have shifted perceptibly as the years have rolled by; currently, he is eating meat, a departure from his beginning plan. One of his disciples, and an early contributor to *Physical Culture*, George Bernard Shaw, is also getting meat these days, though he takes it in the form of liver injections, not directly embarrassing his vegetarianism. Macfadden's favorite meat is hamburger, and he habitually slaps it on the table in the skillet, arranging the other food similarly, the milk in the bottle, the salt in its original box, a double handful of raw vegetables strewn carelessly over the tabletop, and so on. Before her marriage, Mrs. Macfadden was used to a certain amount of style and would like to see hamburgers served on a platter. Also, she keeps trying to give her husband's clothes to the Salvation Army. If she succeeds, it will be a coup heartily approved by his office force, which once took up a collection and bought him a new suit for Christmas. The purchase was made shortly after a stranger had entered the office lobby, found Macfadden there, tossed him an overcoat, and said, "Hang that up, will you, Uncle?"

The majority of Macfadden's current suits were bought in the early nineteen-twenties, and a few of them date

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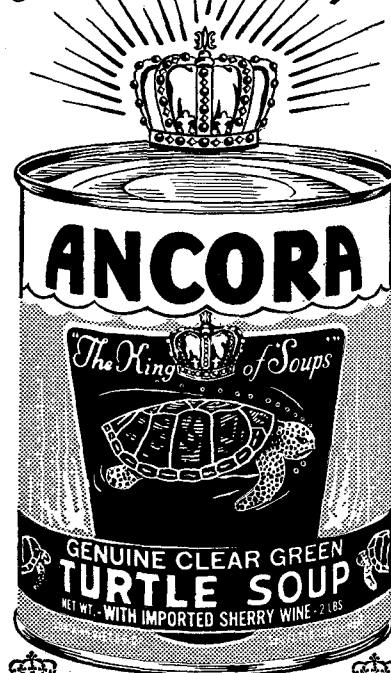
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back farther. He feels that up to now he has had excellent wear out of them, probably because he hasn't worn them much. In times past, at large country houses he owned, he wandered about entirely naked, creating something of a servant problem, and in any circumstances he dresses as skimpily as he can. His bride's efforts to spruce him up have been depressingly unfruitful, she says, but she keeps trying. As nearly as she can determine, he has two prized garments, a frayed brown vest, which he wears with all his jackets, and an old pair of mesh leather shoes, like huaraches, which allow him, even when shod, to draw a magnetic force from the earth. Macfadden's barefoot walking is based on his theory that bare feet absorb a kind of basic earth force that, properly harnessed, will soup up a human being and make him go like a jack rabbit. In any event, Macfadden isn't interested in clothes or in much else that civilized man has devised. "My publications, my sanitariums, all my plans and projects have been directed toward one purpose," he often tells his lecture audiences, "to bring health and joy through exercise, diet, and the simple life. The world has become stupidly complicated. Get outdoors. Forget politics and economics. Don't stand on your rights, stand on your head. Weakness is a crime. Put yourself in my hands, at a hundred and ten dollars for the full course, including an eight-volume encyclopedia, and I'll make a new person out of you. If you wonder what I can do, have a look at Me." There is no doubt that Macfadden is perfectly sincere in his desire to improve the race, and that in one way or another he has exerted a critical influence on vast numbers of people, but his struggles to light the path by means of the blazing carrot have been many and bitter. In the aggregate, they probably comprise one of the great American sagas.

MACFADDEN's early life was a study in juvenile misery and undoubtedly provides a key to his later aggressiveness. Many tales of self-made giants have stormy beginnings; as children, the heroes are cruelly tested. In any new age, the very weak perish, and the very strong, in surviving, usually acquire wild ambitions. Winston Churchill has said that all the famous men of his acquaintance were the products of an unhappy childhood. Macfadden cannot remember having had even a moderately cheerful day before he was twenty. He was born in 1868 on a run-down farm near Mill Spring, Missouri,

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in an area of pioneer desolation. His mother was consumptive and his father was the neighborhood drunkard, a man of quick and violent rages. The father (who spelled his name "McFadden") had only a desultory interest in farming. His life ran in cycles: He would spend a while extracting a few dollars from the soil; then he would repair to the nearest horse track, buy a jug of corn whiskey, get offensively drunk, and invest the rest of his capital in the horses, always selecting losers. Afterward, through a familiar system of blame transference, he would reel home and beat up the family. It took Mrs. McFadden only a few years to realize that this was farming at its worst; she left, taking the four-year-old Bernard, as he was then known, and his two baby sisters. Her haven was the home of her parents, forty miles distant, near the town of Iron-ton. For a while, the elder McFadden turned up periodically, in an effort to re-form the domestic circle. He would skulk in a weed patch outside the front log fence and make conversational sallies. "Oh, come on out of there, now," he would cry from his covert. "I know you're about, you understand. There's no use in malingering." These nervous visits were shortly ended by his untimely death from delirium tremens.

Bernard's mother was ill and her parents were poverty-ridden; the household was close to the starvation level. When the boy was eight, his mother put him in a boarding school, conducted largely for orphans, that was modelled along the lines of the European work-house. Macfadden today believes that Oliver Twist, with his bowl of watered gruel, was in a dangerously overstuffed condition compared to his own plight at the boarding school. The standard fare was peanuts, and the headmaster, or

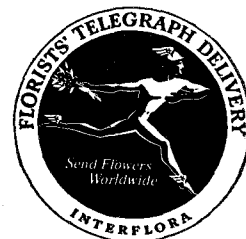


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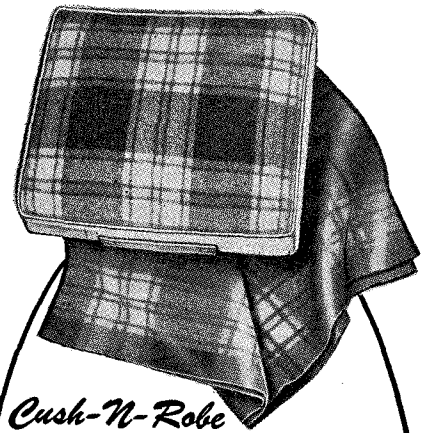
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warden, strongly recommended that his charges eat them with the shells on. Since his suggestion was reinforced by a cudgel, the tots made valiant attempts to comply, although immobilized with stomach ailments most of the time. In that day, long before the researches of George Washington Carver, peanuts were regarded as a throwaway crop and sold as hog feed for a dollar or so a ton. Macfadden was a puny child, morose, stringy, and frightened, and within a few months his situation was desperate. He coughed a great deal and frequently ran a temperature. Noting these symptoms, the headmaster diagnosed the case as a simple peanut deficiency and stepped up the fibrous diet. By a happy chance, the child's mother called for him in the deepest winter of his discontent and took him away, back to the home of her parents.

Macfadden's boyhood adventures bear a stunning resemblance to the pulp fiction of the period. Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, Edward S. Ellis, and other writers were beginning to awaken public resentment toward barbarous treatment of derelict children. Macfadden remembers shedding tears at the boarding school over contraband copies of such inexpensive tragedies as "Tattered Tom" and "Ragged Dick," and then, after downing a few goobers, resuming his backbreaking chores. "We've got to do something for those poor little chaps," he would say to himself, and dodge the ubiquitous cudgel. At this stage of his life, Macfadden counted each day that he was not flogged a shining triumph. Returned to his mother's home, he had several comparatively decent, if low-caloried, months. He did much of the household work but occasionally was permitted to play, alone, on nearby Shepherd Mountain. His sisters had been farmed out to neighbors or relatives. Soon after his ninth birthday, he was sent away again, this time to a small, bleak hotel operated by an undistinguished branch of his mother's family at Mount Sterling, Illinois, near Chicago. The proprietor and his wife had been having trouble obtaining dynamic help for three dollars a week and were delighted to pick up a boy free, even though he was thin and seemed feverish. "He ain't much to look at, but there's likely work in him," Macfadden recalls that the woman said, after going over him as a trader might examine an unimposing horse. "If there's work in him, we'll get it out," observed her husband, who had some local reputation as a sage.

Young Bernard was immediately put



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accessories by Laura Lee Linder



into harness, on the theory that this was the best way to relieve his indispositions. In the daytime, he swept and scrubbed floors, emptied the slops, did laundry, and carried luggage, passing along whatever tips he received to the house. His benefactors held, with Hamlet, that sleep was a risky venture, particularly for a boy of nine, and his nights were generally pretty busy, too. For the most part, he blacked guests' shoes until around midnight; then he was on call to assist late drunks to bed. Infrequently, to appease the village truant officer, he spent a day or so in school. The hotel had no planned recreational program for its staff; to offset his hours of toil, the boy sat at an upper-story window that commanded a view of the railroad station, watching the trains arrive and hoping sometime to see his mother alight. Within a few months, the proprietor ended this line of thought. "Boy," he said, calling Macfadden into his office, "I've got some news for you. Your mother's dead." To mitigate the blow, his wife added, "And if you ask me, this one's going the same way soon. He's got all the symptoms. Consumption runs in the family." Macfadden returned to his room and blacked several dozen pairs of shoes. He believes today that this interview represents the lowest spiritual ebb of his childhood, though his financial fortunes worsened soon. His main reaction, aside from grief, was a determination to overcome consumption. He decided to live in order to spite his relatives.

In the pursuit of this ambition, Macfadden was given assistance by the innkeepers, although their motive was not noble. Anxious to avoid any burial costs, they unloaded him on a back-country farmer, in exchange for a small lump sum and a scattering of mixed produce, as a "bound boy." The ailing ward was apprenticed to a man named Robert Hunter, who had been definitively characterized by a neighbor as "the stingiest son of a bitch east of the Mississippi River." Macfadden's life with Hunter was a continuous exercise in polemics. Their skeletal bone of contention was whether Hunter, the binder, was morally obligated to provide Macfadden, the bindee, with shoes. Hunter was not a mean man, but he was, as suggested, fiscally conservative, and when the subject of shoes came up, he took the view that Macfadden, in his hotel period, had fallen into expensive city ways. Northern Illinois in the winter is a land of hard-frozen ground and icy blasts; the bound boy, making his rounds in this season, tending the

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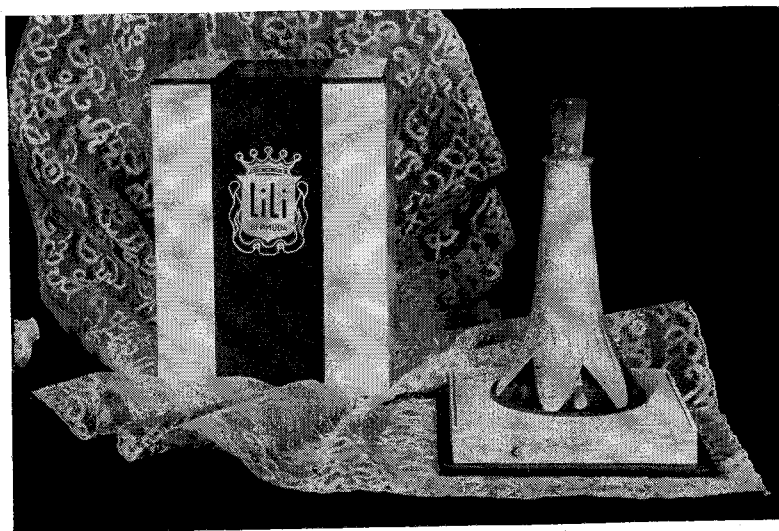
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stock, chopping wood, cleaning lamps, eventually found his barefoot condition intolerable. Many times, he thought of running away, but he stuck it out for two years, during which one of the first significant changes in his life took place.

Macfadden now believes that he was on the point of death when he joined the parsimonious farmer. He had reached the crisis of an exhausting boyhood. As he pitched into the heavy farm work, his condition rapidly deteriorated, but only for a few weeks. There came a day when, faced with a succession of tasks that might have staggered a top farmhand in the prime of life, he fell into a sort of walking coma and wandered into a bog. Sinking up to his waist, he had to be dragged out by the disgusted Hunter, who muddled up a forty-cent length of new hemp rope in the process. Once clear of the bog, Macfadden felt an inexplicable resurgence of vitality, possibly drawn from the earth through his bare feet. In some mysterious way, he divined that he was going to live, and he seized a hayfork and lit into his work with gusto. Shoes or no shoes, in the months that followed, the boy stolidly handled all the farm work there was to do and broke the back of his infirmity. He planted, plowed, harvested, gathered maple sap, churned, did the household dishes and cleaning, and butchered the hogs. Hunter had a wife and three children, and the entire family found itself more or less on a vacation basis. Hunter, in effect, retired; he took to spending much of his time in bed reading the *Farmer's Almanack*.

As the work rolled on, Macfadden grew in strength. He gained weight and his muscles toughened. By now, he was beginning to sense the similarity of his life to a paper-backed novel, and he dutifully looked up a bully to thrash. There being no clear-cut titleholder in the area, he singled out a thunderstruck adolescent who had made sneering references to bound boys and gave him a thorough going over. In this phase of his development, Macfadden felt that he was pursuing a laudable course, but he made a crushing discovery. On Sundays, at the local church, to which the Hunters took him, he concluded from the parson's emphatic sermons that no matter what one did, the reward was pretty sure to be hell-fire and eternal damnation. Reflecting dismally, the boy began to ask himself if the game was worth the candle. Why be so strong and upright, he wondered, if you are sure to catch it just the same? Deciding



to relax a little, he lifted a jug of applejack that Hunter had stashed in a corncrib and bought a plug of chewing tobacco. Sequestered in a swamp, he spent the better part of one morning chewing tobacco, and then, in an unsuccessful effort to kill the pain, swigged applejack all afternoon. He was violently sick for two days. Since that time, Macfadden has touched neither alcohol nor tobacco. Like Emily Dickinson, he is an inebriate of air, preferably taken in deep breaths early in the morning.

At the Hunters', as at the hostelry, Macfadden was sent to school sporadically. He recalls having been razor-sharp at arithmetic and a total loss at grammar. This was a curious augury for a boy who was destined to develop into one of the most prolific writers of his age, a man of almost limitless pen names, and the publisher of ten magazines and ten newspapers. Despite his inexpert knowledge of the tongue, Macfadden was an avid reader. Like Lincoln, he devoured the available works, but he was less fortunate in his acquisitions. In the main, they were bucolic periodicals concerned with things like hog cholera, sin, the snakeskin cure for rheumatics, and crop failures. It was from one of these magazines that Macfadden got his big idea. The season was winter, and his feet were sorely chafed. The time seemed propitious for a shift in locale. Sprinkled throughout

the Midwest, he had numerous relatives. He decided to throw himself on the bounty of some family in this group. In the preceding two years he had become guarded—his wariness had grown along with his muscles—and he concluded that it would be foolish to waste himself on a subordinate, or cadet, branch of the line. From an ad in one of the magazines, he obtained the address of a credit-rating bureau; then, picking out an uncle in the southern part of the state, he made inquiries about his financial standing, enclosing a dollar and a half for the fee. A reply came back in a week, reading: "Dear Mr. Macfadden: Gentleman referred to is generally known to be a horse thief. But he is not a very successful horse thief. Credit rating in the neighborhood of zero. Thanking you for your business, we are, Yours very truly," etc.

Unshod, overworked, discouraged, minus relatives of substantial credit rating, Macfadden was left with only the traditional recourse. Late one moonless night, he tied up his meagre belongings in a bandanna, stole out of the house, climbed noiselessly over the fence, and set off down the road. The year was 1880. He was twelve years old and an established runaway at last. One of America's most determined reformers was on his way.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the first of a series of three articles.)

## IVORY-BILL

Two ivory-billed woodpeckers, rarest birds in North America, were seen March 3, 1950, in Florida by members of an expedition headed by Whitney H. Eastman. . . . The exact location of the ivory-bills is being guarded, and it is hoped that the difficulty of access to their habitat will help to protect them. Prior to this discovery no ivory-bill had been authentically reported since 1947, and it was feared that it had become extinct.

—Audubon Magazine.

This is a literal lease on life,  
Though a further thing perplexes  
Your inquisitive friends: Are you husband and wife?  
Our informant neglected your sexes.

We hope you may have progeny yet,  
Though we don't expect you'll regain  
Your former abundance. We don't forget  
Rusty, the Whooping Crane.

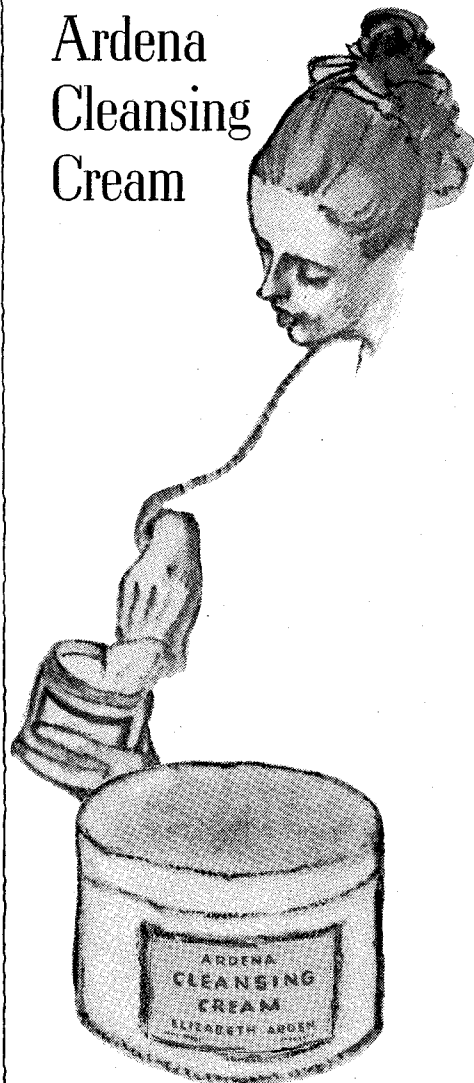
But, even knowing there's little chance  
That you'll hold your ground, the mourner  
Is glad to postpone the circumstance  
As you brighten your final corner.

Hang on to the end! You still may thrive.  
The fates of us all are linked.  
We're crowding you out, but you may survive  
When we've rendered ourselves extinct.

—WILLIAM H. MATCHETT

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## MR. HUXLEY, MR. OLSEN, AND MR. JOHNSON

IN my opinion, "The Gioconda Smile," by Aldous Huxley, was one of the most expert and deadly short stories written by anybody in our time. For the benefit of the few members of this parish who never read it, it had to do with the execution of a hollow and ludicrous man for the murder of his invalid wife and the last-sentence revelation that the real culprit was a young woman of horrifying refinement who had hoped to marry him and allowed him to hang when she discovered that she had been supplanted in his affections by a Cockney mistress who called him Teddy Bear. Mr. Huxley's prose was, as usual, cold and immaculate; his characters were useless and contemptible; and the particular quality of his story was that while it seemed to be tragedy, actually it involved the destruction of nothing.

In adapting his piece for the stage, the author has made several interesting concessions to another medium. The hero not only is a more or less sympathetic figure but is rescued at the end from the gallows by mechanisms too complex for discussion here; his mistress has been transposed from a tart into a rather nice girl, though still perhaps a bit on the dull side; the murderess, who was originally an almost insufferable bore, has been converted into a fascinating psychiatric case, tormented but clearly intellectual; and there has even been the introduction of a little incidental comedy in the shape of a retired British Army man who would have been right at home in *Punch*. I suspect that none of these changes are altogether for the better, however wise they may have seemed in a strategic sense. In his story, Mr. Huxley achieved irony, which is a rare and difficult thing. Now he has a tricky little melodrama which, regardless of its fate at the Lyceum, can hardly fail to be embarrassing to him as a writer of subtle and unique talent.

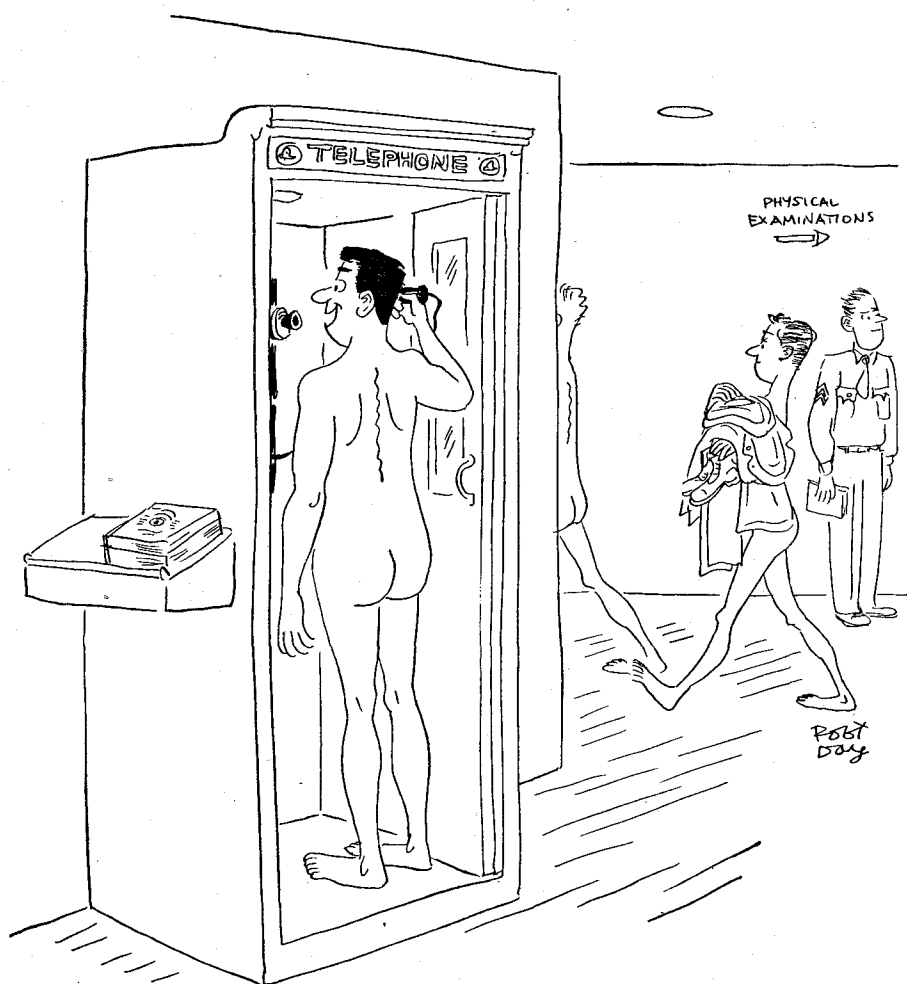
The performers in "The Gioconda Smile" are, I should say, under a strange handicap. In theory, that is, their play is a highly sophisticated drama, but really it is almost as elementary as "The Black Crook." This undoubtedly leads to a certain confusion in the mind and to the kind of acting that occasionally

suggests a parody of "Hamlet." Basil Rathbone probably suffers most seriously from this necessity of giving an air of importance to practically nothing, but Valerie Taylor, George Relph, and Marian Russell know their spells of unhappiness, too. The producer and director, Shepard Traube, has engineered a production for which "florid" is the only word that occurs to me at the moment.

JUST before the curtain went up on "Pardon Our French," Olsen and Johnson's current revision of "Hellzapoppin," several young ladies in the employment of the management sauntered up and down the aisles spraying the customers, and especially the reviewers,

with perfume. The brand used was not identified in the programs, and I can describe it only as inexpensive but clinging. Unfortunately, very small things often influence a critic's judgment, and I'm afraid that the aroma of mangled violets that seemed to hang about my head throughout the evening may have had something to do with my general discontent with the proceedings at the Broadway. I knew I had an unusual and persistent smell, that is, and presently it began to occur to me that perhaps the show had, too. Since the authors' ingenuity was not limited to the simple application of scent but also included a minor blizzard of feathers, the dangerous progress of an acrobat over the heads and shoulders of the audience, and a wholly unjustified attack on the representative of the *Times*, who was accused of having bloodshot eyes, it may be remarkable that the notices, on the whole, were as temperate as they were.

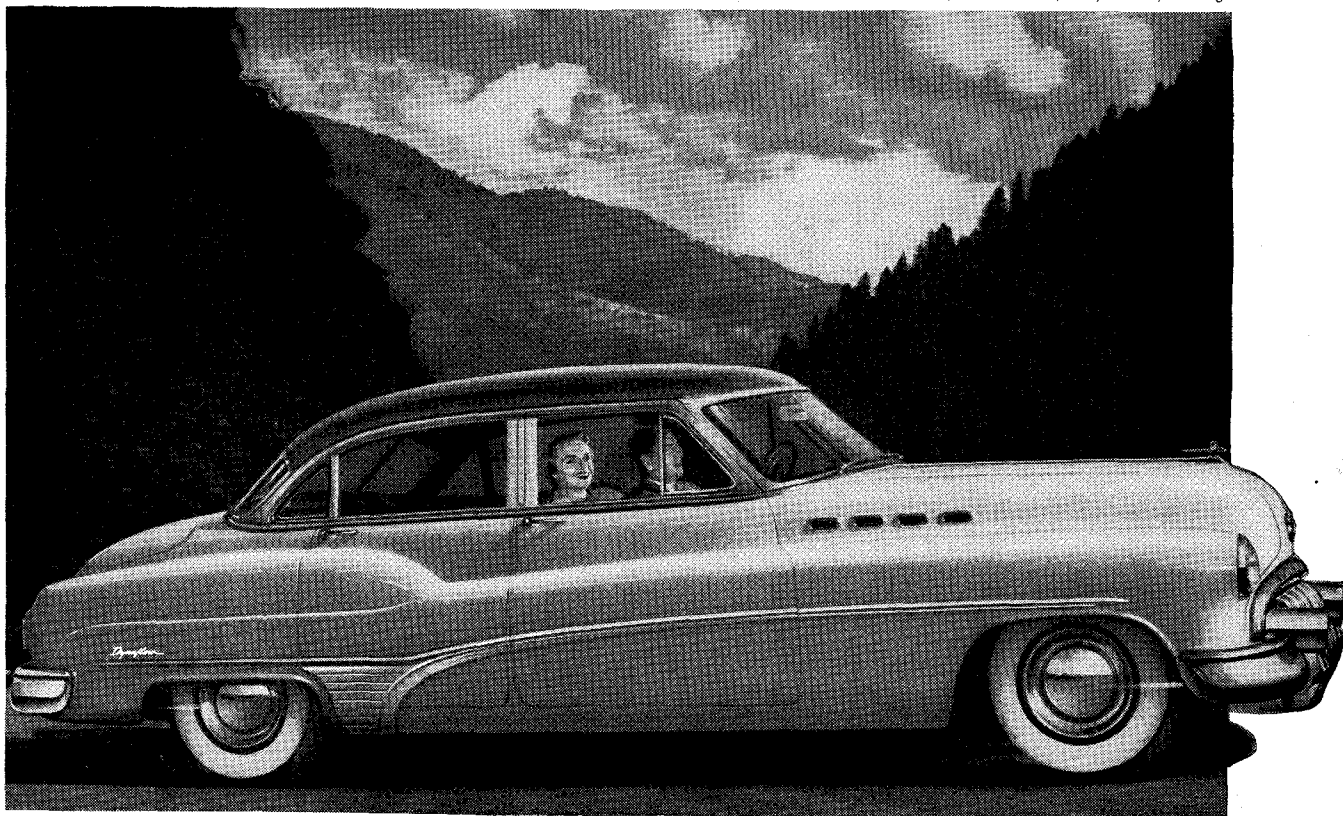
The portions of the program confined strictly to the stage were, I guess, just about what Mr. Olsen's and Mr.



"Good news, dear! You know that pain I've been having in my stomach—it's ulcers!"



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Johnson's admirers have been taught to expect. There was a good deal of gunfire, usually directed at somebody's pants; there was a lot of darting in and out of bedrooms, to the accompaniment of the kind of humor that theoretically expired with *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*; there were several scenes in which the comedians, confronted with samples of female anatomy, expressed their deep enthusiasm for it; there was even a company of midgets, whose stature, especially in relation to fully grown women, is apparently a staple of comedy in smoking-car circles. There was everything, in fact, including a brief female impersonation by Mr. Johnson, whose gift for sheer vulgarity may easily be boundless.

While nine-tenths of "Pardon Our French" struck me as a vast and tasteless bore, there were some things that I enjoyed. In a short monologue, about nothing in particular, Marty May showed a style and an adult comic sense welcome and startling in his odd surroundings; the Konyots, surely the most frantic dancers in the world, executed a more than acceptable burlesque number; Helene Stanley did nicely with a fairly silly item called "There's No Man Like a Snowman;" "I Ought to Know More About You" didn't seem to me a bad song at all; and a French import known as Denise Darcel is a handsome, spirited girl, who certainly deserves something a little less macabre than her current assignment. The compliments, I'm afraid, end right there.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

### SOFT, GENTLE SOUTHERN BREEZES OVER CAPITOL HILL

[From a hearing of the Senate Appropriations Committee]

CHAIRMAN MCKELLAR. All right, gentlemen, are there any other questions? At this point I want to ask a question or two. I do not do it very often, but sometimes I do.

You were born in Alabama; were you not, Mr. Barrett?

MR. BARRETT. Yes, sir; I was.

CHAIRMAN MCKELLAR. In what part of Alabama?

MR. BARRETT. Birmingham, Ala.

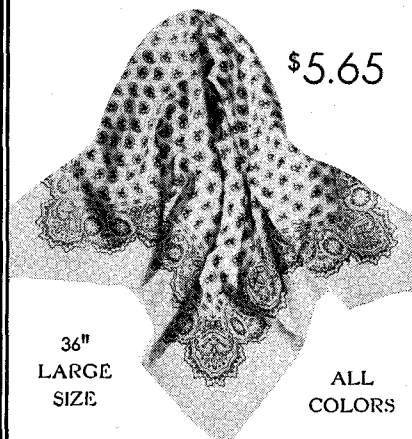
TELEGRAM OF COMMENDATION OF MR. EDWARD BARRETT

SENATOR MCKELLAR. I happen to have been born a hundred or so miles from there. Let me just read a telegram that I got from an old friend in Tennessee, concerning you, Mr. Barrett. It is from Nashville, Tenn., addressed to me, as follows:

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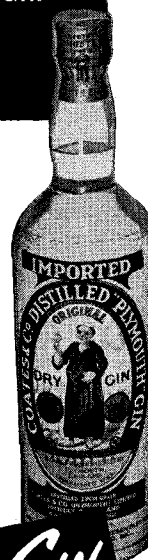
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COMMITTEE TOMORROW. I COMMEND HIM TO YOU AS DESERVING THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE. BORN IN BIRMINGHAM, ALA., HE IS THE SON OF THE LATE EDWARD BARRETT, PUBLISHER OF THE BIRMINGHAM AGE HERALD, AND IS THE TYPE OF SOUTHERN AMERICAN WE LIKE TO SEE IN OUR STATE DEPARTMENT.

The telegram is signed by William E. Beard, editor emeritus of the Nashville Banner. I have known him a long time, and while I have not known Mr. Barrett, I will say I am glad to put this commendation of him in the record from an old friend. I can say that the Birmingham Age Herald is one of the leading papers of our southern country. I feel that it is my duty to state to you that he is an American and is working for America.

MR. BARRETT. Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

SENATOR HILL. Mr. Chairman, may I associate myself with you in that statement?

CHAIRMAN McKELLAR. I will be delighted to have you do so.

SENATOR HILL. Having known Mr. Barrett since the time he was in swaddling clothes, and having known his distinguished father and his charming mother, I will say he is of the stuff of which we are proud.

MR. BARRETT. Thank you, sir.

SENATOR McCARRAN. Mr. Chairman, I do not want to be left out of this.

CHAIRMAN McKELLAR. We would be delighted to have you join us.

SENATOR McCARRAN. I am of southern lineage myself.

CHAIRMAN McKELLAR. I always knew there was something mighty fine about you.

SENATOR McCARRAN. Mr. Barrett came from south of the Mason-Dixon line, and my folks came from the south of Ireland. So we are related.

MR. BARRETT. I guess the Barretts were there, too, at one time.

SENATOR WHERRY. May I ask a question, Mr. Chairman?

CHAIRMAN McKELLAR. Yes, sir.

SENATOR WHERRY. Could a fellow whose ancestors came from South Wales get into this, too?

CHAIRMAN McKELLAR. Yes, sir. We would be delighted to have you.

SENATOR SALTONSTALL. Mr. Chairman, is this one occasion when you would let New England participate with the South?

CHAIRMAN McKELLAR. We will be delighted to.

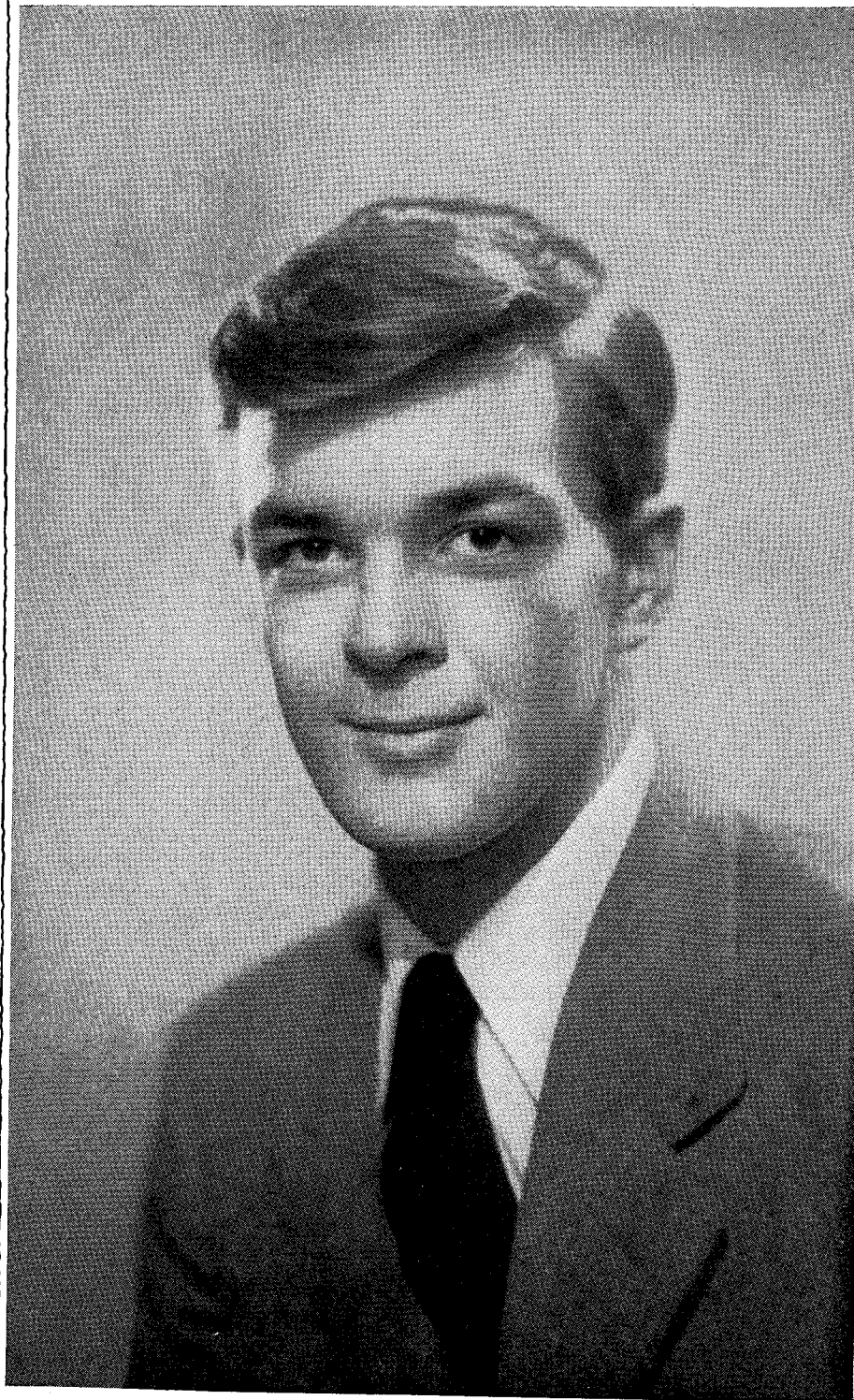
## NATURAL-HISTORY NOTE

I like hard things, like bones,  
And flinty rocks, and stones—  
That I am soft is why I want,  
I think, the feel of adamant.

I praise all armored things,  
With shells, and stings—  
That I unguarded was  
Must be the cause.

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

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## THE WHITE HOPE OF 102ND STREET

WHEN the present century was seven years old, a lot of people in America were worrying about the world's heavyweight championship. It was in the hands of a little fellow named Tommy Burns, and it was generally feared that he was going to lose it to the Negro fighter Jack Johnson, who was far and away the strongest contender. The prospect of a Negro heavyweight champion was something many people couldn't face, and there was a demand for new and better heavyweights to keep the championship white. In answer, many big, inexperienced hulks, quite a few of them in New York City, went into training. At that time, my family lived in lower Harlem, which had reared lots of boxers: 103rd Street had a heavyweight hopeful named Battling Greenberg; 101st Street had a heavyweight, and so had 104th; 106th, which was a wider street, had two. But 102nd Street, on which I lived, had none. It boasted bantamweights, featherweights, and lightweights, but no heavyweights. My gang and I were quite sad about this.

While we were wondering if anything could be done, my older brother Herman, who was a roving foreign correspondent for a New York paper, came back from Europe. He was full of enthusiasm for a new friend he had acquired in Russia, a singer named Chaliapin, who had come here on the same ship with him and was soon to make his début at the Metropolitan Opera House. I was not much interested in opera singers, preferring Gus Edwards, the "School Days" minnesinger, and Honey Boy Evans, the blackface minstrel, so I listened with only half an ear to Herman's rhapsodies about Chaliapin—great basso, magnificent actor, tremendous artist, and so forth—until I heard him say that Chaliapin, a former dock-walloper on the Volga, was six feet four, weighed over two hundred pounds, and could, as Herman exuberantly put it, knock out a roomful of people any time with either his fists or his voice. This was something I could appreciate.

I was one of the younger, smaller members of a gang of boys ranging in age from ten to fifteen and even including a couple of sixteen-year-olds, and I was very eager to be taken seri-

ously by them, so, naturally, I boasted about my brother's giant friend who could lick twice his weight in Russian bear cats. I was careful to omit, however, the fact that he was an opera singer, for I didn't want to prejudice the boys against him, or against me.

My boast brought results. The gang leader, Packy Goldberg, who had hardly ever noticed me before, now looked me full and respectfully in the face and said, "We like this big Russian. Would he do a favor for your brother?"

"Would he? He'd do anything for my brother," I said proudly.

"Then we'll let him be the heavyweight for a Hundred and Second Street," he said.

This was exactly what I had hoped for, but after a moment of triumph I began to have misgivings. There was always the possibility that Herman might object to Chaliapin's turning fighter. I was soon filled with doubts and craven hesitations, and could not help voicing them. "Maybe this guy shouldn't fight for a Hundred and Second Street," I said. "He don't live on this street. He's a Russian from Russia."

"What's the difference?" Packy snapped. "Does anybody on the New York Giants come from New York?" He looked down at me commandingly from his six-inch vantage and gave me my orders: "You talk to your brother about getting this Russian to be a Hundred and Second Street's heavy."

I swore I would, but later I found I couldn't bring myself to ask Herman, and I began to hope that I might meet Chaliapin himself sometime and put it to him straight.



**M**EANTIME Chaliapin, unaware of my plans for him, made his début at the Metropolitan. He had come here with a European reputation

for acting as well as singing, but the New York critics were scornful of him on both counts in his first two roles, and though they spoke well of his singing in his third role—that of Don Basilio, in "The Barber of Seville"—they were still extremely hostile to his acting. The consensus was that nothing more vulgar than Chaliapin had ever been seen in the Metropolitan. True, the part of the rascally music master was meant to be low comedy, and the audience had enjoyed the performance,



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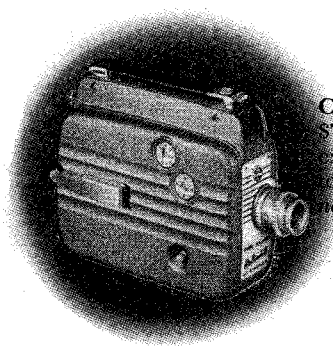


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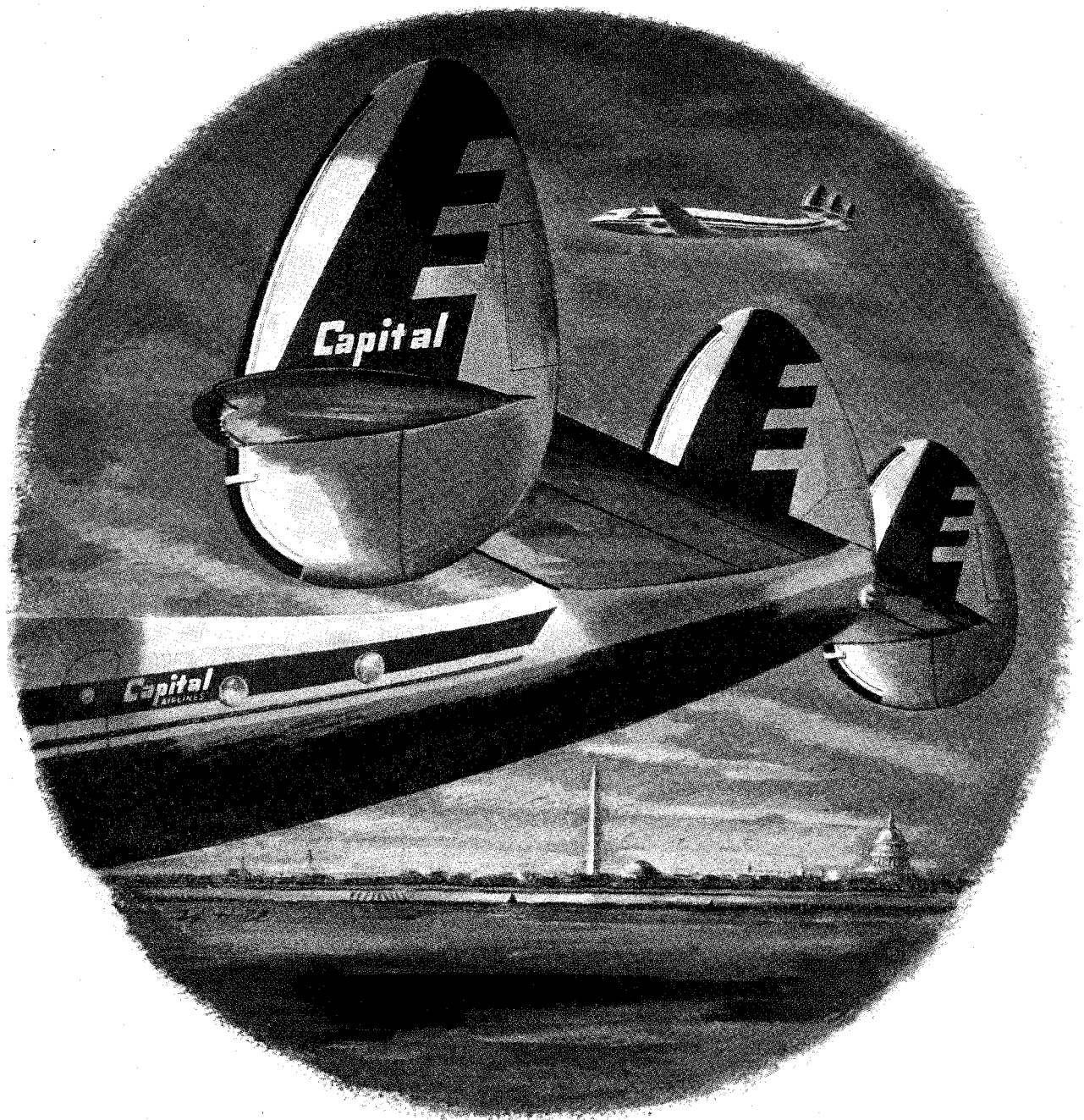
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but it revolted the critics that Don Basilio should be portrayed as Chaliapin portrayed him, scratching his buttocks and wiping his nose on his sleeve. What was the Metropolitan coming to?

In all, that season, Chaliapin sang nineteen times in four roles. Despite the critics, crowds jammed the opera house to see and hear him and give him their approval, but Chaliapin—as I heard Herman telling my sisters Helen and Flora—was unhappy and in a constant rage over the critics' sneers, and particularly over the charge of vulgarity. Herman, too, was indignant. The performance of Don Basilio, he declared, had been superb, and the critics were provincials, who didn't know an artist when they saw one. "It is one of the greatest outrages in the history of art," Herman said. "To think of anyone calling Chaliapin vulgar! He is a man of the most exquisite sensibility, and has a great heart."

While the furor was going strong, I heard a piece of news. Herman's wife, Sophie, told my mother that she and Herman were having Chaliapin to dinner soon in their new apartment, in Brooklyn. Sophie was in quite a state, worrying whether or not she could provide a feast that would please such a fabulous eater and drinker as Chaliapin was known to be. She was planning to prepare mountains of food, and said she would be working at it for two days to get things right.

As soon as I heard this, I hurried to tell the boys about it. Because of my delay in lining up the Russian heavy, they had begun to doubt that I was to be trusted. "Good," Packy Goldberg said. "You go to your brother's and sign up the big guy."

Again I had a rush of misgivings. "But I haven't been invited," I said.

"Invited?" Packy shrieked. "He wants an *invitation* to his brother's house!"

His derision was reflected on the faces of the others, and my heart dropped very low. "But it's over in Brooklyn," I protested, "and I don't know my way. I might get lost and never find it."

"Lost!" Packy said. "Well, look, if you get lost, ask a cop."

"Ask a *cop*?" I repeated, in horror. Cops were our legendary enemies.

"Sure," he said. "Didn't you know a cop is supposed to answer questions if a citizen asks them? Well, you're a citizen. And he's not supposed to hit you, either."

I suddenly became tough, and said I would carry out the assignment, but Packy decided they couldn't rely on just

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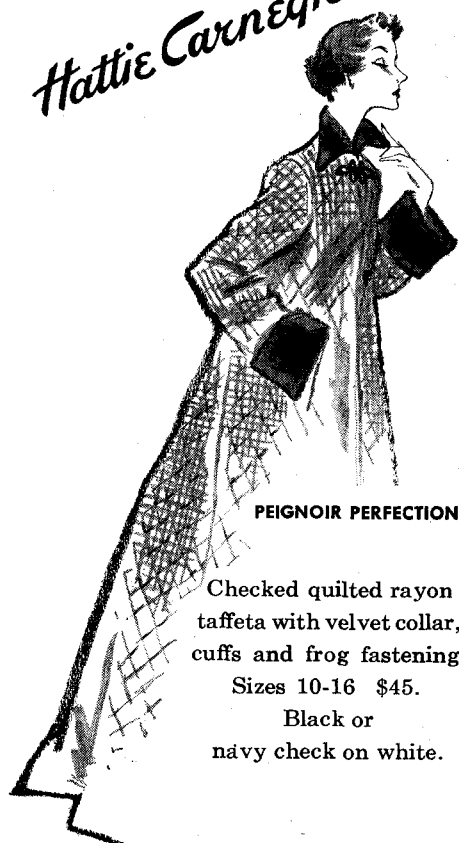
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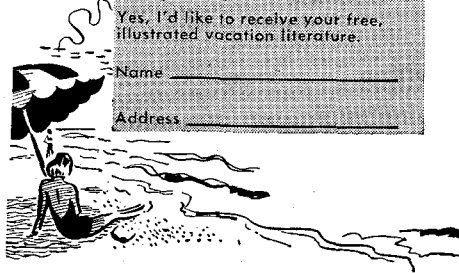
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my unsupported efforts, so he got up a petition to "Charlie Apin." It carried the signatures of twenty-four boys, and it asked the giant from Russia to represent 102nd Street in the struggle to keep the world's heavyweight championship in the hands of the white race. It promised Chaliapin that he would be provided with boxing gloves, punching bag, plenty of young sparring partners, and the path around the Central Park Reservoir for roadwork.

**B**Y the time the dinner was two days off, my problem—how to get to Brooklyn, and how to get to Chaliapin without my brother's stopping me—had made me so tense that I couldn't eat or sleep. My worried mother, not in the least suspecting what was troubling me, thought I was ill and tried to confine me to bed. I fought this frantically. I even did handsprings to show her I was all right, and although this didn't really convince her, she let me stay up.

On the afternoon of the big occasion, I borrowed twenty cents from the small notions basket in which my mother always kept a little change, and, about five o'clock, slipped out of the house and began my journey. Even on Manhattan Elevated trains and trolleys, I had had few solo hours, and Brooklyn's were a mystery to me. On the way, I grumbled to myself about Herman's living in Brooklyn. It was all because of Sophie, I knew. She was a fresh-air fiend. She was very conscious of tuberculosis—a common scourge then—and was determined to protect her two babies by providing them with the best possible air. She was always moving her family because the air where they were living wasn't good enough. She would sniff the air six blocks away, decide it was much better, and find an apartment there. That great dread of most people—packing up household effects, moving them, setting up house again in new quarters—was nothing to Sophie; she could do it singlehanded two or three times a year without turning a hair. The result was that every time my brother returned from an assignment in Europe, he found his family in a new home. He would explain these frequent changes of address to his friends by saying, "My wife is a gypsy, you know."

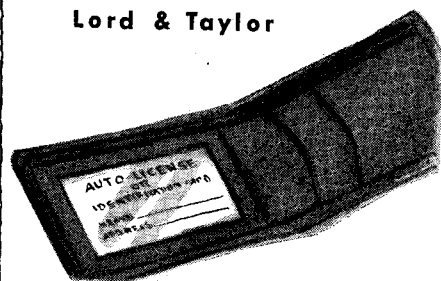
In their short married life, they had already had a dozen previous homes—on the East Side, in Harlem, in the Bronx, and on Washington Heights—and while Herman was on his latest trip Sophie had been over to Brooklyn and had found a wonderful pocket of air



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in one neighborhood there, so when my brother came home, he'd learned he was living in Brooklyn. And now, because of Sophie's strange obsession, I, who could take air or leave it alone, was blundering through Brooklyn, changing trains three times, and finally, because I was late, running the mile I had to go on foot before I reached my brother's apartment house.

Still panting, I rang the bell. When the door opened, there were Herman and Sophie, wearing an air of glistening excitement and ready to welcome a glorious guest. They were looking upward, too, since the guest they expected was tall. Then, down below, they saw me, and their faces fell. Sophie was first to recover and ask me in. Herman said he was surprised to see me, and asked if the family knew I had made this trip by myself, way out here. I said yes. Sophie shrugged and gave me a cookie, and we all sat down and waited. I didn't let out a word about why I was there, or that I knew it was Chaliapin they were waiting for. It was surprising that neither of them thought to question me further. I suppose they were so absorbed in the prospect of entertaining Chaliapin that they didn't bother.

Soon I grew restless and took to wandering around the apartment. Sophie had certainly done a lot of work. The big table in the dining room was loaded with Russian delicacies. A smaller table was magnificent with fruits and bottles of vodka and wine. On the stove in the hot kitchen were large pots simmering over small sustaining flames. The babies had been put to bed early.

As the anxious minutes went by, Herman must have been wondering what was keeping Chaliapin, and I, of course, was certainly as worried as he. Sophie tried to give me food, saying I ought to eat at once, as it was a long trip home and I must make an early start. I said I wasn't hungry yet. Herman looked at me curiously, and I thought he was about to inaugurate his own back-to-Harlem movement for me, so I said, "Mama said maybe I could sleep here, if it's too dark to go back after dinner." At this, Herman apparently gave up, for he just nodded, and Sophie said, "Certainly. Certainly."

Then the doorbell rang. Herman and Sophie—and I, too—rushed to answer it. A voice boomed out Russian exclamations, the apartment shook, and a big man came in, cursing. The curses were for his cabdriver, who had lost his way. The giant was in a gray suit. He wore a red tie and carried a cap in

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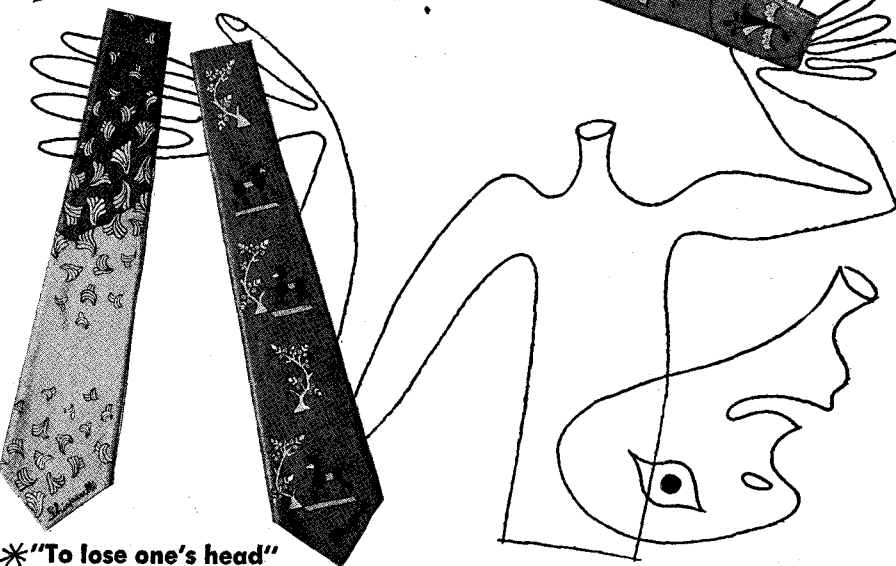
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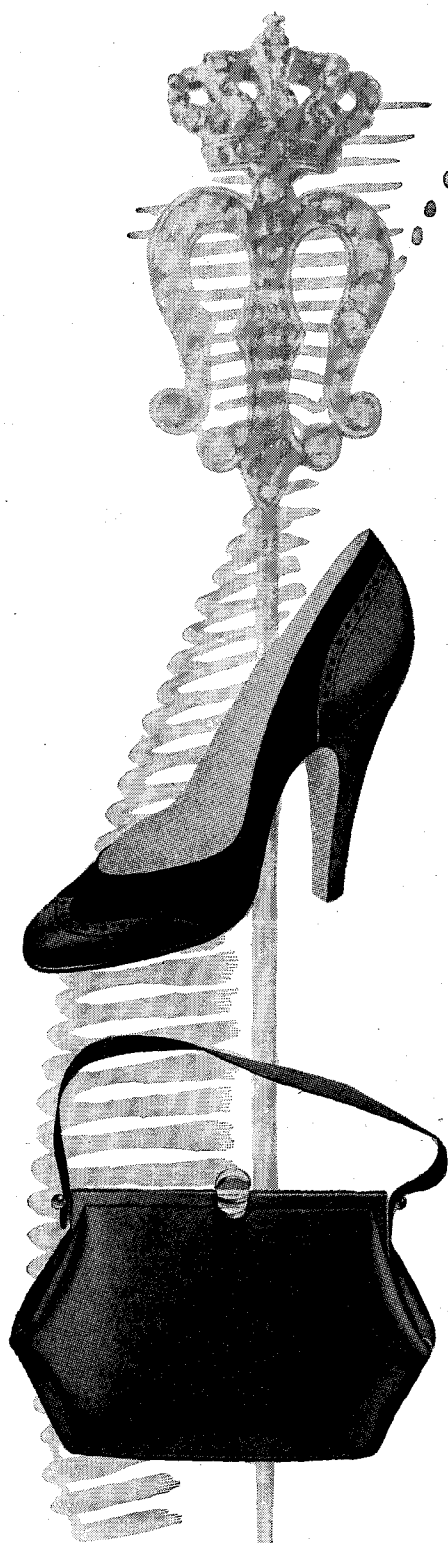
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his hand. Without ceasing to curse the driver, he made for the dining room, picked up a plate from the large table, and loaded it with delicacies and bread. "I must feed the rascal while he waits for me," he said tenderly, and left the apartment, carrying the plate.

I WAS sure already that 102nd Street had found its heavy. This man had everything. He was larger than Jack Johnson looked in his pictures. He had shoulders like Jim Jeffries', a narrow waist like Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's, mighty hands, and a strong jaw. He looked like a fighter and he had a voice like a king, and I felt that the white race had nothing to worry about any more. This man could knock Johnson out just by bellowing at him.

When Chaliapin returned, my brother presented me to him by saying, "Here is a little Indian savage." Chaliapin laid his hand on my head and let out a war whoop that made my blood turn cold. Then my brother, laughing, told him that I was not really an aborigine but a Jewish Indian from Harlem, that I was his little brother, and he gave my name in its Russian form, Gillel Davidovitch.

When the three of them went to the dinner table, I told Sophie I was hungry now, and she set a place for me. Chaliapin ate and drank enormously and ecstatically, taking time out every little while to praise my sister-in-law's cooking. At one point he launched into a long monologue in which he ran from subject to subject, acting everything out, using a dozen voices and faces—being a rasping old man, then a chirping bird, then a snorting elephant or a village simpleton. Herman and Sophie said afterward that it was priceless, but I didn't appreciate it, because I was concentrating on the white hope's hands, shoulders, and chest, and admiring the way he packed down his food. Already I saw Jack Johnson lying cold in the ring and the big crowd applauding me because I had found and developed the man who had laid him low. In fact, in my fantasy it was I who was proclaimed the winner and champion.

All during dinner, although I was in a fever of excitement, I restrained every impulse to break into Chaliapin's monologue and state my mission. I was saving that for afterward. Finally, dinner was over, and Sophie disappeared. I was now ready to talk business, but, to my dismay, Chaliapin and Herman immediately began to discuss business of their own. The singer had apparently come not only for dinner

but for Herman's help in the preparation of a statement for the press denouncing the New York critics. Herman got out a pad and pencil and made notes while Chaliapin roared imprecations. He was ferocious and single-minded. He jumped from his chair and cried that the *Sun* and the *Tribune* were provincial old ladies, refined cockroaches, and various other things. I chafed over this continuing delay, but as Chaliapin went on pulling down the pillars of musical journalism, I became so exhilarated that I broke in. "Mr. Chaliapin," I asked, "how would you like to be the world's heavyweight champion?"

He looked at me in amazement, and so did Herman. He asked Herman what I was talking about. Herman explained to the singer that I was a rabid young fight fan and could think of nothing else. This evidently didn't seem relevant to Chaliapin, who responded by giving the critics another rhetorical kick in the stomach. "Write down that in 'The Barber' Don Basilio is conceived as a low, tricky, dirty rascal," he cried. "But because he wears a friar's costume these musical donkeys want him to be treated as respectfully as the Pope. Never! Write down that I will not wash his face or improve his manners or give him a clean silk handkerchief for his nose—not for the *Sun*, or the *Tribune*, or the *Times*. I worked two years on Don Basilio, and my interpretation has been imitated by all the bassos in all the first-rate opera houses of Europe. My Don Basilio was great to *Novoye Vremya*, great to *Corriere della Sera*, to *Le Figaro*, to the *Berliner Tageblatt*. I esteem these papers more than I do the New York *Sun*."

The thought of the *Sun* seemed to increase the giant's rage. He pointed his index finger at Herman's writing pad and shouted, "Write down that the New York *Sun* should be banished to Siberia!"

"Not Siberia," said Herman. "That is where the good people are."

"True! True!" Chaliapin said. "Write down that the New York *Sun* should be banished from the minds of all lovers of truth and freedom." His emotion at this point so overpowered him that his hand swept a vase off the table beside him. It crashed to pieces, and Sophie came rushing in. There was a momentary silence, and I took advantage of it by beginning to read the 102nd Street petition aloud. Herman listened with fascination. Sophie, picking up the pieces of the smashed vase, looked at me as if I were the culprit



who was destroying her home (I had a family reputation for breaking things), and Chaliapin, completely ignoring the wreckage, asked Herman what was the matter with me.

Herman did what he could to get things straightened out. To Sophie he said, "We ought to be glad we're rid of that vase at last," and to Chaliapin he explained that there was a great dread in America lest the colored fighter Jack Johnson become the world's heavyweight champion, and that I and my young hooligan friends had evidently become infected with this idiotic prejudice.

Chaliapin reached over and pulled my ear. "Gillel Davidovitch," he said in a gently reproving tone, "there are more important things in this life than the color of a man's skin."

Before I could answer him, he turned to Herman and thundered that the New York *Tribune* critic knew less of musical art than any *izvozchik* in Odesa. I refused to be put off so summarily, and I asked him for his answer to the petition. He looked blankly at me, then asked Herman, "What does he want of me?"

When Herman explained to him that what he called my street society apparently wanted him to go into training to fight Jack Johnson, Chaliapin roared with laughter. He arose and, towering over me, took a formal, solemn pose, and informed me that the members of my society had made a serious mistake. "I am an artist, not a fighter," he said. "I do not even know how to fight the *boxe*."

"We can teach you," I said. "It's easy. See?" I took a boxing stance, jabbed the air a few times, and advised him to lead for the jaw with his left and sock for the solar plexus with his right, the way Fitzsimmons did.

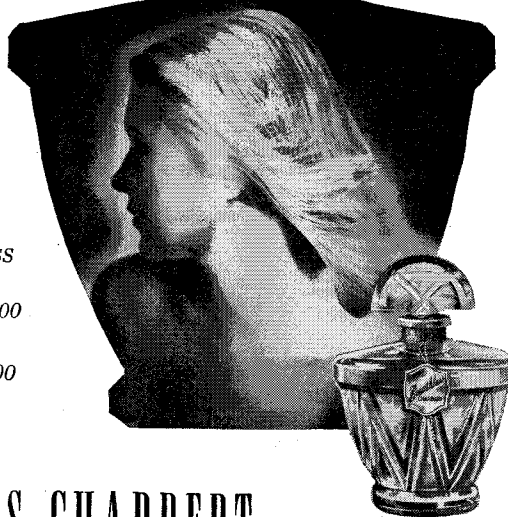
Chaliapin was now hysterical with laughter. He caught hold of my arms and immobilized me, ending the lesson. I resented his laughter, and Herman's, too, and I was more resentful still when Chaliapin set me up on his shoulders and, while he held me there, forgot all about me and addressed a long tirade to Herman. "They say Chaliapin is a vulgar man," he shouted. "But when Chaliapin, as Don Basilio, scratches his—excuse me—behind, it is never Chaliapin who is doing that but always Don Basilio. At that moment there is no Chaliapin and no Chaliapin's—excuse me—behind; it is Don Basilio's. Write that for the benefit of this holy synod of musical critics."

Finally, he set me down. "Write

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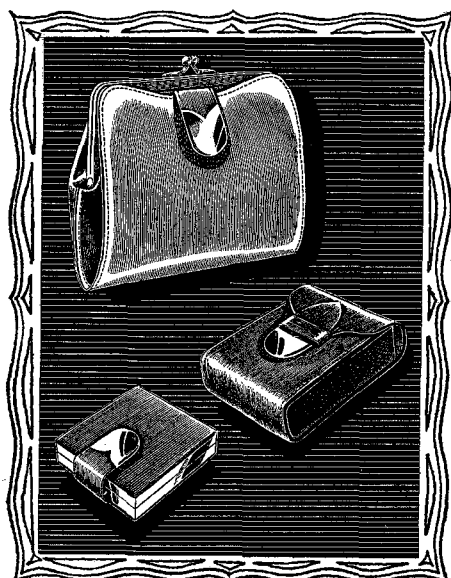
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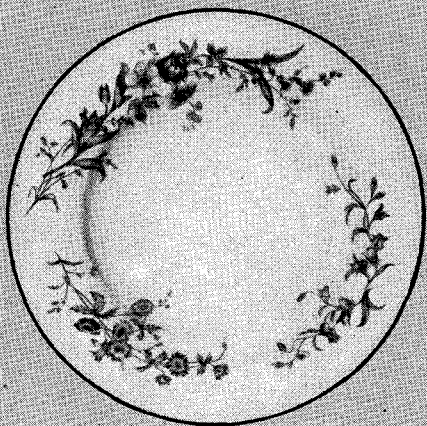
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that the New York *Herald* is a louse on the skin of a bear!" he roared.

"Very good," said Herman, and wrote, as I learned much later, a more diplomatic equivalent—"musically unperceptive."

"And the New York *World*," Chaliapin shouted, "is a flea in the ear of a king!"

"Splendid," said Herman, writing, as it turned out, "lacking in musical criteria."

"If my criticism of these insects is too mild," said Chaliapin, "I know I can depend on you, German Davidovitch, to make it stronger."

"Of course," said Herman. "Don't worry about being too mild, Feodor Ivanovitch."

WHILE more of this went on, I sat in a corner, completely forgotten, trying to digest the sad fact that the big fellow was more interested in fighting the newspapers than in fighting for 102nd Street. I wondered how I was going to explain this to Packy and the boys. My failure would no doubt mean the end of my social career. I was desperate, and once or twice I did a little tentative shadowboxing, hoping the singer would notice me and perhaps take an interest in the manly art, but he was far too preoccupied.

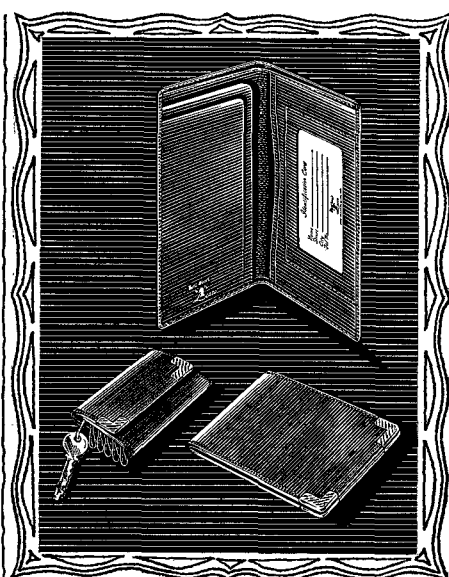
Then things got mixed up. Chaliapin roared something terrible about the *Evening World*, and the two babies woke up and cried. The tenants in the apartment below began thumping on their ceiling with a broom handle or some such implement, and pretty soon the doorbell rang, and Sophie answered it. It was a neighbor who had come in person to ask if someone was being killed. "It's nothing," said Sophie. "Mr. Chaliapin is here, and he is having a difference of opinion with the music critics."

"Chaliapin!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Oh, forgive me. Please tell him to go on talking as loud as he likes. I'll wake up my wife right away. Will he sing, too?"

"I really don't know," said Sophie, closing the door.

By this time, I had gathered the courage to interrupt again, and I approached the basso and asked flatly and finally if he would be the fighting representative of 102nd Street.

"No!" he bellowed. "This man Johnson, if he is the best man, let him win, let him be champion. I salute him. He is my brother. All men are my brothers, except the music critics of the New York press. They are *not* my



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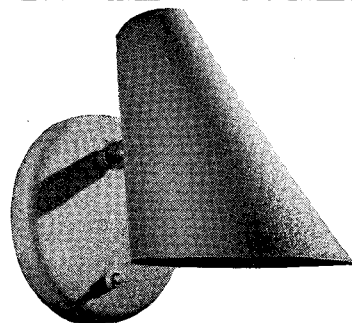
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brothers. Write this down," he said to Herman. "I will not fight Jack Johnson. Never! I am an artist, and I love all people, whatever their color. This Johnson, he is a man of the Mississippi, just as I am a man of the Volga. People have tried to destroy my art, just as they are trying to destroy his. Write down that the New York *Herald* critic is a jackass. Write that Johnson is an artist and a man of the people, and that I welcome him to our ranks. He will fight and I will sing."

"We are getting into two different things," said Herman. "We are here only to criticize the critics. This Johnson affair has nothing to do with it. No one has brought it up in connection with you—no one but my little brother." He shot me a very cold look. Chaliapin gave the table such a blow with his fist that I almost expected it to split. "No matter what the critics say," he cried, "no matter what the wolves and vultures of this world may do to me, I will not fight Jack Johnson!"

Herman was sagging. "I will prepare the statement tomorrow," he said. "Do not worry, Feodor Ivanovitch. It will be satisfactory."

Chaliapin got his cap and said his good nights. As he was leaving, he smiled at me and asked me whether I would ride in his cab to Manhattan. I jumped at the chance, mainly because I wanted to get away from Herman but partly because I still hadn't given up hope of bringing Chaliapin into line. I thought there might be time in the cab to make him change his mind.

Unfortunately, I didn't get a hearing. The driver was a Russian, and he sang for Chaliapin most of the way to Manhattan. The big basso praised him a number of times as the flower of civilization, and then, worn out by his troubles and his strenuous evening, fell asleep. I got out of the cab dejectedly when we reached Manhattan, took the Third Avenue Elevated, and got home to find my family in a panic because of my absence. My mother, who feared I had wandered off in a fever and had been run down by a horse, was so relieved when she learned I had simply gone on my own to visit Herman in Brooklyn that she forgot to scold me. She was happy to find that I was not sick but merely filled with fraternal love. Her bright-blue eyes sparkled. "My big son and my little son," she said, beaming.

A FEW days later, Chaliapin left the United States. The day after his departure, his blast against the critics,

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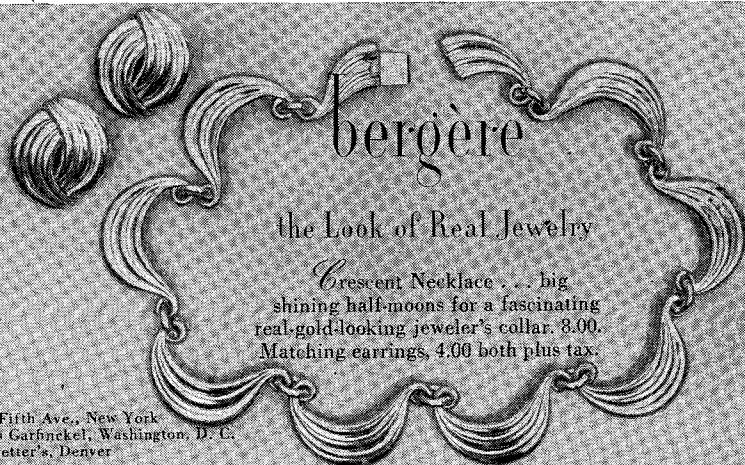
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announcing that because of them he would never sing in New York again, appeared in the papers. It was very refined and had no fleas or lice in it. There was no mention of Jack Johnson, either.

For thirteen years, Chaliapin kept his vow not to sing again in New York, but in 1921 he returned. By that time, he was universally recognized as the supreme singing actor of grand opera. When he opened at the Metropolitan, in "Boris Godunov," most of the critics who had reviewed him in the opera season of 1907-08 were still on hand. They wrote that they had never seen a greater performance.

As for me, it took me months to get back into the good graces of Packy Goldberg, and it took me fourteen years really to appreciate Chaliapin's performance in my brother's home. In 1922, when Balieff's Chauve-Souris company came here, it presented, among other things, a *tableau vivant* of a painting by the Russian master Ilya Repin, a picture famous throughout Russia. It depicted a group of rebellious Cossack chiefs dictating a defiant, ribald letter to the Czar. The actors in the tableau began to jeer and shout, and suddenly I was back to that night in Brooklyn. "Write that he is a flea!" they cried. "Write that he is a louse on the skin of a bear!" They were good, all right, but they weren't as good as Chaliapin.

—HILLEL BERNSTEIN

I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Ford sustained me. Psalm 3:5.—"A Thought for Today," in the *Long Island Daily Press*.

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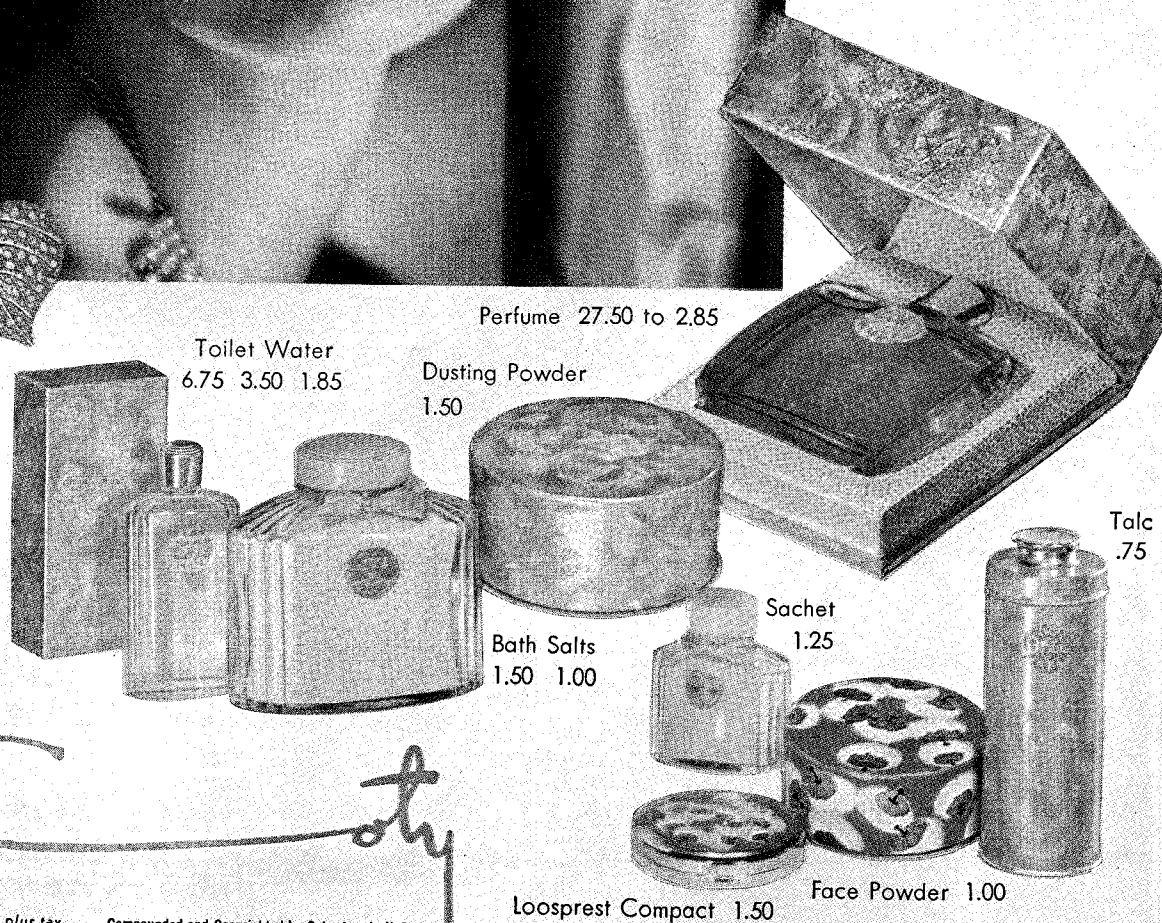


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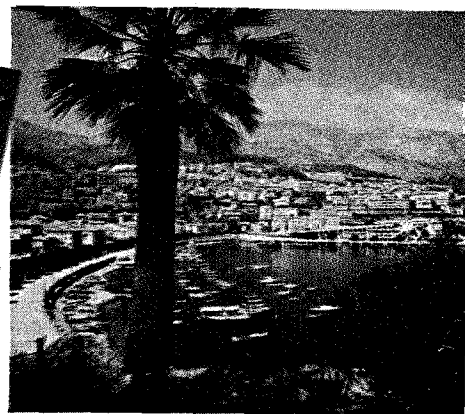
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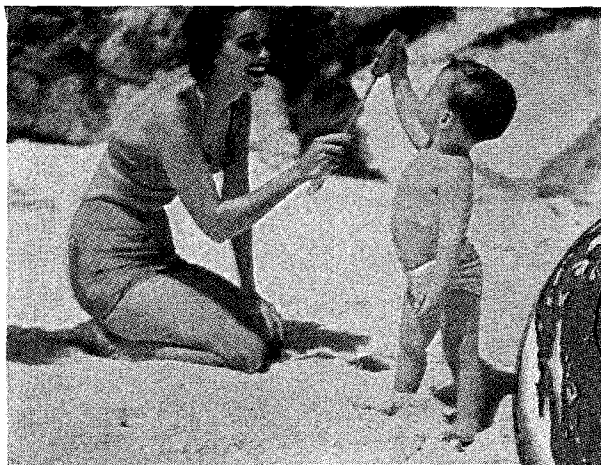
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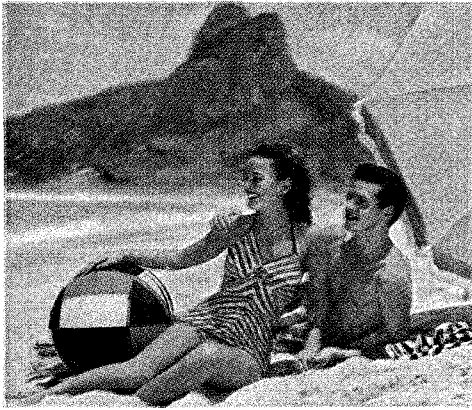


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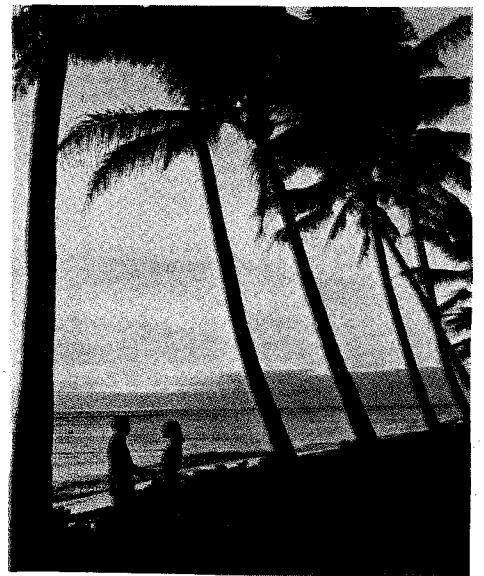
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# LETTER FROM BELGRADE

SEPTEMBER 25

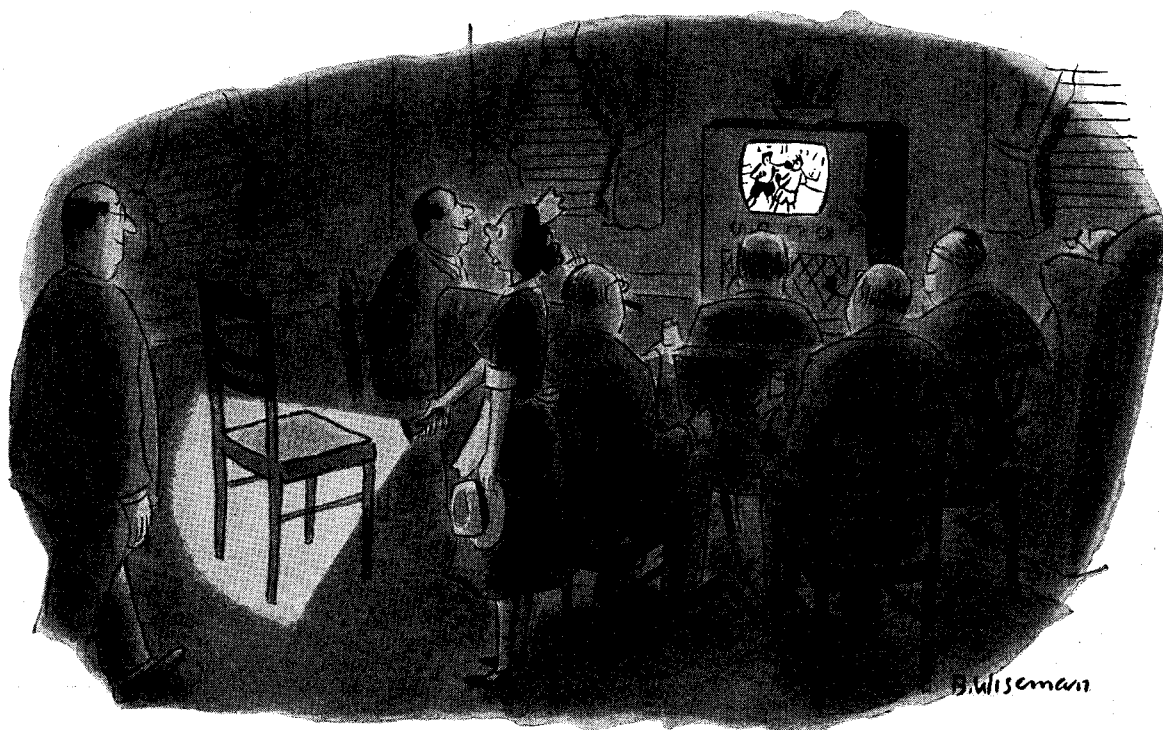
**T**HE summer of 1950 unpleasantly reminded many people in the Western world not only of the summer of 1939 but of the summer of 1914, when a pistol shot in Sarajevo, which is now within the borders of Yugoslavia, started the First World War and a chain reaction of war and misery. But in this particular city of the Eastern world, no one seemed to be burdened with gloomy memories when I arrived here, on a hot, dusty day last month. I was told that Foreign Minister Edvard Kardelj was vacationing in Bled, in the Julian Alps; that Aleksandar Ranković, the powerful Minister of the Interior, was sailing along the Dalmatian coast; that Mosha Pijade, the brilliant theoretician of Yugoslavia's Communist Party, was fishing in the Adriatic; and that General Koča Popović, the Army chief of staff, was on a hunting trip. Marshal Tito himself was vacationing at his lakeside summer residence in Bled, presumably sailing, fishing, and hunting. The government offices in the city were half empty. And, to judge by the number of officers and soldiers I met on trains throughout Yugoslavia, a considerable part of the Army was on summer leave. A left-behind official in Belgrade explained to me that August is always the holiday month in Yugoslavia. "You Americans take weekends off all year round," he said. "Our leaders work at a terrific pace eleven months of the year, Saturdays and Sundays included. If a man doesn't take a few weeks off in summer, he's bound to crack up." I expressed astonishment at this leisure-as-usual spirit at a time when people all over the Western world were getting more and more jittery about the future of Yugoslavia. The official seemed amused. "Evidently, we Yugoslavs are the only people on earth who are not worrying about Yugoslavia," he said. "We are deeply touched by this widespread anxiety."

The foreign residents of Belgrade are not sure whether this insouciant attitude stems from bluff, negligence,

confidence, or a combination of all three, but they are more or less in agreement that the Yugoslav leaders, having been on cousinly terms with the Soviets and thoroughly educated in the purposes and methods of the Cominform, probably know the enigmatic Russian mind better than Westerners do, and must have reason to believe that there is no immediate danger of a Cominform attack. But they are being careful to give the Soviet Union no cause to claim a provocation. Yugoslavia has not defaulted on her trade agreements with Russia and her satellites, she has avoided giving the Cominform any valid basis for accusations of selling out to the West, and she has recognized the rights she granted Russia at the Danube Convention of 1948, after the split; the other day a Soviet flotilla sailed peacefully up the Danube through Yugoslav waters. On the diplomatic and propaganda fronts, the Yugoslavs have taken a lot of punishment from the Russians without hitting back. That Tito has played his game so carefully is probably just as well for the West; Tito the Communist deviationist is a much sharper thorn in Moscow's side than Tito the ex-Communist would be. The Marshal and the other leaders of his party have carried on no political flirtation with the capitalistic states since the Cominform expelled them on June 28, 1948 (which, incidentally, was the thirty-fourth anniversary of the Sarajevo assassination), although they have so far received from the West more than

seventy-five million dollars' worth of special credits to pay for trucks, tractors, tires, ball bearings, lubricants, oil-well-drilling equipment, electrical transformers, and other material. They still reserve the right to insult their bankers and creditors, and do so frequently.

No officials and few private citizens here will admit that the country has been slowly swinging around toward the Western world since the split with the Cominform, but most foreigners in Belgrade are convinced that this is so, even though the swinging is at times imperceptible. Before the break, American correspondents were closely dogged. Now they are free to move about as they please and on their own; a narrow zone along the border is the only area off limits to them. Yugoslav newspapers devote eighty per cent of their space to news of production goals fulfilled, especially meritorious attention to duty of individual shock workers, the praiseworthy record of this or that collective farm, and so on, but the remaining twenty per cent is given to straight reporting of world news rather than to reviling the West. The Korean war has been reported from both sides; indeed, the American and British wire-service dispatches and MacArthur's communiqués have had a better play than the Tass reports. Achievements of scientists all over the world are set forth without regard to the scientists' nationality; no Yugoslav claims to have invented the telephone or the automobile. Moreover, it is not likely that the Yugoslavs think any Russian did, either. Not long ago, I saw a cartoon in a Belgrade paper







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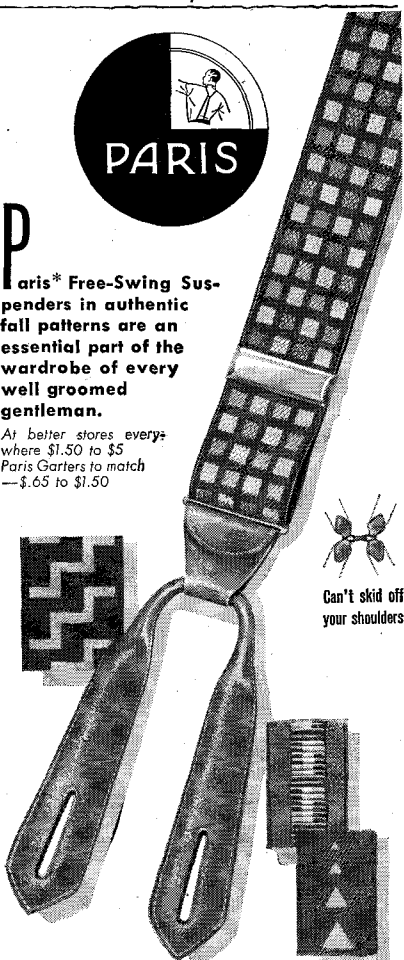
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showing a scientist at work in a laboratory brightly lit by bulbs stamped "Edison." Beneath was the caption "A Russian scientist photographed at the moment of inventing the electric light." All in all, the Yugoslavs feel that they have a new and, for them, unprecedented position in international affairs. "There are really only three independent nations in the world today," a young Yugoslav lawyer said to me. "Russia, the United States, and Yugoslavia."

After living in political isolation for two years, the Yugoslavs display no manifestations of claustrophobia or other neuroses. During my stay here, I have asked many Yugoslavs, including both admirers and detractors of Tito, if they were concerned about a Soviet or Soviet-inspired attack. Their answers, pretty much stereotyped, have revealed a remarkably unperturbed state of mind. "Just let them try," one man said, and another observed, "Hell, we fought the Germans for four years, so we may as well fight the Russians for a change." I have talked to no one, however, who does not have sound respect for the fighting abilities of the Red Army—and contempt for the armies of Hungary, Rumania, Albania, and Bulgaria. Since the fourth century B.C., when the people in much of the region that is now Yugoslavia were subjects of Alexander the Great, they have fought, on and off, almost everybody else in the Balkans. In the Second World War, more than 1,750,000 Yugoslav men, women, and children died. Killing and getting killed seem to the Yugoslavs as natural as eating and drinking. In Sarajevo, a memorial plaque has been put up to mark the spot on the Korzo where Gavrilo Princip stood on June 28, 1914, when he assassinated Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Last week, I met a scholarly, dignified gentleman who had been a friend and associate of Princip. After all these years, he is still miffed because he wasn't the one to be honored with the assignment.

No one can deny that the Yugoslavs are a cocky, proud, reckless folk who love a good fight, but the question of whether they would be able to withstand an assault by the armies of the satellite "people's democracies," presumably Soviet-trained, Soviet-equipped, and Soviet-led, is an open one. Tito has six hundred thousand hardened, loyal soldiers, fairly well supplied with Yugoslav, German, Italian, American, and Soviet arms, and about seven hundred planes, consisting of everything from

Spitfires to Stormoviks, most of them three or four years old. The other day, a Yugoslav lieutenant colonel commanding an infantry battalion allowed me to go along and watch while his troops moved out from their camp area to take part in maneuvers. As they went by, I saw infantry platoons equipped with three kinds of rifle, and, in a motorized section, a truck of German make, with Czech tires and a Russian machine gun, and, riding on it, a few Yugoslav soldiers in American fatigue uniforms. But the colonel said that Yugoslavia is now producing her own arms and even has some domestic tanks, similar to Russian T-34s, with 85-mm guns. "I read in an Italian newspaper last month that our soldiers are supposed to have only a couple of overcoats for a whole platoon," he said. "Even the Italians would have to admit that that's certainly an improvement over the winters of '41 and '42, when we Partisans fought the Germans up in the mountains of Bosnia with no overcoats at all." The colonel, like almost every other Yugoslav officer above the rank of captain, has been with Tito since the early days of the Partisans. He is an old hand at guerrilla warfare, knows the mountains of Serbia, Montenegro, and Bosnia like the inside of his own house, and has learned a good deal about modern field tactics. A tall, dark-haired man, he comes from a peasant family—as almost all Yugoslavs do—and he looks tough. Fat colonels are commonplace in Washington and Paris, but not in Belgrade. I asked how the Army rations were, and he said, "If Napoleon had been a Yugoslav general, that line about an army's travelling on its stomach would never have occurred to him." And it is true that Yugoslav Partisans have lived and fought on rations that would bring many Western combat outfits to collapse.

**A**LL this doesn't mean that the entire Yugoslav nation stands wholeheartedly behind Tito and his Communist police state. It is fairly safe to say that of the fifteen million inhabitants of Yugoslavia, an overwhelming majority are opposed to Communism. Definitely for Tito are the six hundred thousand men in the regular armed forces, the two hundred and fifty thousand troops of the blue-uniformed militia, the hundred thousand plainclothesmen and uniformed troops of the U.D.B.A., or security police, an unknown percentage of industrial workers, and a small number of peasants. The membership of the Communist Party of



Yugoslavia is around five hundred thousand, and this includes nine-tenths of all Army officers and all militiamen and government officials. The Party accepts as members only those people whose devotion to it has been proved. In this way it has avoided a mistake made by the Communist Party organizations in several of the satellite states (notably Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Poland), which, in their desire to swell their ranks, accepted many lukewarm opportunists, who must now be weeded out. Tito has been the leader of the Yugoslav Communists since 1937, when the hard cadre was recruited. Definitely *against* Tito are the remnants of the small, never important bourgeoisie, the former officials of the pre-Tito Karageorgevitch administration, the white-collar workers, and most of the peasants. The peasants, who account for eighty per cent of the population, oppose Tito's brand of Communism for the same reason that any land-owning peasants are likely to oppose any brand of Communism: They don't want to give up the ownership of their land. Even so, collectivization has made faster progress in Yugoslavia than in any of the neighboring "people's democracies," or even in Russia itself. Twenty per cent of the arable land has been taken into collectives or various kinds of coöperative. I have been told that though quite a few peasants admit they are better off now than they were before, they nevertheless hate regimentation—any kind of regimentation—and don't like to be told what to plant, at what prices to sell, and what to do from morning to night. But there is a strong feeling in Belgrade that they will all stand behind Tito if Yugoslavia is attacked. Even the few outright reactionary elements in Belgrade—former businessmen, dispossessed property owners, White Russians, and such—prefer Tito to the Soviets, as the lesser of two evils. Tito's split with the Cominform has sent his stock way up among his internal enemies, who are hopeful that sooner or later he will have to take the country into the Western camp.

On the issue of "Choose Moscow or me," Tito has unified a country that for centuries seethed with feuds between racial, social, and nationalistic minority groups. Each of the six regional governments of the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia—Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Montenegro, Bosnia-Herzegovina, and Macedonia—has its own cultural pattern. In Slovenia and Croatia, which once belonged to the Hapsburg Empire, there are nice towns



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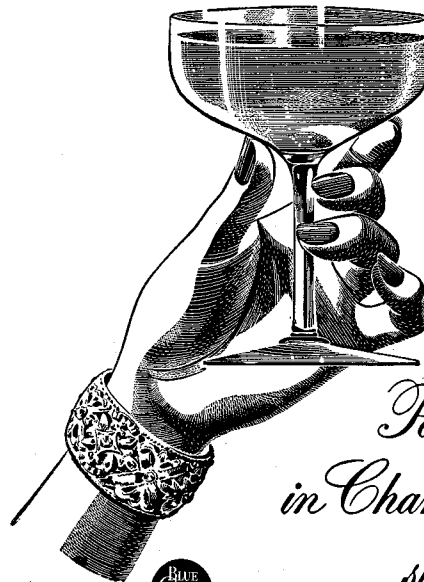
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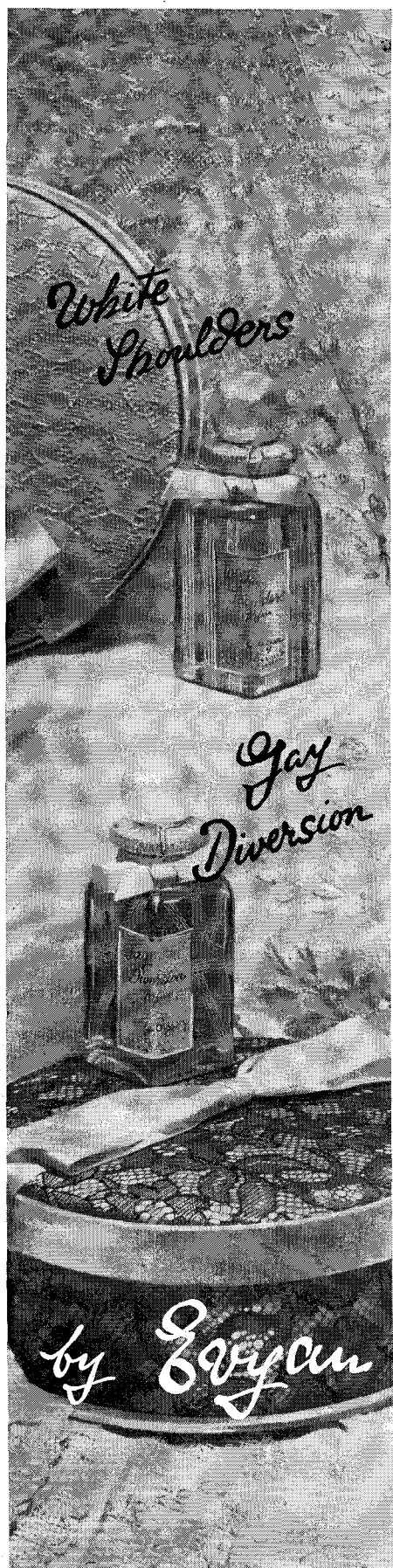
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and friendly villages, reminding one of Austria and central Bohemia. Serbia and Macedonia, in the east and south, are part of the darkest Balkans. "You step out of your twentieth-century car into tenth-century backwardness," an American friend of mine once said to me. Five years ago, seventy per cent of the population of Bosnia was illiterate; now this figure has been reduced to fourteen per cent. As in Soviet Russia, each local minority is encouraged to lead its own national life. It is a singular achievement of Tito's dictatorship that racial and religious squabbles have been pretty well eliminated. Of his closest associates, Foreign Minister Kardelj is a Slovene (the majority of the Slovenes and Croats are Roman Catholics), Minister of the Interior Ranković is a Serb (most Serbs are Eastern Orthodox Catholics), and Mosha Pijade, the major dialectician of the Party, is a Sephardic Jew. Tito himself is a Croat. Nowadays the Croats and Slovenes no longer refer to Ranković as "that Serb," nor do the Serbs and Bosnians abuse Kardelj as "that Slovene," nor do the Serbs, Bosnians, Slovenes, and Croats call Pijade "that Jew," as they would unquestionably have done ten years ago. Instead, they all complain about "those Communists."

"Those Communists" have the country well in leash. The opposition may be considerable in numbers, but it is unorganized, ineffective, and under constant surveillance. There are no concentration camps in Yugoslavia, and there is no Siberia. People disappear, but not forever. I have met a few people once suspected of Cominform sympathies who put in time at a "political-reëducation course" in the marble quarries of Dalmatia and have been left in peace ever since. Prior to the split with the Cominform, the cardinal sin was to have Western leanings; now it is to show sympathy for the Cominform. At the Yugoslav-Italian border station of Sezana, as I was crossing into Yugoslavia on the Simplon-Orient Express, I noticed militiamen crawling under the coaches and climbing along the tops of the cars; they were searching, the conductor informed me, for anti-Tito propaganda material that the Togliatti Cominform Communists might be trying to smuggle in. (They found none.) Cominform radio stations in Moscow, Warsaw, Prague, Budapest, Bucharest, Sofia, and Tirana are now sending out thirty-five hours of Yugoslav-language broadcasts a day, attacking Tito and his Politburo and urging the Yugoslav people to rise against their rulers. (Tito,

incidentally, is not the titular chief official of Yugoslavia. The President of the Presidium of the National Assembly, Dr. Ivan Ribar, one of his old comrades-in-arms, nominally outranks him.) There is no evidence that the broadcasts have had any effect on the people. Radios are allotted at controlled prices only to loyal, deserving officials and to peasants and industrial workers with outstanding production records. Few other Yugoslavs have them, since they bring tremendous prices on the free market.

At the time of the split, Tito did a smart thing: He took his case to the people. *Borba*, the official newspaper of Yugoslavia's Communist Party, which has a circulation of eight hundred thousand, published the exchange of letters between Stalin and Tito that had led to the break. Tito and his top men stumped the country, explaining the break to the rank and file of the Party, declaring that the question was one of national survival, and inviting them to voice their doubts and criticisms. This policy paid off handsomely; the hammer-and-sickle has become a national emblem rather than a social symbol. By and large, the Army and the police stuck fast to their guerrilla chieftain. Among the ordinary citizens, there was first disillusionment over Soviet Russia; now there is bitterness. They have suddenly recalled that the liberating soldiers of the Red Army treated their Communist brothers under the skin and their Slav allies in Belgrade just as badly as they treated the hostile populations of Vienna and Berlin.

It is reported here that the top-echelon officials of Tito's government now consider themselves the only true disciples of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, and that they privately refer to Stalin and the Soviet Politburo contemptuously as "those Trotskyites in the Kremlin." It is hard to say how seriously one should take ideological altercations between the two camps. Experience with such shockers as the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact has made people conscious of the shiftiness of Communist policymakers. Indeed, I remember a day early in 1948—not six months before the split—when Mátyás Rákosi, Hungary's No. 1 Communist and a staunch pillar of the Cominform, spoke to me glowingly of Tito as "the greatest revolutionary of us all." In politics, anything can happen, but few people in Belgrade—Yugoslavs or Westerners—think there is any real possibility of a reconciliation between Stalin and Tito. The majority view is that the Soviets can never forgive the only man



in their world to debunk the myth of the unified brotherhood of international Communism. Undoubtedly, the Kremlin would be willing to make peace with a Cominform stooge in Yugoslavia if Tito were eliminated, but Tito and his boys have proved themselves experts in the difficult art of survival. The Yugoslav leaders have repeatedly declared that no matter what the Russians do to them, they are not mad—just hurt. *Borba* is continually walking a tightrope, bitterly criticizing the Soviets and simultaneously playing the jilted lover who still hopes for reconciliation. Paradoxically, the Yugoslavs now and then give evidence of worrying about the possibility of a rapprochement between the West and the Soviet Union. Not long ago, a Western European diplomat of my acquaintance here and a Soviet diplomat, both of whom happen to be ardent chessplayers, met in the Westerner's house for a game. The chess table stood by a window overlooking the street. As the game progressed, the players noticed that the sidewalks were being patrolled by a number of strollers who all wore that look of bland innocence that unmistakably marks the Balkan secret agent. "I pulled down the shade," my friend told me. "I almost felt sorry for the secret police outside, who had seen us huddled over a table and must have wondered what despicable intrigue we were plotting."

There was a time when Belgrade's U.D.B.A. was as active as Moscow's M.V.D. or Prague's S.N.B. Then, four o'clock in the morning—the favorite time for making arrests in police states—was an hour of terror. But these days a citizen is pretty sure to be left alone if he minds his own business and takes no part in any organized anti-state activities. In Belgrade, I have not been able to detect any of the creeping, silent atmosphere of omnipresent fear that I have sensed in the capitals of the satellite countries. Grumbling is tolerated, and I have heard people complain in cafés, on trains, and elsewhere about high prices, rationing, inefficiency, bad times, and so on.

As a matter of fact, Tito has encouraged constructive criticism, and Party members are asked to speak frankly about the system's shortcomings. One of the most startling manifestations of the difference between Stalin's Communism and Tito's special brand of it is a recent definite trend here toward "humanization" and "democratization." Tito's political lieutenants have been ordered to get closer to the masses and to use the human touch. He has



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apparently recognized the dangers of an overgrown, robotlike bureaucratic machine like that in the Soviet Union. A few months ago, the Yugoslav National Assembly passed a law turning over control and management of all industries to "workers' councils." In accordance with Karl Marx's ultimate concept of "factories for the workers," these councils are now taking over the administration and operation of "their" factories. The national ministries of electricity, agriculture, forestry, public works, light industry, and commerce and supply have disappeared, and their administrative functions have been taken over by the ministries and boards of the six regional governments, although these are still governed by directives from Belgrade. The Yugoslavs say that this decentralization proves that Yugoslavia's workers have in five years become mature and experienced enough to run their own factories, whereas Russia's workers are still slaves of Moscow's bureaucracy. Individualism, which is a crime in the Soviet world, is seemingly being encouraged here, which is strange, because Lenin's economic ideal of complete industrial and commercial nationalization has almost been achieved in Yugoslavia. But people may still own houses and land; when the government wants to erect a public building on a spot in Belgrade where an old house stands, it condemns the property and pays the owner a price that is often close to reasonable. Western economists have a hard time defining Tito's society, which seems to combine Socialist, Communist, and certain capitalist ideas. What sort of social-political structure the Yugoslavs think they have is a mystery to the Belgrade foreign colony. One ambassador here told me that he had lent copies of George Orwell's "1984" to a few highly placed officials and that they seemed to sense no parallel between Orwell's drab imaginary state and their own country. Indeed, according to the ambassador, the book is now being circulated in the Party, and excerpts have been handed down to the *omladina*, or youth groups.

At the beginning of the First World War, Belgrade was a small, ugly, provincial capital of a hundred thousand people. Today it is a national capital of more than four hundred thousand people, but essentially it is still small, ugly, and provincial. In front of the Hotel Moskva, which reminds some of the Western diplomats here of the big Moscow hotels, because of its bright lights, shabbily modern interiors, unre-

liable plumbing, and friendly servants, and which stands at the busiest street intersection of the city, one can see old shepherds nursing along their flocks of goats or black sheep, and women carrying chickens and small pigs with their feet tied together. Erect, dignified, white-haired peasants from the mountains of Montenegro, wearing sheepskin vests and jodhpurs, and with their feet tied in rags, stroll proudly through the city streets. A couple of blocks from the Hotel Majestic, which is the best in town and reserved for foreigners, is the unrationed-food market, where the peasants, after they have delivered their quota of produce to the state, are permitted to sell their surplus for whatever the traffic will bear. (An egg usually brings twenty-four cents, and a litre of milk fifteen.) Swarms of flies hover over large, uncovered trays of hoop cheese; vegetables are offered for sale directly from the dirty floor; women pour milk from big cans into grimy bottles. The market would shock American health authorities to the bone, but even American diplomats have to send their cooks there (at five in the morning) if they want fresh vegetables.

On April 6, 1941, the Germans hit the city with dive-bombers, destroying a sixth of its buildings, razing whole districts, and killing more than sixteen thousand people. There are still machine-gun scars and patched-up spots on the façades of many buildings, but they do not catch the eye as does the forest of scaffolding around the modernistic high buildings of brick and concrete that seem to be going up everywhere, at incredible speed, under incredible working conditions. All over town, antlike gangs of workmen are running up and down scaffolds, laying bricks, mixing mortar, filling wooden forms with concrete. There are no riveting hammers, power cranes, concrete mixers, or steam shovels, but the workers apparently make up in physical energy for what they lack in machinery, and work goes on twenty-four hours a day, often seven days a week. I went to see a brand-new housing development, consisting of several blocks of eight-story buildings whose balconies and casement windows gleamed white in the sunshine, which had been built, an American friend told me, in a little over a year. A four-room cold-water apartment in the development rents for only eight dollars a month, I learned, but no one need apply unless he is a "socially useful" worker.

Outside Belgrade, where the Danube and Sava Rivers join, near Zemun—



through which the frontier between the Hapsburg Empire and the Turkish vassal principality of Belgrade once passed—the city of New Belgrade is under construction. It is to be the Washington of Yugoslavia. The land, sandy and shifting, was reclaimed from the Danube, and one building has already collapsed. People are wondering how the others will hold up, but the government is going ahead with its plans. More than three hundred thousand boys of from fourteen to twenty spent the summer there in “voluntary” work brigades, marching to and from their labors behind blue-white-and-red Yugoslav flags, crushing rocks, building roads, carrying bricks, getting short doses of political education, and singing high-flown tributes to Tito, “the whitest of flowers” or “the purest of strawberries.” They got better food than they were accustomed to, and were awarded cheap watches and pencils for special efforts. Few of the buildings in New Belgrade are finished; work on many of them has had to be temporarily halted for lack of materials and skilled manpower, and the gigantic skeletons look like half-completed settings for an ugly, modernistic film.

Transportation is a major shortage, in New Belgrade, old Belgrade, and all Yugoslavia. There are said to be a number of taxis (nationalized, of course) in the capital, and it is true that an occasional cab is seen, but I have never succeeded in hiring one. An American friend who drove from Belgrade to Sofia shortly before the United States broke off diplomatic relations with Bulgaria, in February of this year, counted seven vehicles on his seven-hour trip. Belgrade's few buses and streetcars are desperately overcrowded with cheerfully suicidal passengers, who hang from any place they can get a finger grip, and sit everywhere but on the wheels. Possibly as a consequence, walking is a favorite pastime, and every evening after six a large part of the population can be seen strolling along the Terazije, Belgrade's main street. The people, except those in uniform, are poorly dressed. Once in a while, one may catch sight of a girl wearing nylon stockings, high-heeled shoes, and a colorful print dress. Since nylons, high-heeled shoes, and print dresses are not being manufactured in Yugoslavia, they must have come from friends or relatives in Vienna, Trieste, or maybe Cleveland. There is a dire shortage of all consumer goods. Belgrade's shopwindows display such pathetic items as bent and empty eyeglass frames and alarm

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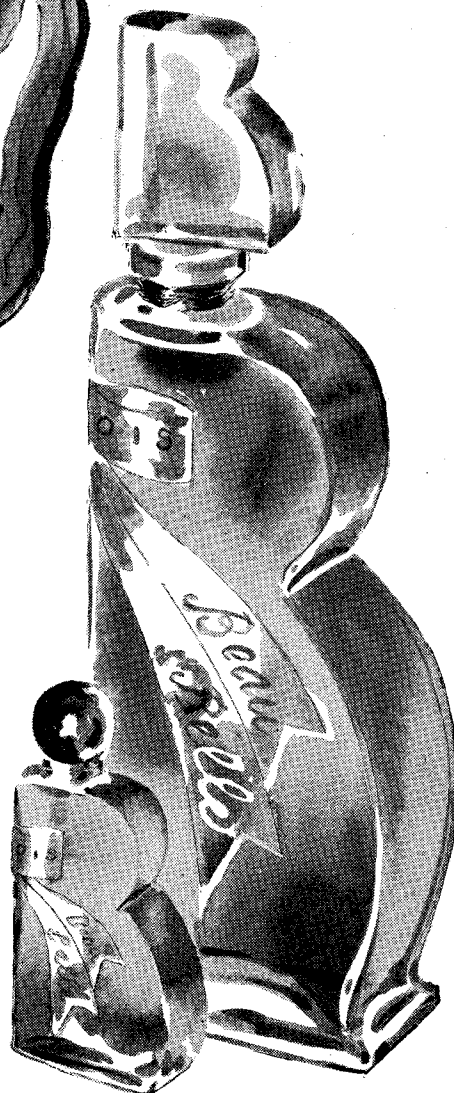


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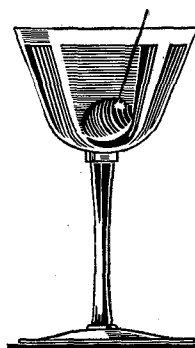
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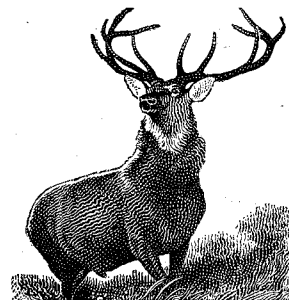
Handler Jerry Rigden poses Black and Tan Coonhound Champion *Ten Oaks Country Gentleman*, better known as "Zeke" to his Mundelein, Illinois, owners. "In four months 'Zeke' piled up a magnificent record—a total of 32 awards which includes best-in-group wins, too," Rigden reports. "And 'Zeke' can thank Dash Dog Food for keeping him in peak condition even during those strenuous show tours," Rigden adds. "Dash is fortified with liver, the richest of all meats—and it's made by Armour." Get Dash at your grocer's today!

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clocks without hands. Rationed cotton shirts cost the equivalent of four dollars, rationed shoes sixteen dollars. There is a government-licensed free market for clothing, but few people can afford the prices there. In one of the government free-market department stores, next to the Hotel Majestic, I saw cotton shirts priced at twenty dollars, men's shoes (one style only) at forty-six dollars, a tiny bottle of a doubtful liquid labelled "Cologne Water" at three dollars and a half, and a crude iron kitchen range at \$2,982.40. Not far away, I came across a nationalized pawnshop offering for sale the remnants of the defunct capitalistic society: binoculars, old watches, china figures, silver spoons, women's girdles, sets of false teeth, sewing machines, old lampshades, a used Hermes portable typewriter (seven hundred and fifty dollars), and an old-model Leica camera (fifteen hundred dollars). Today, five years after the war, it is difficult to find in Belgrade a button, a pair of shoelaces, a comb, a box of writing paper, or a razor blade. Medical supplies are hard to come by, and there is a black market in streptomycin and penicillin. One of Yugoslavia's major achievements is the magnificent new Brotherhood and Unity *autoput* between Belgrade and Zagreb—two hundred and forty-four miles of four-lane concrete super-highway that has eased the load on the obsolescent railroad system and permits fast shifting of troops—and a current Belgrade joke is that when the *autoput* was ceremoniously opened last July, no scissors could be found to cut the traditional ribbon. The ambitious Five-Year Plan of 1947 envisaged a change-over from an agrarian economy to an industrial one. Power plants and factories were built, along with houses for factory workers. Tito and his planners had decided that the nation needed trucks and tractors more than combs and scissors.

The trouble is that there are not nearly enough trucks and tractors. It is beginning to look as though the Five-Year Plan were *too* ambitious. Among many projects, it called for the establishment of an oil-refining industry and other new industries, a quadrupling of the output of electric power, and vastly increased production of lead, iron, zinc, aluminum, and chemicals. Much has been achieved, but much has had to be postponed. The split with Russia, in 1948, entailed a severe setback for the Plan. Up to then, as a member of the friendly Soviet family, Yugoslavia had been trading with the East, and paying

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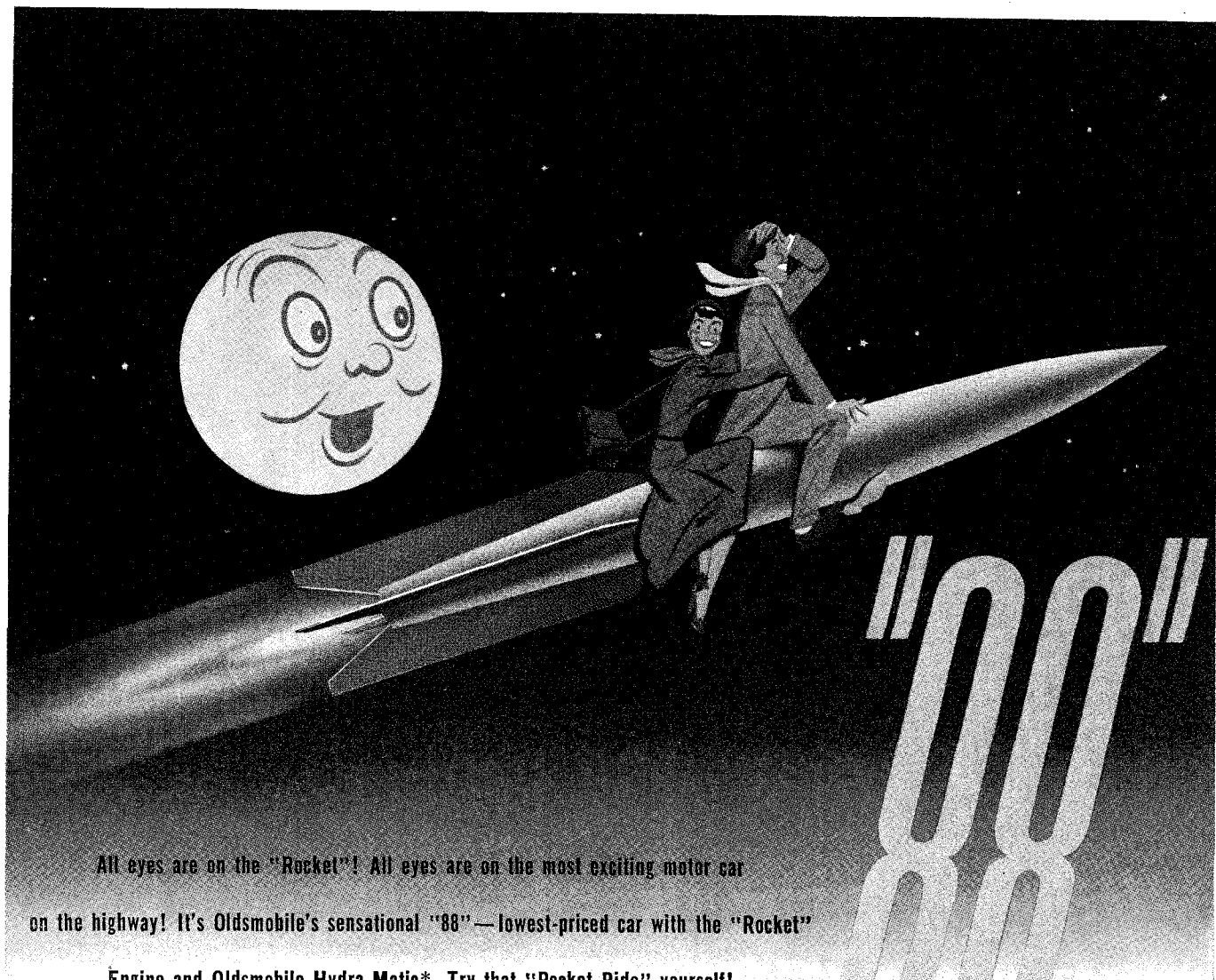
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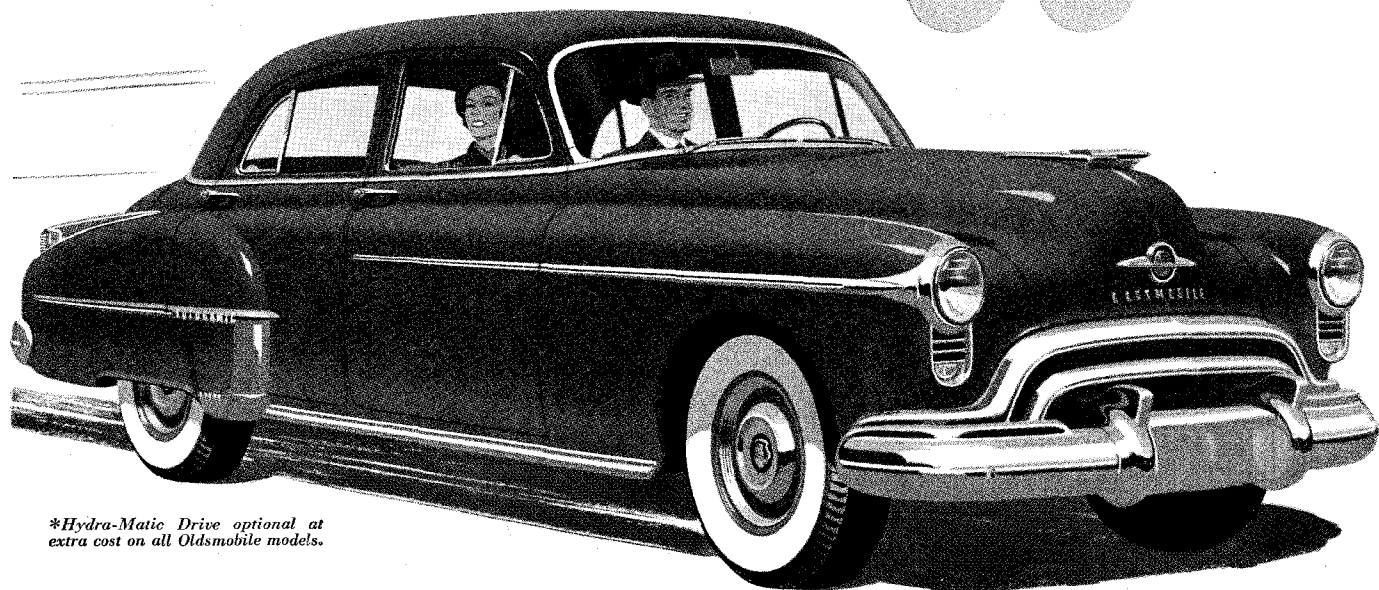


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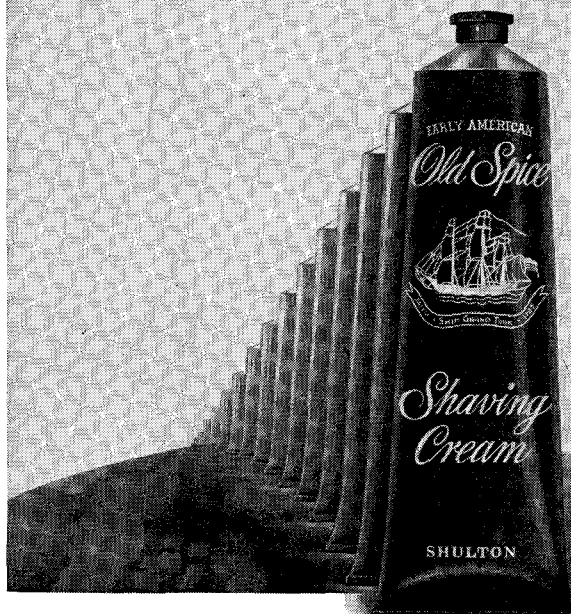
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cash in advance for shipments of machinery. Came the split, and the rest of the family welshed on deliveries. Tito found himself out of cash and with nothing to show for it, and only one year along in his Plan. (Czechoslovakia even refused to deliver paid-for spare parts for previously delivered trucks.) The shift from trade with the East to trade with the West has taken time, and has been retarded by a desperate lack of dollars or other hard currency. Training courses are turning peasants into industrial workers, but not fast enough, and a lot of costly equipment has been ruined by clumsy handling. Big prestige projects, such as the construction of the gigantic building to house the Presidium in New Belgrade, have had to be temporarily abandoned. Unless more financial credits and more material aid are soon forthcoming, Tito will be up to his ears in a major crisis. Even now, the people are being told to get up earlier, eat less, and work more, although they already eat little and work a lot. Yugoslavia was once an important food-producing country, but the peasants are producing less food now, and every ounce of what is not absolutely needed at home must be exported in exchange for machinery and raw materials. There are seven kinds of ration card, graded according to the job of the holder. An American friend of mine who has a ration card in the *udarnik*, or "shock worker," category told me that his monthly ration (two pounds of meat included) is about equal to a week's supply of provisions at home. He endeavors to make up the difference at the fly-infested, expensive free markets.

ON my way to Belgrade, I happened to be in the dining car of the Simplon-Orient Express when the train stopped at the Italian-Yugoslav border. When the immigration officer asked me my nationality and I answered "American," a man sitting across the table from me rose, introduced himself as a Yugoslav, and shook hands with me. The same friendliness was later evidenced by many peasants, workers, students, waiters, train conductors, and office girls. Things have changed quite a bit since August, 1946, when the Yugoslavs forced down an American transport plane and United States passports were stamped "This passport is not valid for travel to Yugoslavia." Government officials, in fact, are the only people here whose attitude toward Americans is still cautious—perhaps even cool. A few days ago I decided to take a drive through Voivodina, the flat, fertile plain

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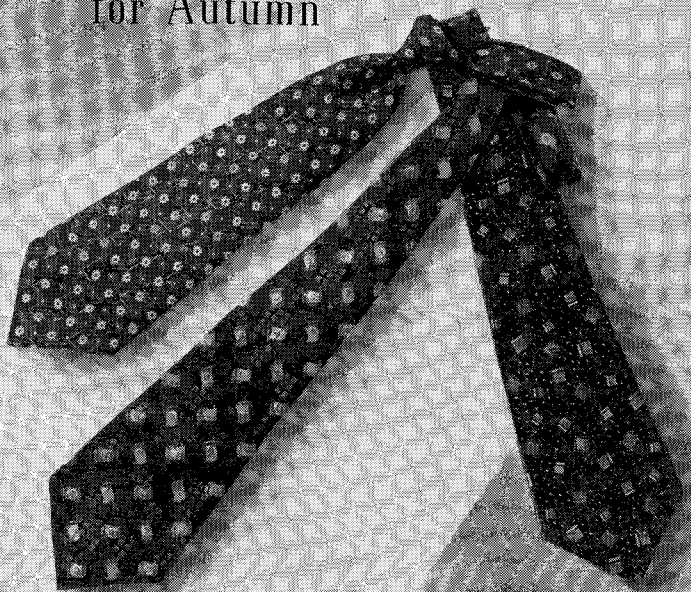
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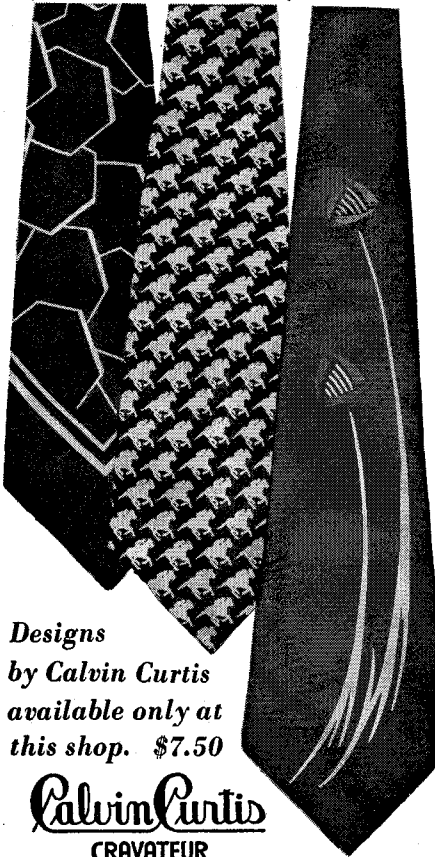
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that stretches northeast of Belgrade for sixty-five miles to the Rumanian border and is the richest agricultural region of Yugoslavia. My guide, provided by one of the Ministries, was an intense, earnest girl with thick glasses, an extensive knowledge of Marxist writings, and a great enthusiasm for them. She had been in America and spoke good English, which she used to lecture me at length and severely on the plans to make Voivodina the "breadbasket of Yugoslavia." "The peasants will be won over to our ideas by the new methods of humanization and democratization," she said dogmatically, and yet defiantly, as though expecting a challenge. It occurred to me, as it has occurred to others, that the breadbasket of Yugoslavia would make an ideal avenue of approach for an armored attack on Belgrade from the Rumanian border.

On our return trip, we rolled along smartly in our official car until we came to a bridge over the Danube. On one parapet of the bridge approach, I noticed a marble plaque inscribed "Bridge of the Red Army—This bridge was destroyed by the German Fascists as they escaped in October, 1944, and was rebuilt in fraternal coöperation by Soviets and Yugoslavs, their workers and their experts, between November, 1945, and November, 1946. It was opened for traffic on November 29, 1946." The bridge was smaller than it had been, my guide informed me; originally it was wide enough to carry two lanes of traffic and one line of railroad tracks. I could see that it certainly was smaller. The fraternal coöperators had reduced its width by more than half, so that now it was a single-lane thoroughfare, down the middle of which ran the railroad tracks. Traffic could cross from only one side at a time, and whenever a train was due, everybody had to wait. When we arrived, a colorful melee of pigs, haycarts, Army trucks, goatherds, horses, droshkies, and a company of infantry soldiers was waiting for an expected train. No one seemed to be in a hurry, and no one objected when my guide drove our car up to the head of the line. The policeman in charge of traffic, informed of my guide's and my status, shook hands with me, expressed his admiration for America and Hollywood, and promised to let us cross over first, as soon as the train had passed. But the train was late, and in a few minutes the soldiers started across the bridge, singing lustily. They were half-way over when the train appeared, coming rapidly from the other direction. It looked like certain disaster, but the sol-

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diers managed to squeeze themselves out of the way; some even swung over the railings and clung by their hands, high above the waters of the Danube, which was considered a capital joke by everybody. At last, the friendly policeman gave us the sign to go ahead, but the traffic on the other side didn't wait for us; we were two-thirds of the way across when the two columns met. The confusion was tremendous. Trucks sounded their horns, soldiers sang, policemen shouted, pigs squealed, peasants whistled at their horses, dogs barked, chickens flew about insanely. Everybody—peasants, officers, policemen, truck drivers, soldiers, shepherds—got embroiled in a vast and heated argument. To make things worse, another train could be heard above the din, furiously blowing its whistle for clearance on the bridge. By this time, no one could move an inch, backward or forward. My guide was deeply embarrassed by the demoralization. I said I didn't mind it, that it was fun, that I regarded it a refreshing display of democracy at work. My guide didn't appreciate my remarks. "It's all right to have a little democracy," she said angrily, "but there's much too much of it here." —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

### THE CROWS

Always they have seen  
Me, and they always call  
From the hidden bough  
To the comrade self; they mean  
No greeting, alas, at all;  
They knew my brothers once,  
And they know me now.

In dusk of fall, my steps alert  
Their cynic sentinel, arouse  
In emptied fields declaratives  
Raucous with concern. The dirt  
I walk upon is theirs; I browse,  
A vagrant, along the furrows  
Still sharp with their imperatives.

Always winds will swing the boughs  
Between us; always crisping leaves  
And golden showers half disguise  
The brotherhood that I espouse;  
Till the skeptic eye perceives  
And black wings exclaim that know  
No amnesty, but rise and rise.

—HORACE E. HAMILTON

Dr. Harold Hulbert has left for a motor trip through Canada and Lake Huron. He expects to be gone a week.  
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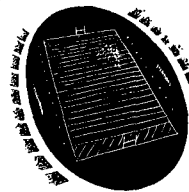
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## FOOTBALL

### New Leaf



FOR many years, Fordham University, producer of brilliant theologians and geophysicists, to say nothing of monumental athletes, in-

dulged itself in a coast-to-coast football schedule that often involved meeting, in addition to some established big-time teams, a number of stalwart teams representing ambitious institutions whose major reason for existence was football and who hardly ever played on their own campuses, which consisted of a few old cracker boxes strewn about an acre or two of ragweed. Tiring of this effort, Fordham a few years back went in for teams manned wholly by brilliant theologians and geophysicists and for an uneventful football program. Then, a couple of seasons ago, it decided upon a somewhat livelier program. It even ventured into what is called the Ivy League, by booking a game last fall with Yale. That match was postponed until this year, though, after a Yale player came down with polio.

Last Saturday in New Haven, Fordham met Yale and a 21-14 defeat. Fordham, equipped with a bunch of seniors, a rugged line, a remarkable ball-carrier named Higgins, and a famous passer named Doheny, looked to me much too good for the young Yale team. Beating Fordham seemed a task beyond Yale and Herman Hickman, its coach, who even at his present three hundred and ten pounds wouldn't have been burly enough to make the varsity of some of Fordham's old-time opponents. But Fordham, playing the sort of game that might be described as rough but not ready, quickly got itself into trouble and allowed Yale to outwit it. It was caught flat-footed by the passes of Tisdale; it was caught flat-footed by the maneuvers of Ryan, a not especially speedy Yale novice, who ran a kickoff back ninety-seven yards for a touchdown; it was caught flat-footed by the tackling of Quackenbush, the Yale captain and end, who ruined some complex Fordham operations; and it was caught flat-footed by the officials in a bit of overzealous byplay that in effect, because of the ensuing penalty, gave Yale the winning touchdown.

It was not the best-played game in the world, or even of last weekend. Yale kept fumbling the ball, Fordham gave Doheny the absent treatment in-

stead of protecting him when he tried to pass, and Yale was almost too tired to stand up in the final quarter. But it was something to see—Ryan getting away on his long run, and Fordham just missing a tie score in the last few minutes.

SATURDAY was a great day for Army. Hickman, Yale's coach, was on the staff of Earl Blaik at West Point during Army's best years. Army, still coached by Blaik and now quarterbacked by his son, Bob, fiddled around with Penn State for a while and then gave a 41-7 demonstration of the stuff it's made of. And Stu Holcomb, once a pfc. on Blaik's coaching staff, guided Purdue to a 28-14 victory over Notre Dame, which hadn't lost a game since 1945.

Saturday was a sad day for Navy. Eddie Erdelatz, its new coach, who used to play a lot against Fordham when he was at St. Mary's, is handicapped by the difficulty that troubled his predecessors at Annapolis—a Notre Dame sort of schedule to be played by young men who also have to survive Navy's prodigious classroom work. Navy lost, 22-0, to a Northwestern squad that is only medium by Big Ten standards, after losing the week before, 35-21, to a Maryland squad that is certainly adequate by any standards.

Maryland, awash with scions of old Eastern Shore families named Karnash, Modzelewski, Petruzzo, Ladygo, and Shemonski, spent last Saturday beating Michigan State, 34-7. Michigan State had beaten Michigan, 14-7, and Michigan, in turn, beat Dartmouth, 27-7, so Navy is clearly playing with top-bracket fire. But that can be very small consolation. Dartmouth looked quite outclassed on Saturday, and its John Clayton threw too many passes to Michigan men, just as, in Dartmouth's final game last year, he threw too many to Princeton men. Princeton looked spring-feverish on Saturday before it buckled down to beating Rutgers, 34-28, and Harvard, which has fooled this commentator for years by looking promising early in the season, fooled him again by looking unpromising as it lost, 28-7, to Columbia, which looks rather bright.

—J. W. L.

Dear Friend:

Please read this letter. It may be the last one you'll get from me until this "red mess" is over.—Letter from a Venetian-blind outfit.

Where are you going—down cellar?



## OF ALL THINGS

**W**E are warned not to expect an easy conquest by MacArthur's men. There are signs, however, that the Red Whiz Kids are running out of whiz.

A Russian newspaper recently shed some tears over the brutality of American football. We hope the Comrades never hear about last week's bombing of crippled Philadelphians by Yankee imperialists.

President Harold Stassen, of the University of Pennsylvania, has some rather expansive ideas about education. He would like to go to the Kremlin and teach Stalin a lesson.

The Hayden Planetarium reports that eighteen thousand people have asked for reservations on the first outgoing interplanetary rocket. We are not told how many of these escapists are New York policemen.

An experiment in Alabama proves that it is possible to run a turbine by burning coal in the earth, without the bother of digging it up. This technique might bring on a revolution in the coal industry and drive the miners above-ground.

Health authorities report that the common cold still maintains its position as Public Nuisance No. 1. We thought that the *Reader's Digest* had abolished the nasty old thing.

The State Department's Loyalty and Security Board has for the seventh time cleared John S. Service of charges that he hobnobbed with Reds. He was one of those accused by Senator Joe McCarthy, if you remember who *he* was.

There has been a slight decline in the wholesale price of foodstuffs, but grocerymen have heard nothing about it. In this business, only bad news travels fast.

Great Britain now has a law providing free legal counsel for people of moderate incomes. Someday, Americans may be asked to shudder at the prospect of socialized lawsuits.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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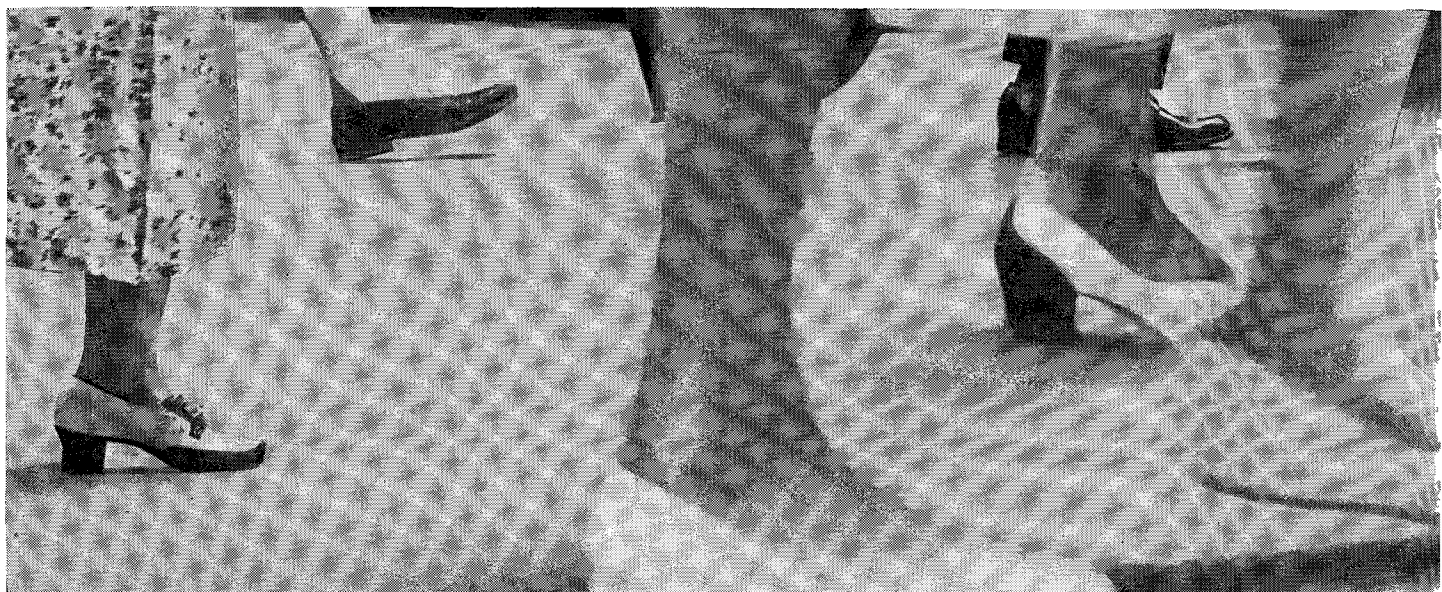
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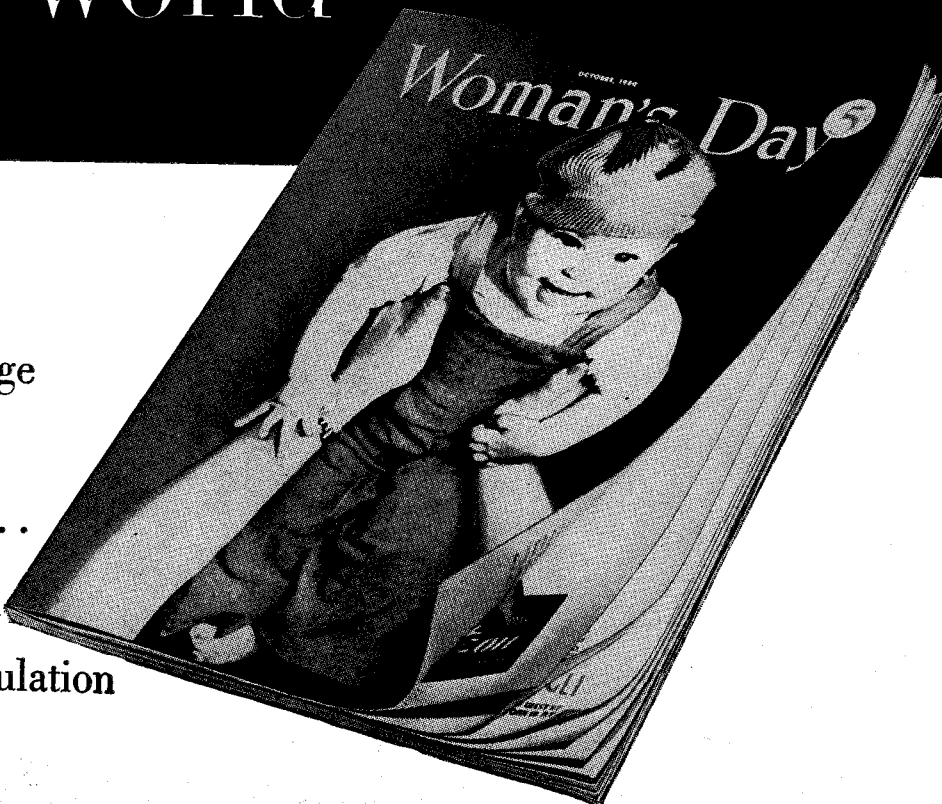




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## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## ABOUT THE HOUSE



THE highly creditable Homefurnishings Show recently held at Grand Central Palace is now, of course, as dead as a doornail, except insofar as its precepts have taken root and sprouted in the hearts of aesthetic housewives, who doubtless are earnestly endeavoring at this moment to live up to its lofty ideals. Casting even so much as a retrospective glance in its direction would therefore be quite pointless if tracking the exhibits to their home bases, as I did, had not yielded answers to such questions as "How much is it?" and "Where is it?" and "What does it *do*?"—details that I am sure have worried a lot of us who were told either nothing at all about the displays or more than we could remember.

Since splendid textiles were hearteningly evident in the exhibition, I might as well begin with the most sumptuous by reporting on a tapestry designed by Jean Picart Ledoux and made by the Aubusson factories. This piece, shown by Baccarat & Porthault, was, for some incomprehensible reason, piled all of a heap at the back of the firm's booth, where even an indefatigable sightseer could easily have overlooked it. Examining the hanging in the B. & P. showrooms, at 55 East 57th Street, one can see that it depicts the more attractive features of aquatic life—starfish, coral branches, and the like—in shades of pink and yellow on a ground of deep blue and mustard. It is done in the extremely tight weave characteristic of Aubussons, is eight feet by ten, and costs \$2,500.

Also included in the Porthault exhibit were some sheer linens, hand blocked with simple designs of scattered violets, cornflowers, and

such, that obviously could have come from nowhere but France. These filmy linens, which are as intensely feminine as de Maupassant's appealing *mondaines*, are shown at Porthault made into curtains and sheets and pillowcases, and while I can't see Americans hanging violet- or carnation-strewn linen at their windows, the sheets and pillowcases would please anyone with a liking for romantic elegance. Prices start at \$130, for a set of hand-hemstitched and hand-scalloped sheets (for a single bed) and a matching pillowcase.

IF all you know of Isabel Scott's handwoven materials is what could be learned from the meagre exhibit of her work at the Homefurnishings shindig, and you are at all interested in such matters, you should inspect the impressive collection of upholstery and drapery fabrics at her studio, at 17 East 53rd Street. Not only is the craftsmanship superb but there is an inventiveness

of design and a felicitous use of color in these textiles that set them a long way above the current spate of hand-loomed goods so generously provided by weavers with more enthusiasm than talent. It's pleasing to note (that is to say, it pleases *me*) that Miss Scott is not at all obsessed with metallic threads; very few of her materials glitter with those much overworked strands. Most of her fabrics are made of cotton or rayon-and-cotton; they are all fifty inches wide. Prices start at \$18 a yard, and occasionally you will come across a tag that reads as much as \$30. These goods are sold only through decorators.

A YOUNG Argentine weaver who is new to these parts is Margo de Montane, whose exceptionally decorative carpets were represented at the show by a few specimens. At the de Montane studio, 48 East 57th Street, a larger collection is on hand, along with numerous swatches that demonstrate what she is capable of doing. The work, which is

sold only through decorators, is widely varied, since Miss de M. sticks to no one technique; for example, she will turn out one rug in the hard, tight Aubusson weave and then, as the notion takes her (or a commission leads her), change over to a complicated Oriental stitch, or Swedish *flossa* work. This versatility is happily combined with unusual skill and a good sense of design. Prices run from \$4 a square foot to \$6.50.

MY investigation of a small sample of a striking green hemp cloth, exhibited at the show by Dan Cooper, led me to that firm's grand new offices, on the top floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, where, among many new hand-loomed materials, the hemp cloth (it's known as Lupis cloth and is woven in the Philippines) can be seen, not only in the



"With this one, we ask our patrons to submit to a loyalty test. It could be very dangerous in the hands of a spy."



green but in red, brown, orange, and light or dark blue. This material in its natural color has, I believe, been shown in this country before (Cooper has that, too), but this is the first time it has been available in such ravishing shades. As a wall covering, which is the use Mr. Cooper puts it to, it is altogether delightful. A single roll, two feet wide and eighteen long, is \$15. In the practically endless display of more conventional Cooper fabrics, there are at least a dozen that could hardly be improved upon for beauty of weaving and design. You'd better have a look at an exaggeratedly heavy reversible material with a vaguely Byzantine pattern in two shades of beige, at \$9 a yard; a riotously colorful Swedish linen, at \$6.75; and a linen-and-cotton in a black-and-gray design that suggests cirrus clouds, at \$9.75. For that matter, you'd better have a look at the whole line.

**G**ENE McDONALD, who is known for his handmade Japanese wallpapers, has recently acquired some remarkably handsome domestic fabrics, two or three of which were on view at the show. His studio, at 17-A East 57th Street, houses a collection that includes several very sheer materials of pure silk hand-blocked with arresting patterns, and a few cotton percales with designs that are also uncommon. The cottons start at \$7.50 a yard, and the silks, which could be used with enormous effect either for window curtains or for screening off a section of a large room, run from \$9 to \$16.50. McDonald, by the way, deals only through decorators.

**I**N any exposition like the one under discussion, it is the furniture exhibits that more or less set the time of day, and although our designers sent up no very dazzling fireworks at Grand Central Palace, there were indications that these gentlemen stand ready to bring both more comfort and more dignity into the home. (Another thing about expositions is that often the wonders on display are so new that they have scarcely had time to reach the stores, and such is the case with a number of outstanding items in the furniture section.) Having brought up the matter of dignity, I should not, perhaps, immediately sound off about an extraordinary contraption designed by Edward Wormley, since it is far from being distinguished by that quality. This piece, when not in use, presents the appearance of a small and good-looking

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### Perfume That Clings

**Q. — Dear Penny:** I adore perfume, but for some reason or other its fragrance just does not last on me. I have told several of my friends that I want a new perfume, but first I must find out about a lasting one. — Mrs. A. W.

**A. —** A particularly good idea for women who claim that perfume does not "stay with them" is a Liquid Skin Sachet. It smooths on the skin very easily, and lingers longer because of its sachet base. It has a slower rate of diffusion and evaporation than any other type of fragrance. Try this Houbigant Chantilly Liquid Skin Sachet. Only \$1.75 plus tax at better stores.



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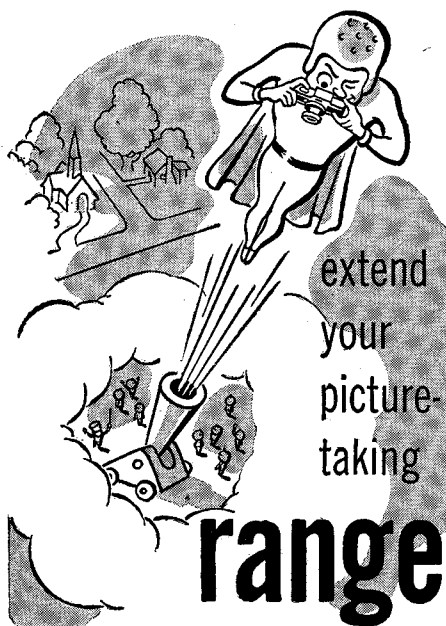
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EAST ORANGE

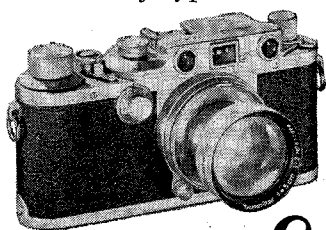
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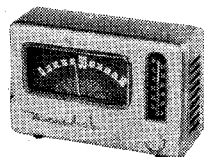


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walnut cabinet, but when its top is opened, an electric hot plate, set on a formica-covered shelf, is revealed, ready to keep a dinner warm or, for that matter, to cook one. The side of the cabinet swings open to disclose a cache occupied by three solidly built folding tables. These can be set up separately, of course, but they can also be put end to end to seat eight people. This engaging article, which would be a blessing in any apartment where space is at a premium, is one of the pieces that aren't yet on sale, or even on public view, here. It will be on sale, though, within a few months at the Dunbar showrooms, 227 East 56th Street, through decorators. It will cost around \$600.

Another evidence of Mr. Wormley's preoccupation with the problems of dwellers in small apartments (at this point, maybe I should explain that manufacturers believe cramped quarters nowadays do not necessarily indicate a cramped bank balance) is a mahogany table, in a light or cordovan finish, that measures twenty-eight inches by forty-two when closed, and opens up to ten and a half feet. It will be available at Dunbar about the same time the cabinet will, at about the same price. Among other new Wormley designs is a graceful walnut sideboard-cabinet (\$661.50), which, with its excellently planned sections for silver, linen, glass, and so on, should bring order into the life of the most disorderly. This one can be seen right now at Dunbar, and ordered—through decorators, of course—but you'll have to wait two to three months for delivery. Mr. W. has also turned out what may at first sight seem to be a trivial piece of household gear, but it is one that I suspect is destined for a long and useful life—a set of three outsize, rectangular foam-rubber cushions, connected by heavy leather hinges. It can be arranged to form a floor seat, complete with a back, by propping up the middle cushion with the end one, thus allowing the person who is going to sit on the floor anyway to do so with comfort and decorum. It costs \$161.70, in muslin; delivery in three to five weeks.

**Y**OU won't catch a decorator as thoroughly committed to elegance as Arundell Clarke encouraging people to actually sit on the floor, but he came perilously close to it with an exhibit of two huge and perfectly triumphant armchairs, with seats only twelve inches off the floor. If these aren't the easiest easy chairs ever devised, they are unquestionably the most comfortable that ever came my way, and I shouldn't wonder if their

bigness and lowness and the general feeling of heroic relaxation they inspire set off some sort of trend in chair designing. They are to be seen, upholstered in black nylon, at the Clarke studios, 31½ East 65th Street, where you can also admire a long, very low coffee table, of black Canadian granite, that is one of the most impressive pieces you ever saw. The chairs cost \$900, in muslin, and the table is \$525, through decorators.

**Y**OU are probably familiar with the designs of most of the furniture by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings shown at the exhibition, since they have attracted a good deal of favorable attention during the past year. He has also turned out, however, an entirely new and entirely beautiful sorrel-colored walnut wardrobe, which was not in the show, and an extension table of the same wood, which was. They are, I think, among the best things he has done. The wardrobe, besides being handsome, meets an astonishing number of storage needs. It costs around \$590; the table is around \$270. Both pieces are to be had at Lord & Taylor and at Bloomingdale.

**I** SHOULD be at fault if, before passing on to other matters, I failed to mention a few pieces of furniture that, while they may be less spectacular than the exhibits I have discussed, are worth careful consideration. Among a number of serviceable and very pleasing minor items in the display got up by Finland House was a pale birch desk, with plenty of storage space, that, for practicality, good looks, and a reassuring price tag (\$65), simply couldn't make more sense, and some airy screens that are as pretty and as cleverly contrived as anything of the sort you are likely to find. The screens, which are sold by the panel (\$18 each), are made of woven rye straw framed in pale birch. The panels, as many as you want, are strung together with brass rings.

Still among the more sensible, if less inspiring, exhibits, there was a group of chaste coffee tables (\$40 to \$80) designed by Paul McCobb and consisting of light mahogany tops set on the narrowest possible black iron frames. They are available, through decorators, at the McCobb salesrooms, 201 East 57th Street, along with various other first-rate and reasonably priced pieces.

**S**INCE the enthusiasm of earnest householders has for the last decade been directed more and more toward



artistic illumination, it is not surprising that exhibitors at the Grand Central Palace responded nobly in the matter of electrical fixtures. Curiously, though, there were no special displays of concealed lighting. Just about the most dramatic lamp on view was a floor model made in Italy and shown by Lightolier. It suggests a slim tree with lights blossoming like flowers at irregular intervals up the trunk; it is not yet available at retail, but the Lightolier Company, 11 East 36th Street, expects to have it on the market before long. Two serviceable and quite original pinup lamps are, however, to be had right now at Lightolier, through decorators. One of these lamps (\$22.50), designed to fit in a corner of an apartment foyer, is made of spun glass and polished brass, and looks something like a Chemex coffee maker. The other (\$29.50) is an excellent reading light suspended from a sort of gibbet, made of brass tubing; the light, enclosed in a shallow plastic dome, can be raised or lowered about a foot, by means of a counterweight, and the brass arm swings left or right in its socket, a wedge-shaped block that screws to the wall. Some lovely blown-glass chandeliers, with glass arms sprouting from a fragile central sphere that is as light as a bubble, cost from \$92.50 to \$115.

Bonniers, which has made itself a happy reputation with its Swedish light fixtures, showed numerous hanging lamps that had gaiety and charm. These and others can now be inspected in the firm's salesrooms, at 605 Madison Avenue (58th). If I had to decide on the best in this collection, it might be a large, ribbed lantern, covered with fine white cotton and hung from the ceiling on half a dozen thick red cords; \$60. Or I might choose a small model that can be used both as a desk lamp and as a pinup; the brass ring that forms the base of the desk lamp is also the eye by which the wall lamp is hung. This one is \$22.50.

Finland House, whose examples of the work of Paavo Tynell constitute what is probably the finest group of lighting fixtures in the country, did not, for some reason or other, put its best foot foremost at the show, at least in the matter of hanging lamps and wall lights. For an idea of the magnificence of Tynell's things, you will have to visit the firm's showrooms, at 41 East 50th Street. The company's exhibit did, however, include some table and desk models that were as nice as you could ask for. One of the latter, an eighteen-inch stem of solid brass surmounted

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CHRISTMAS CARDS



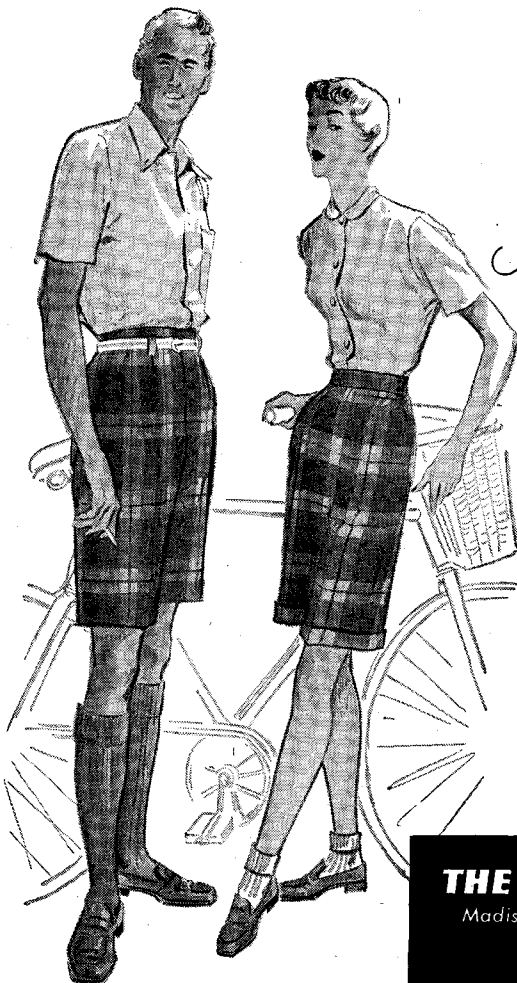
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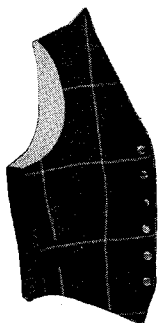
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Import Division, 6807-L Eastern Ave., Baltimore 24, Md.

by an opaque blown-glass shade that is held in place by an ornamental brass screw, has all the qualities a desk lamp should possess—grace, simplicity, and perfectly diffused illumination. It costs \$85.

Another pinup lamp, this one of considerable naïve charm, was displayed by the Plus Studio, of 713 Madison Avenue (63rd). The lamp was tapped by the Museum of Modern Art for its forthcoming Good Design Exhibition, and the choice is a happy one. The fixture is not much more than a Japanese lantern, stoutly made of rice paper, that dangles from a slender, curving brass arm, which can be turned in any direction. A floor lamp to be seen at the Plus salesrooms uses the same white paper lantern with great effect on top of a bamboo standard. The price of this is \$55; the pinup model is \$45.

**H**AVING provided, if not an accurate forecast of the coming year's trends in decoration, at least a confession of my own prejudices and predilections, I shall round out this report on the show by listing certain items that fall into no particular category but that it would be a pity to overlook. These include a new line of delightful hand-printed wallpapers, copied from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century papers by William J. Galligan, and sold, at from \$4.50 to \$10 a roll, by the decorating departments at Altman, Sloane, Bloomingdale, and so on; a very modern-looking version of the Franklin stove, designed by Carl Koch and sold, through decorators, for \$86 by Pascoe, 10 West 55th Street; a practical and colorful hand-woven nylon rug, which can be ordered, for \$3 a square foot, from America House, 32 East 52nd Street; and, from among the antique exhibits, where it was the gem of a French provincial setting, an exquisitely prim little Breton *lit clos*—one of those partially walled-in beds so dear to the region—which can be bought at the very superior establishment of Melanie Kahane, 40 East 49th Street, for \$875. —S. H.

### HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT [From the Moorestown (N.J.) Chronicle]

Mrs. Robert W. Frome, of Camden ave., recently entertained some 40 guests at the naming of her filly, "Beaucoup," daughter of "Merci." Mr. and Mrs. F. Wallis Armstrong, Jr., named the horse, placing a wreath around her neck at the appropriate time. The event, largely similar to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," was a very happy and festive occasion.



## DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

HYDE PARK, N.Y.,  
OCTOBER 6, 1950

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,  
DEAR SIRs:

SEVERAL months ago, in an essay published in your columns, I demonstrated that for a man to become a really distinguished and fashionable clergyman in New York City, it is necessary for him to have three names and to be known publicly by all three. As I pointed out at the time, the only exceptions to the rule—if, indeed, they are exceptions—are ecclesiastics with *four* names: men like the Rev. Dr. G. Paull T. Sargent, the Rt. Rev. Horace W. B. Donegan, and the Rt. Rev. J. I. Blair Larned. It seems that it is possible for a four-name man to make his way by using two names and two initials.

I had to admit, when I wrote, that my thesis was somewhat embarrassed by the fact that the occupant of the pulpit at Calvary Baptist, one of New York's most celebrated places of worship, was known to his congregation as the Rev. Mr. H. Clay Mitchell. I did not try to conceal the fact that the Rev. Mr. Mitchell inconvenienced my otherwise flawless argument, but I predicted that he would not do so for very long. "I imagine," I wrote, "that this [i.e., the Mitchell appointment] is strictly an interim arrangement. The elders are probably scouting around right now for something a little more substantial than 'H. Clay.' " It was impossible for me to believe that the Calvary Baptist tradition, established a generation ago by the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton and carried on until only a year ago by the Rev. Dr. William Ward Ayer, would lightly be discarded in times like these.

It now gives me great satisfaction to point out that the elders of Calvary Baptist did not let me down. Apparently they were as uneasy as I had supposed them to be with a two-name-and-one-initial man, and they have found, as I thought they would, a three-name replacement. They have, indeed, come up with a pastor who is the owner of the most triumphantly clerical name that I, a connoisseur of ecclesiastical names for many years, know of: the Rev. Dr. John Summerfield Wimbish. Consider it for just a moment—the Rev. Dr. John Summerfield Wimbish. It has rhythm, grace, elegance, and inevitability; could



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TO THE EXTREME PLEASURE of connoisseurs, California winegrowers are sending to market many wines of distinguished lineage—and distinctive individualism.

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**Zinfandel** is exclusively a California grape. When grown in the cooler, Northern regions, Zinfandel provides a wine of vivacious, fruity flavor and youthful zest. When cultivated in the warmer valleys, this delightful wine is somewhat heavier. You will likely pronounce it "excellent" for regular table use.

We winegrowers of California invite you to try these and other of our varietal wines. When you do, we believe you will thoroughly agree our "wines of California rank with the world's finest." Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.

In the white table wine group are other outstanding California varietal wines. Three suggestions are: **Semillon, Sauvignon Blanc** and **Sylvaner**.



The **Semillon** grapes like California's moderately warm districts and mature into dry and semi-sweet wines, rich in flavor and aromatic beauty.

The **Sauvignon Blanc**, grown here in sunny, sheltered valleys and gravelly soil, produces an altogether extraordinary wine. Rich, spicy and fragrant, it has the brightness of the sun in color and taste . . . proves itself a perfect companion to subtle-flavored main course dishes.

The **Sylvaner**, at home on coastal hillsides of frugal soil and moderate rainfall, becomes a sprightly dry wine of pinpoint balance and pleasing aftertaste.



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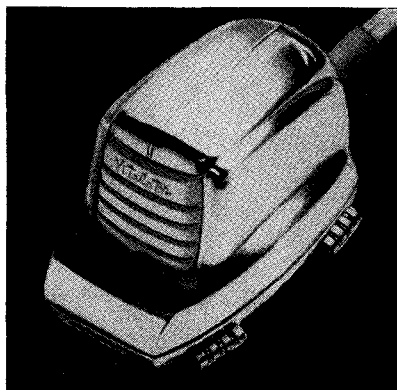
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a Wimbish be anything *but* a clergyman?

As for the "John Summerfield" part, it is excellent. Note how nicely plain "John," the prince of names, sets off the solid, reassuring elegance of "Summerfield." If the first name were, say, Roscoe, as in the Rev. Mr. Roscoe Thornton Foust, the "Roscoe" would draw attention away from the "Summerfield" and somehow depreciate the whole name. But the Rev. Dr. John Summerfield Wimbish is a flawless name.

All in all, it's a splendid appointment. I congratulate Calvary Baptist and wish its new pastor many long and fruitful years of service.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD HALWORTH ROVERE

## DEATH AND THE OLD MAN

Death became the old man,  
As sleep becomes the spent;  
For days all ways he travelled  
Death also went,

For days his every lying down  
Promised his last bed,  
And Peace was any pillow  
Where he put down his head.

Great age is like an old tree,  
Brittle, gorgeous, brief—  
The ravaged hollow trunk  
Barely holding life,

But all the limbs asylum  
For the gentle birds,  
Though limbs be brown as dust is,  
Though they be dry as cards.

The felling of that old man  
Was no vast hewing down—  
One day the leaves had fallen  
And the birds had flown.

—VIRGINIA ESTERLY DUNBAR

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# A REPORTER IN BED

## BELLEVUE DAYS

ONE afternoon recently, after visiting friends on Gramercy Park, I took a cab to East Seventy-second Street, where I live, and the driver chose to go up First Avenue. We were halted by a light at Twenty-seventh Street, in front of Bellevue Hospital. While we waited, both the driver and I looked at the big, dull buildings and the many yards, and watched the flow of people through the gates.

"Good old Bellevue!" I said.

"My wife's brother was in there once," the driver said before the light changed and we started on our way again. "He had what they call a sacroiliac, a very painful thing in the back. It must be a tough spot to be in, that Bellevue."

"I was in there once, too," I said.

"No kidding?" the driver asked.

"No kidding," I said. "And you're right. It is kind of tough in there sometimes. But just the same, I've got a soft spot in my heart for old Bellevue."

"What was it—accident or something?" the driver asked.

"No," I said. "Heart attack. But I'm practically O.K. now. That was a couple of years ago."

"You got to take it easy if you've had one of those," he said.

"They made me take it easy in Bellevue," I said. "And I want to tell you I met some fine people in there and they all certainly treated me first-rate."

"Now, that's a funny thing," said the driver. "My wife's brother said almost the same words many a time. Said he met some fine people in there, and the treatment he got from everybody was real good. Almost the same words you said."

When I reached home that afternoon, I found that my wife was still out shopping, so I made myself a cup of tea and sat down to rest for a while, as I often do these days. I had to laugh at myself a little for having said "Good old Bellevue!" to a stranger. Yet that is the way I feel whenever I chance to pass the place—almost as if it were a school I had at-

tended as a youth and could not let slip lightly from my mind. Indeed, it is almost that way—like an alma mater.

A couple of years ago, in the middle of May, our flat was being painted (for the first time in three years), and the place was a mess. My wife thought it would be a good opportunity for her to visit her mother, in Rhode Island. As for me, I had some work to do in town, and I also liked to go to the races at Belmont in the afternoon, if I got through my work in time. So she went to the country, and I moved into a room in a hotel on East Fortieth Street, near Lexington.

The evening of May 22nd (I remember the date well, because it has been on so many records since then), I had dinner alone in a restaurant—a steak and au-gratin potatoes, and a drink before dinner and a bottle of beer with it. After dinner, it then being about ten o'clock, I bought the *Daily Racing Form* at Forty-second Street and Third Avenue from a blind man and walked to the hotel. Before I went up to my room on the fourth floor, I stopped at the desk to get my key and have a chat with Louis Schwartz, the night clerk, who was on duty early. He and I had struck up a friendship based on the fact that we were both horseplayers. He had

noticed me coming in nightly with the *Form* under my arm, and one word had led to another until we discovered that we were "watching" the same horse, as horseplayers say. That is, we were looking every day for a particular horse's name in the entries, and sometimes bet on him when he ran. The name of the horse we both happened to have singled out was Deep Texas. He was a pretty good sort of horse. He never got famous, but it is safe to say that thousands of horseplayers throughout the country were at that time watching Deep Texas. He won a few times, too.

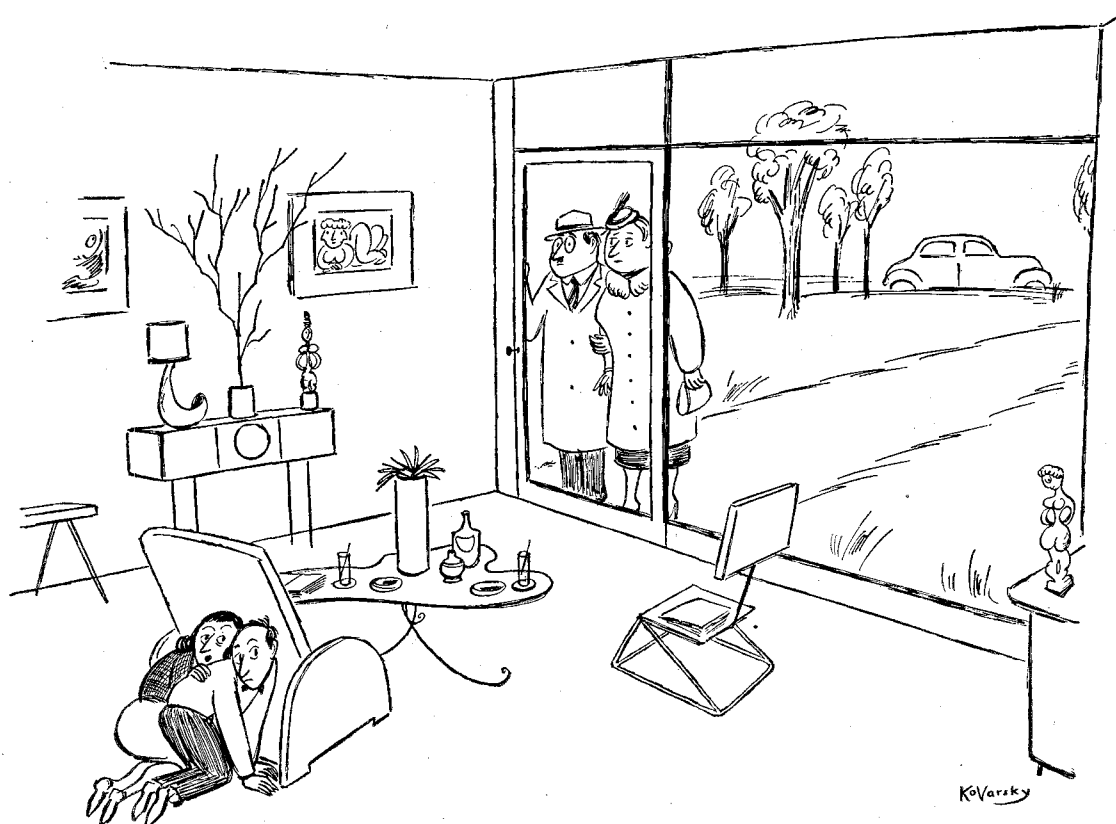
"Our horse isn't going tomorrow," Louis said as he gave me my room key.

"No, I already looked," I said. "Well, I'll give you a ring if I see anything else. I'm going upstairs and look them over."

"Good night," Louis said. "Ring me down here if you see anything you like for tomorrow. I drop four bucks today."

"Tomorrow's another day," I said, using a practically compulsory rejoinder among horseplayers.

No matter how much a man likes his own home, a week by himself in a hotel room can be pretty good every year or so. I found it pleasant that night. To come into the small but comfortable room, nicely tidied up after I had left it in disarray, was pleasing, and the room's very smallness made things handy and





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matters manageable. Everything going fine, I thought as I opened the window, fixed the bed light at the proper angle, and got into bed with the *Form*. For a moment, I considered spending seventy-five cents on a call to my wife in Rhode Island, but then I decided that I didn't have seventy-five cents' worth of anything to say to her, except to tell her I was comfortable and ask if she was the same. I dismissed the notion and looked over nearly all the entries for the next day's racing. It seemed to be a most ordinary day, and there was no horse I had any great conviction about, so I let the *Form* drop to the floor, turned out the light, and went to sleep in two shakes of a lamb's tail. Didn't even have to count the shakes.

I awoke about six the next morning, too early to have coffee sent up, so I figured I'd get shaved and dressed and go over to the Shack at Forty-first and Lexington for some coffee, and read the papers there. I changed from pajamas into underwear and started to shave. In the middle of that job, a pain came into the center of my chest. It was not a startling pain, not a dreadful one at all, just such a pain as anyone might have, but I thought I might lie down for a few minutes. Some little passing jiggeroo of the system, I told myself. After a while, when it didn't go away, I thought I might call Louis downstairs, for comfort and reassurance if for nothing else. I was glad that I knew Louis, and that he was not just any old hotel clerk. I wouldn't have wanted to call any old hotel clerk if this mishap turned out to be nothing at all, but with my horseplaying friend it would be all right to call anyway. I picked up the phone and waited until Louis answered. He handled the switchboard as well as the desk at that hour.

"Louis," I said, "I didn't see anything good in the entries, so I didn't call last night. But listen, Louis, I think I'm getting sick."

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know, but could you come up? I'm not kidding. I'm feeling sick," I said.

"You sound scared," he said. "Don't get scared. It'll only take me a couple of minutes. I'll put the elevator guy on the desk here and run the car myself. I'll be right up."

That smart Louis must have had a key with him, because he let himself in without making me go to the door. I said hello to him, and he said, "Geez, you don't look good. I think you better be quiet. There's a doctor lives upstairs. I'll run up and get him. Take it easy,

now. I'll be right back." He was back in a very short time, but in that interval I was thinking I might be making a hullabaloo over nothing. The doctor who came in with Louis was a jaunty fellow, wearing an undershirt, pants, and slippers. Because he was jaunty, I grinned rather foolishly at him, and started to sit up in bed. "Lie down," he said. "Lie still. What's the trouble?" He took my pulse and listened to my chest. He had no stethoscope—just put his head down and listened to my heartbeat. "Keep as quiet as you can," he said to me, and then spoke to Louis. "Call the cops," he said to him. "Don't try to get him into any fancy hospital. Tell the cops to get an ambulance here from Bellevue right away."

Louis went out, and again I grinned foolishly at the doctor. He didn't grin back; he was very calm and on-the-level-looking. "You're having a heart attack," he said. "Don't move around at all." He took a vial from his pants pocket, shook out two pills, and gave them to me, telling me to swallow them. "I'll get you some water," he said. "Lie still. They'll be here and take care of you. Don't get frightened, old boy."

Not much later, a white-coated interne and two young cops and two fellows carrying a stretcher came in with Louis. The doctor talked with the interne in the bathroom, and one of the young cops said to me, most sympathetically, "Take it easy, Mac." (He didn't know "Mac" was my nickname; he probably called everyone that.)

"You fellows take it easy," I said. "I'm going to be all right."

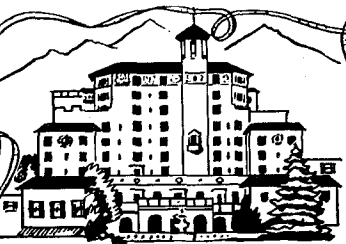
"Sure, Mac," the cop said.

"Here's your pants and shirt," Louis said to me. "Let me help you slip them on real easy. I got your topcoat and your other things."

The interne told me to slide over onto the stretcher, and I did. Before I had got used to the feeling of being carried, I was being lifted gently and skillfully into the ambulance. The siren began to whine, and the ambulance swung around the corner of Lexington and headed south.

Although I was lying down in the ambulance and unable to see out, I could sense pleasurably that it was a fresh, bright morning. My apprehension of a few minutes before was inexplicably gone—perhaps only momentarily, but gone. I kept thinking how many times I had heard ambulances sounding in the streets of New York and had paid small attention. This time, it was me who was in the ambulance, with its siren whining away at seven o'clock of a May





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morning. This time, I was the one, out of eight million people, who had suddenly been taken sick. A night clerk, a casual doctor (whose name I still don't know), two young cops, an interne, and a couple of ambulance men were all pitching in to help the sick man. They didn't know who he was, had never seen him before, didn't give a damn, particularly, but they were pitching in anyway. Man alive, but this is a great town, I was thinking as the ambulance slowed down, went through some gates, and stopped at an entrance. The two ambulance attendants lifted me out on the stretcher and carried me into Bellevue. I had heard and read about Bellevue all my life, but I had never been in there before.

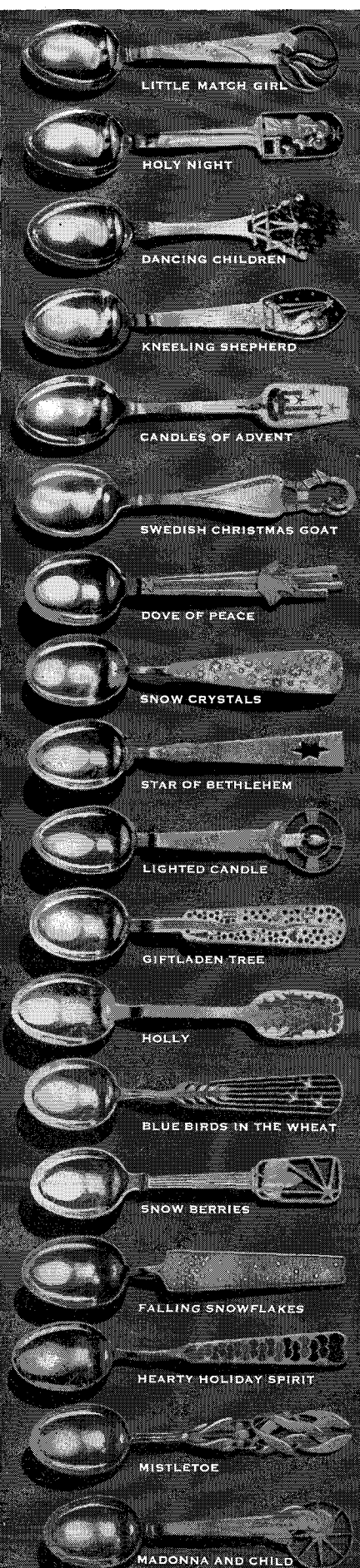
INSIDE the hospital, my anxiety returned. It seemed to me, lying on one of those wheeled tables, that they were asking a vast number of questions before doing anything. Name and address, of course, and age, and previous illnesses, of which there had been practically none. Dozens of other statistics, too. I answered as best I could, and then an attendant rolled me into an elevator and took me up to a ward on the second floor. The ward, I heard him say to the elevator operator, was B-1. When we got there, he wheeled me between the long rows of beds, so close together, and when we reached the bed I was to occupy, down near the end, I started to rise, to climb into bed.

"Hey!" the attendant shouted at me with authority. "Don't you move an inch." A big, strong fellow, he lifted me into the bed in an instant.

"What time is it?" I asked him.

"The time doesn't make any difference, pal," he said. "It's twenty-five past seven." That's really pretty good, I thought. Only about an hour since this hit me, and here I am in bed in Bellevue already. Two nurses were by my bed, fussing with the pillows and sheets and helping me into pajamas. While they were working, I had time to notice men in bathrobes, walking patients, strolling by. Each one looked intently at me for an instant, studying the new man just brought in, the new member of the ward. They didn't stop; they merely looked, in a studious way, and then walked on and stood, with great idleness, looking out the big, arched window at the end of the ward, through which I could see the East River. Tugboats were coming prettily down the river, I remember.

Soon, two doctors, both young, were with me, doing things with stethoscopes



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and, in a kindly but swift manner, asking questions. Dozens of times, from the doctors and the nurses, and even once from a passing bathrobed man, I heard the great admonition of our town, "Take it easy, now." The doctors gave me some medicine, the nurses put up a screen around my bed, and I settled back on the pillow, taking it easy between trying to get squints at the East River, and then I fell asleep.

**T**HE great joke among us men in Ward B-1, for all the time I was there, was to call the place the Vitamin Ward, on account of B-1's being a famous vitamin. It was a simple joke, but we all liked it, no matter how many times it was pulled. The Vitamin Ward contained mostly heart cases and pulmonary cases, but there were a few strays of other kinds. The capacity of the ward was thirty-four, and a bed was seldom empty for more than a few hours.

The first fellow I became acquainted with was my next-door neighbor, a big man—Princeton 1911, it turned out—who looked like an American version of the traditional British sergeant major. He had a whopper of a mustache, and walked around in his pajamas and bathrobe as if he were about to shake up the troops for regimental inspection. Also on the roster of our ward was Alfred the Armenian, a horseplayer on the outside, like me, who was permanently distressed because he had been saving up betting money all winter and then had wound up in Bellevue on the very day in April when the New York racing season opened at Jamaica. And there was Olsen, a thirty-five-year-old baseball fan who seemed unable to keep from getting pneumonia; he'd been in and out of Bellevue for four or five years, pneumonia having caught him five times in that period. And several others, as the days passed, changed in my mind from units in a parade of washed-out bathrobes and pajamas into individuals I knew.

Those bathrobes at Bellevue are honeys. They're curiously pinkish or purplish gray, and they've been washed a thousand times, as have the pajamas. Nearly everyone lying in bed and looking at them go by, with people in them, has the commonplace thought that if the president of U. S. Steel and a scratch bum from a doorway were dressed in that Bellevue rig, it would be all even between them. Great levelers, those bathrobes. Most of the time, as I said, there were thirty-four of us in Ward B-1. Not all of us were stony

broke, but some were. Most were. That didn't make a particle of difference. All thirty-four of us were on the sidelines of the city for as long as we were in B-1. Before we got there and after we were out again, we had done and would again do different things to get by. One of us would be a dishwasher once more, as Alfred the Armenian had been. Another would push a hack around Brooklyn, the way Milton, who was three beds up from me, had done. No matter what it was we had done or would do for a living, for the time it was all equal among us. Whatever was going on outside the windows, in the city, we had no part of it. We didn't even have any part in the affairs of our families, if we had any. Some didn't have any. Perhaps that sounds dismal, but it wasn't. There was a kind of serenity to it.

**A** MAN died in the bed next to me one night, and I think that to him it was like going through a door he didn't want to go through. He came in during the afternoon, and after the doctor talked to him and those who had brought him, I heard him talking to the nurse. "He's too late," the doctor said. The new man was gaunt and sepulchral-looking. Later in the afternoon, his folks came in to see him. They sat, a woman and a young girl, whom I presumed to be his wife and daughter, on straight-backed chairs in the narrow space between our beds. When families visit in Bellevue, they often have nothing to say. They sit in that space between the beds, and maybe once in a while the wife of the sick man touches his arm or strokes it, but stops quickly because she is ashamed, it being so public a place. They speak a few words and then sit silent, and the sons and daughters usually look at the other people more than they look at their father. There seems to be nothing the family can say, except to answer the sick man, who generally asks only the simplest questions, like "How's Willie?"

The gaunt man's folks left about six o'clock, and after that he lay in bed staring around a lot but not saying anything. Then, before the night came down and the dimmed ward lights went on, he began to talk. I couldn't understand the words, but I could see his eyes, and they were looking at me, because I was the nearest person to him. Later—it must have been two or three o'clock—he began to talk up.

"Hey!" someone in the semidarkness down the ward shouted. "Shut up! We got to sleep. Shut up, pal!" The man didn't hear him, I guess. If



he did, he kept on talking anyway. There was enough light for me to see him. He stretched out a bony arm toward me and said, "Hold me, hold me, somebody! I die!" He wanted somebody to take his hand and keep him this side of the door. "Hold me, hold me, somebody! I die!" he hollered, loud this time, and he tried to get up. "Shut up!" another voice down the ward said.

"Listen," I said to him. "Nobody who can yell as loud as you is going to die."

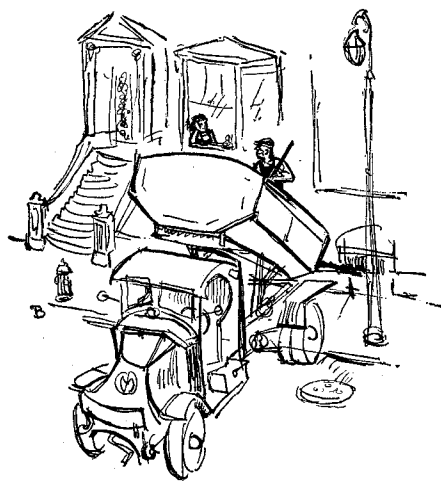
"Hold me, somebody," he said persistently, and now he had stopped hollering.

The nurse came and put a screen around him. He died. In the morning, the bed was empty. We had all gone back to sleep, despite the scurrying around the bed.

MATTIE was a Negro woman attendant, fat and jolly. Not too fat, not too jolly. The day would hardly have come up over the river before Mattie would be in to tidy up. First the dawn, then Mattie, both sure and certain. As she came in every morning, she would look over the ward to see that all her boys were still there.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she would ask you. "Look the way you got your bed all rumped up. Push over, I'll fix it." And Mattie would fix the bed, straighten it out, make you feel somebody was taking care of you.

There was the time Olsen went away. He was the pneumonia man—always getting pneumonia, and then, afterward, he would have what the doctors call sequelae. That means what follows a disease. (A person picks up bits and pieces of medical knowledge while in Bellevue, mostly incorrect ones.) To take care of one of Olsen's sequelae, they were going to perform an operation. He had a good chance of getting out of the hospital for a little



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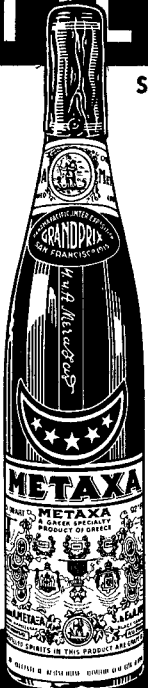
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while before the operation if he played his cards right. There was a ball game in Brooklyn the night before his operation, and, sure enough, he was able to talk the doctors into giving him a pass to go out for the evening. "I'll be back by twelve o'clock, so tell the man at the gate to let me in," he said to them. Before he left, Olsen came around to see me and told me that, according to the afternoon papers, Ralph Branca was going to pitch. The Brooks had a chance, a pretty good chance, he said. I noticed that he always called them the Brooks, and not the Bums or the Dodgers or any other name by which they are referred to on the sports pages.

It was quite a thing for all of us, Olsen's going to the night game over in Brooklyn. First, he had to sign a paper to get his clothes back. They were all mussed when he got them. In Bellevue, they take a patient's clothes away when he comes in, and ordinarily they steam them to get rid of the lice, if any. But, even so, Olsen looked pretty good in his clothes—better than in his bathrobe. I don't know where he got the ticket to the night game, but out he went. "So long, boys!" he yelled down the ward as he gave his hat a tap. "I think Branca will pin their ears back. See you in the morning."

He wasn't there in the morning. He had overstayed his leave. He was A.W.O.L. Mattie made Olsen's bed up—hopefully, I thought. Two days passed, and Olsen was still not back. His bed was still waiting empty, though; maybe Mattie knew a way to save it for him. On the third morning, Mattie came in, glanced around, gave a tug to the cover on Olsen's bed, and walked through the ward to the big, arched window at my end. It was a foggy morning, and the air was nearly rain. The dampness in the streets almost got into the ward. Mattie looked out at the river and the fog. "Man, oh, man, this will wash him in," she said. "He can't take this, the lungs he got. This will wash him right back in here." Then she went and gave a couple more tugs to Olsen's bed. Olsen never came back, at least not while I was there. We talked about him. Most of us figured he must have got to drinking after the game. Branca won it.

ONE day, in the middle of a bright afternoon, I looked up and Alfred the Armenian was standing by my bed. He said, "My name isn't Alfred. You got a schooling, I think. Well, my name is Mesrob. Alfred is easier, but

my name is Mesrob. Do you know who Mesrob was?"

I told him I didn't know who Mesrob was.

"He was a hell of an Armenian," Alfred said. "Do you think that is much to be, a hell of an Armenian?"

"No," I said.

"Well, I think it is," said Alfred. "Do you know what Mesrob did?"

"Can't say as I do," I told him.

"He invented the alphabet, that's what he did," Alfred said.

"No kidding?" I said.

"Made up the whole alphabet," Alfred said. "He was a hell of an Armenian."

Alfred left my bed and went back to his own, across the ward and two down.

My wife came in to visit a few minutes afterward. She brought some cookies. While we were talking, I looked over and saw that Alfred was sitting in the straight-backed chair placed alongside his bed for the visitors who never came to see him. He had his hands folded on the bed, and his head was on his hands. "I think Alfred is crying," I said to my wife.

"Oh," she said. "I'll give him some cookies." She went over and nudged Alfred and gave him some cookies. I was right. He *was* crying.

He said thanks, ate a cookie, then strode over to me. Right in front of my wife, he said, "She thinks I'm a baby. She gave me some cookies to stop me crying."

"She's nuts," I said.

Alfred lit a cigarette and wandered off.

THE friends who come to visit a man when he is in a hospital like Bellevue are, forever afterward, a special group in the man's mind. Even years later, whenever the man runs into one of them, he will identify him with a sudden, swift, unspoken thought: He came to see me at Bellevue. It isn't altogether easy or pleasant to go visiting in Bellevue. It's such a big, sprawling place that getting from the gate to a certain bedside is a task in itself. For us in the beds, our ward became the whole hospital as the weeks passed, for we were hardly aware of the existence of the scores of other wards surrounding us, but to the visitor Bellevue is vast, tortuous, and baffling. Then, too, as the visitor makes his way through the place in crowded times like the pneumonia season, he is apt to come upon whole corridors lined with beds upon which lie men who are gravely ill, and it sinks the visitor's heart. However con-



tented we members of B-1 effortlessly were, our visitors always seemed depressed. After they had left, we often agreed that it had been quite a job cheering them up.

APPARENTLY, there is not a great deal for medical men to do about a bad heart—or, to give it the name the cardiologists of the Vitamin Ward always used, “a bum ticker.” The basic idea seems to be to keep the patient in bed and quiet. That is not to say that care was lacking in Ward B-1. Sometimes we used to think there was too much of it. It was not uncommon to be gone over by seven or eight groups of doctors in one day. That came about not wholly because of solicitude for the patients; it was largely because Bellevue is a teaching hospital as well as a healing hospital. The medical students of Columbia, Cornell, and N.Y.U. gain practical knowledge to supplement their classroom work by going through the wards with their teachers, who are older men, of medical eminence. Thus, each ward is regarded as a special province of Cornell, N.Y.U., or Columbia. Ward B-1 is a Cornell ward. At various times of the day, we bed patients, always looking up and down the ward to watch the goings on of our world, would see a group of white-coated men gather around the nurses’ desk, near the door. “Here comes the two-o’clock show,” the Princeton 1911 man would say to me. Or perhaps it would be the four-o’clock show or the supper show. He knew, as we all knew, that the white-coated group consisted of a professor of medicine (who was a practicing notable as well) and his students, and that they were about to come down the ward, stopping here and there to go over some of us.

To be sure, the medical lore a patient picks up in Bellevue is about comparable to the military law a soldier masters while he’s a prisoner in the guardhouse—fragmentary, sometimes distorted, and often downright incorrect, yet intensely interesting to the soldier or the patient, since it concerns him pretty directly. Often enough, I was the subject of the teacher’s brief talks and demonstrations. A teacher I remember is Dr. Cary Eggleston, who is one of the big cardiologists of the country. Once, as he and the students stood around my bed, he picked up one of my hands, turned it palm upward, and showed it to his pupils. “Liver palm,” he said. That didn’t sound any too complimentary, but I understood, as did the rest of us, that whatever was

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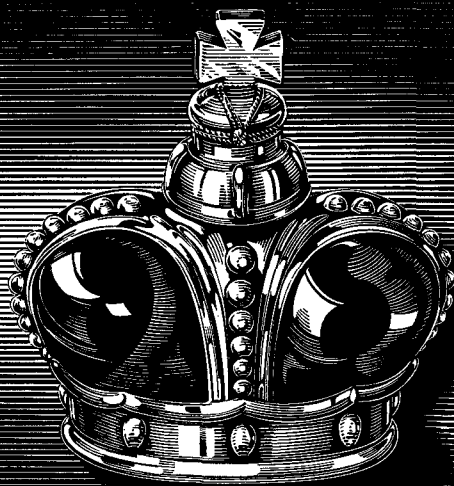
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said in those sessions was really none of our business. We were eavesdropping, in a way.

Some medicine was administered during the day's routine, of course, and what I heard about one particular drug caught my fancy. As a rule, neither nurses nor doctors, nor anyone else, will let a patient know much about the medicine he's getting, but sometimes they can be importuned into telling. A young technician, not a doctor, came in every day for a week or so and gave me capsules. Sometimes he would give me one, another time he would give me four, and a third time two. The range went all the way from one to six. "Just what the hell are those capsules?" I asked him one day. He must have been feeling talky, because he told me. "It's an experimental thing," he said. "But don't let that alarm you. There's no danger."

"That's all right," I said.

"You know, don't you, that what caused your trouble was a clot?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"The stuff in the capsules is called dicumarol," he said. "It's not exactly new, but they don't know as much about it as they would like to. They hope it will serve to keep blood from clotting. You notice we take a blood test every day?"

"Certainly I notice," I said.

"That daily test is to show us what the previous day's capsule or capsules of dicumarol have done to your blood," he said. "But the bigger idea is to use you as a means of adding just one small thing more to the store of knowledge about hearts."

"I get it," I said.

"Want to know how they came on this drug?" he asked. He seemed to be a fellow of a nosy turn of mind, as I would say befits a fellow in a scientific field.

"How?" I asked.

"On certain farms, an unusual number of cows were losing their calves," he said. "That is, losing them before they were born. They looked into that and found these cows were eating a certain kind of weed that thinned out their blood so much that it caused them to lose their calves. From that weed they extracted the agent that was causing the trouble, and that's dicumarol. Properly controlled, it could possibly stop blood from clotting dangerously. And that's what we're trying to learn from you guys, if you don't mind."

"Don't mind a bit," I said.

In time, I stopped getting those cap-

sules, for reasons best known to the doctors. I didn't see the young technician for more than a week. Then, one day, I spied him across the ward, giving medicine to another bum-ticker man.

"Hey!" I hollered at him.

"Oh, hello there," he said, and when he was through with the other man, he came over to my bed. "How're you doing?" he asked.

"All right, they say," I replied. "What did you learn from me about dicumarol?"

"Not a goddam thing," he said, and walked away.

WE had one Bowery bum in Ward B-1. His name was Dooley, and he didn't weigh more than a hundred, give or take a pound. He was a panhandler on the outside. He made no bones about it. He was around sixty-five, and that is the way he had wound up, panhandling. He had terrible arthritis in his legs, and the treatment he was getting required his legs to be in casts. He was in casts from the soles of his feet up to his thighs. Dooley was one of the fellows who didn't have any visitors. He shared other people's visitors. After your visitors had left, Dooley would ask, in a nice way, who they were. Conversation between Dooley and me had to be hollered, because we were so far apart in the ward.

"Hey, Mac!" Dooley hollered to me one morning. "Did I ever tell you how embarrassed I got once?"

"No," I hollered back.

"It was a time I twist my ankle," he said. "Come to think of it, I twist both of them, and I was drunk into the bargain. And on top of that it was the pneumonia season, and they were all jammed up in here. In the corridors, everywhere. They take me in, but they have to throw me out in two days. Give me crutches, though. Brand-new crutches. I never had crutches before. Geez, it was icy outside. I had a hell of a time working the crutches. I start down First Avenue toward the Bowery, and up comes an old man and give me something. I wasn't used to handling crutches and taking money at the same time. So I just hang on to what he give me with my right hand and say thanks and go along. 'I got dough,' I say to myself, 'I guess I'll go to the movies.' Well, do you know what happens, Mac?"

"No," I said.

"I get to that movie house—you know the one, on the west side of the street?"

"I know where you mean," I said.

"I walk up on the crutches to the



window where the lady sells the tickets, and I unclutch my hand, and, geez, what I have is a penny," Dooley said. "I been thinking all the time the old man give me a dime, and in those days you could get in the movies for a dime. My God, was I embarrassed! I didn't know what to do, so I say 'Excuse me' to the lady and go on down the avenue."

**I**N Ward B-1 we did considerable grousing about the food, like soldiers. The food at Bellevue is skimpy, but it will keep body and soul together, and, as one of the young doctors explained it to me, the primary idea at the hospital is to mend the body and patch it up, and that is more a question of medicine and instruments and apparatus than of food, and when we patients chewed the matter over (in lieu of something better to chew), we tended to agree with him.

One thing there always seemed to be plenty of, though, was eggs. Breakfast for us bed patients usually consisted of a small bowl of porridge, fairly thin; two eggs, usually hard-boiled; a slice or two of bread; and some coffee, kind of weak. The eggs were in comparative abundance for a good reason. Prisoners on penal farms are kept busy raising hens, among other things, and the eggs that derive from the prisoners' forced industry go to public institutions like Bellevue. We all used to squirrel away a few eggs. Each patient had, in the narrow space between his bed and the next fellow's, a metal table with several shelves. For the time a man is in there, his worldly possessions are restricted to what the small space of those shelves can hold: a towel, some soap, toilet articles, a book, maybe a letter or two, and, thanks to amiable thievery, a couple of eggs, against emergency. The hospital doesn't hand out eggs to be hoarded; they are acquired by that amiable thievery which is prevalent in Bellevue. At least, it was in Ward B-1.

When the food comes up to the ward, on rolling steam tables, the walking patients have to help hand it out, because



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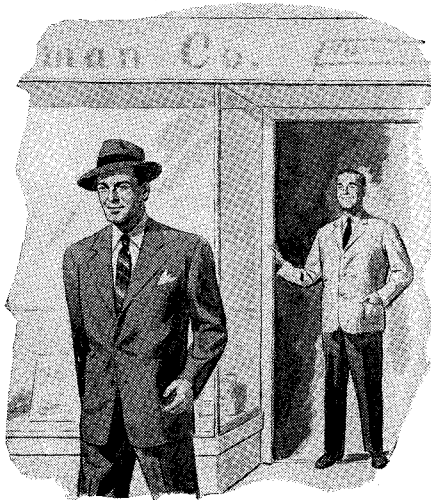
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the nurses have too much else to do. Well, shortly after breakfast was over, Milton, the Brooklyn cabdriver (or some other walking patient), would come strolling along, an uncommon look of innocence on his face. He'd saunter up to the bedside and engage in the most immaculate small talk. Then, out of one corner of his mouth, in the manner of a prisoner talking to a fellow-convict in a jail yard, he'd say, "Could you use an egg, Mac?"

"Certainly could, pal," I'd say, also corner-of-the-mouth. And in a jiffy Milton would dexterously slip a couple of hard-boiled eggs into the folds of my towel, on a shelf of my bedside table. A minute or two later, I'd see him doing the same thing for Dooley, down the way. Milton could hide more eggs more effectively than Fred Keating. It was a good feeling, I learned soon, to have a few eggs in reserve in Ward B-1.

Lucky lads, like myself, sometimes got help on the food problem from the outside. There was the matter of the steak. After a few weeks of Bellevue fare, a man actually dreams of steak, which is one item he doesn't get there. One day, when a friend of mine came to visit, I mentioned the steak mirages we all had. My friend keeps a saloon in the Forties, where I had assailed many a sirloin. "Don't eat any supper tomorrow," he said. "I'm coming in."

About six o'clock the next afternoon, I looked down the ward, as I had been doing every minute or two since I had passed up supper at five o'clock, and I saw my friend heading toward me in a great rush. He was carrying something ponderous, wrapped in towels and napkins. He practically ran up to my bedside, and sweat was glistening on his face and his eyes were popping. He put his burden on the bed, hastily unwrapped it, and there was a steaming steak as big as a banjo, with onions and French-fries beautifully girdling it on a platter. "Wade into this!" he said, and he whisked a sharp knife and a fork, wrapped in a napkin, out of his pocket. The smell of steak got into the air, and right away almost everybody in the ward was staring at my bed. "Man alive!" I said. "This is too much for me."

It really was, so I hailed Princeton 1911 and Milton to join me in the steak, and got the nurse to cut off a couple of chunks and take them over to the encased Dooley. It was marvellous eating, we all agreed. "How in the world did you get that steak here piping hot and everything?" I asked my friend as I

*Sunday Night!*

OCTOBER 15

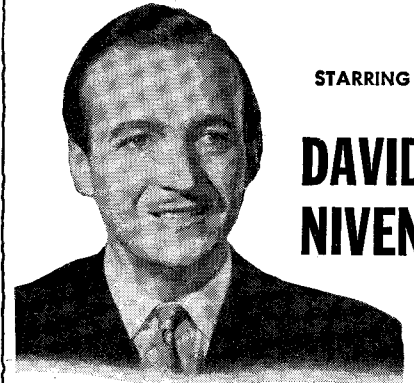
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settled back luxuriously against the pillow.

He laughed. "Well, I guess I might get in bad if anyone found out," he said. "And maybe a cop would get the sack. But you got to maneuver things in this town; you got to get guys to rally around when somebody's in a jam."

"Explain yourself," I said to him. "I don't know what you're talking about."

He grinned at the sight of Princeton 1911, Milton, Dooley, and me all so well fed, and said, "There's a motorcycle cop comes into the store [the saloon is always "the store" with my friend] for a little slug now and then. Especially on cold days, when it is bitter on one of those motorcycles. He has one slug and lets it go at that. Good cop, not a scrounger. Well, when you told me a steak would come in handy, I wondered at first how the hell I could get it all those twenty blocks and more and still have it hot for you. Then it came to me. I explained the situation to the motorcycle cop, and he said, 'This is official business on behalf of a bona-fide taxpayer of the City of New York.' That's what he said. He told me have the steak ready at quarter of six on the dot. And at twenty to six he came in and asked where's the steak? It was ready in five minutes, and the cop said for me to wrap it up well and come on. He had a taxi waiting right outside the door, and what does he do, after I get into the cab with the steak, but jump on his motorcycle and speed off ahead of the cab. In two seconds we were roaring down the street, with the siren howling. We went through lights fifty miles an hour, like nobody's business, and I bet it didn't take us four minutes to get down here. Regular motorcycle escort. The cop beat it as soon as the cab got to the gate. He told me not to say anything about what he did. But what the hell! How *was* the steak, anyway?"

"It was goddam good," I said.

"I'll say it was goddam good," said Princeton 1911.

"Me, too!" Dooley hollered over.

"You can say that again," said Milton.

ONE bird of passage blew into Ward B-1. He came in during the night, while we were all asleep, and he was put in Olsen's bed, because this was after Olsen had gone A.W.O.L. "Bird" is not the right word for him. The poor man looked just like a marmoset, his face was so small and he was so frail. He had the same kind of darting, shoe-button eyes as a marmoset, and he

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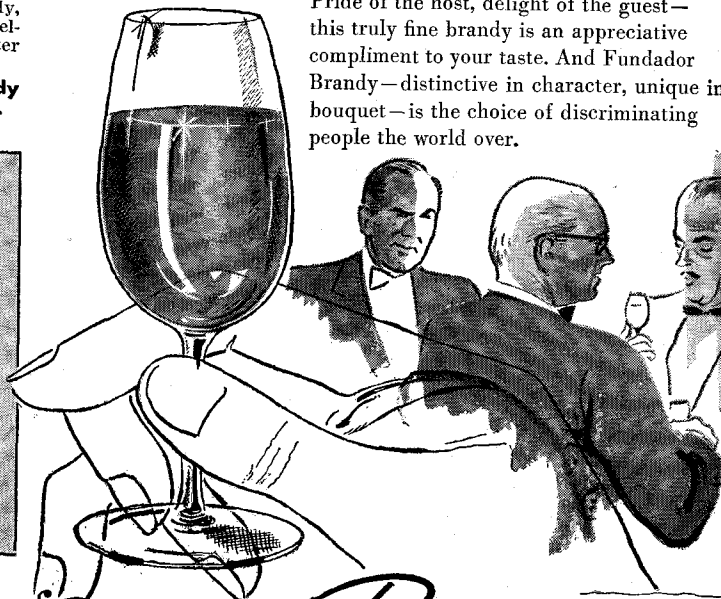
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also had the same evident desire to ingratiate himself.

When we looked at this newcomer next morning, the first thing we saw was a pip of a shiner. His right eye was in a setting of black and purple and magenta, which made the eye itself look all the brighter. His right forearm was in a splint. Ordinarily, injured men didn't get into B-1, but this fellow was only an overnight guest, so to speak, and Olsen's bed happened to be empty.

Alfred the Armenian halted at his bed and asked him what was the matter. "Something must have happened to me," the little man said. "I got a kind of a black eye and what they call a fractured noola." One half of this announcement—the black-eye part—was an enormously unnecessary statement, and the other half was mystifying. It was some time before we figured it out. The marmoset man had evidently peeked at the description of his injuries that the doctors had written down on his record, and he had got a little balled up in his anatomical terms. He had a fracture of the ulna, and the word must have looked to him, through his black eye, like "nula." They took him out after lunch, and we all promptly forgot about him, except to ask once in a while during an idle moment, "I wonder whatever became of the noola man?"

**E**VENING and the early morning were the best times in Ward B-1. The food in Bellevue is scanty, as I said, so the snack that came around on a rolling table at eight-fifteen in the evening was a big event. Before Olsen went to the night game and never came back, he was the one who pushed the table around. About seven-thirty, we would begin thinking, and often talking, about the snack.

"I hope they have cocoa tonight," Dooley would say.

"I think they *will* have cocoa," Milton might reply. "They had grapefruit juice now two nights hand running. I think it will be cocoa."

The snack that Olsen wheeled around usually consisted of a couple of slices of bread apiece and something to drink—sometimes it was grapefruit juice, occasionally milk, if some was left over from supper, and on big nights it was cocoa. I would watch Olsen make his way along the ward to my bed, and all the while my appetite would grow. Finally, the table would be in front of me, and Olsen would say, "Care for a little bite to eat, Mac?"

"Certainly would," I would say.

"How about you, old pal?" Olsen

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would ask Princeton 1911, in the bed on my right.

"Don't mind if I do," he would say. And in a minute we would all be having our slices of bread and our drink, and talking bed to bed. "What a bunch of chumps up there at the Racquet Club!" the Princeton man said to me one night. "They think they're living high. Chumps. That's what they are, eh, Mac?"

"What could be better than this?" I said.

"Isn't that river pretty?" he asked, waving a chunk of bread at the arched window. "Look at all those lights." A tug was coming down in the dark, with red and green running lights showing, and above her, a string of white lights that betokened to oncoming vessels how big a tow she had behind her.

"Handsome little river," I said. The snack was good, and we were all happy for a while.

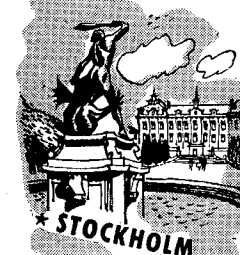
**H**EART cases usually stay in the hospital from six to eight weeks. When my day to leave came around, I found I was to go out as I had come in—on a stretcher. But the stretcher was now a precaution rather than a necessity. A nurse brought my clothes, to be taken, but not worn, home. Right away, I noticed that they were unwrinkled and didn't have that mussed look that Olsen's had had. "How come my clothes aren't all rumbled up like Olsen's?" I asked her.

"I guess the attendant noticed that you were brought in from a good hotel and figured he wouldn't bother to delouse them," she said.

"Caste system?" I asked. "Is that creeping in here?"

"No," the nurse said. "The man was merely saving wear and tear on the delousing machine, that's all."

My wife took charge of getting my clothes home, and I got onto the stretcher myself. On the way out, naturally, I was wheeled along between the rows of beds. We B-1 veterans had been talking for a couple of days about my going home. As well as we had known each other, we hadn't said anything about looking each other up sometime on the outside. All of us were worldly enough to know that such resolutions are never followed up. Dooley hollered goodbye and good luck from his bed, and so did the others, as the stretcher went by. Bellevue fellows are always glad when somebody—anybody—has won out over whatever was the matter with him, and, thanks to what had been done for me (I had done



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nothing for myself except be obedient), I had won out. While they were hollering goodbye, I knew they were thinking about the day they'd go home, too. Even Dooley, who had only the Bowery to look forward to as home, had told me that he had a couple of pals down there he'd like to say hello to once again.

—JOHN McNULTY

**POESY DEPARTMENT**  
[From the Clarksdale (Miss.)  
Press-Register]

**THE SOUTHLAND**

When you come to a land  
Where everybody is a friend,  
Where, when you get off your train,  
You are invited to remain—  
There's where the South begins.

When you come to a land, where cotton is king,  
Where darkies in the field, work while they sing.  
Where folks walk slowly, dragging their feet.  
Where folks greet each other, on the corner of the street—  
There's where the South begins.

When you come to a land, where you can settle on a farm,  
Where you share crop with the boss on the strength of your arm,  
Where if you never cropped, they will let you learn.  
Where they furnish grub and money before you earn—  
There's where the South begins.

When you come to a land, where you can settle in town,  
Where if you are broke, they won't turn you down,  
Where you can start in business on a shoe string or two,  
Where in the course of a year, you can be well to do—  
There's where the South begins.

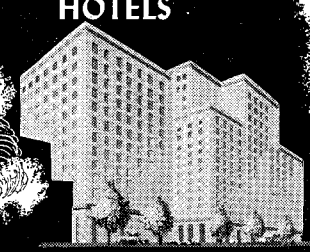
When you come to a land where they vote democratic,  
Where men are brave, their features aristocratic,  
Where capital is always at peace with labor,  
Where people regard each other as neighbor.  
There's where the South begins.

Industries of the North, you better come to the South,  
Here we have no Communists, frothing at the mouth.  
Here we are Americans, from generations way back.  
Here you can pick your labor, white or black.

If you are dissatisfied elsewhere, come to the fair South.  
To Clarksdale, where we have no storms, clouds bursts or drouth,  
Where if you are a total stranger, we greet you as friend,  
For such is the custom, the tradition of the fair Southland.  
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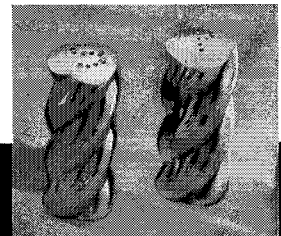
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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Old Somewhat Reliable*



HAVING introduced some of his lesser efforts to the movies in "Quartet," Somerset Maugham has wrapped up another parcel of slick little tales suitable for re-production on celluloid and labelled them "Trio." And once again he steps into the act himself, billed as "a very old party," to explain his work to the groundlings in a preface. The three specimens of Maugham's fiction that go to make up "Trio" are cleverly enacted, aptly photographed, and interesting enough to divert you for an hour or so. Among the puppets doing duty in the film are a verger who, after being sacked by a vicar for illiteracy, winds up as a wealthy tobacconist; a Levantine jeweller who proves that he's just as much a gentleman as any Sassenach; and a pair of tubercular lovers who decide to get together even though their ardor is bound to lead them to the grave.

As one reared upon legends of John Jacob Astor, whose long suit was not literacy, I'm afraid that I'm hardly the man to find anything astonishing in the rapid climb to wealth of a character unable to read or write, and the gentility of Levantines has never been a particularly pressing problem with me, but even granting the validity of these situations, I can't say I think much of the way they're handled here. Maugham, I fear, is just being patronizing and indulging in mild O. Henry surprises. In the pièce de résistance of the film, the courtship of the lung-stricken lovers, Maugham undertakes to describe the workings of a sanatorium in Scotland. The place is crowded with eccentrics, and sometimes it's fairly difficult to determine whether it is devoted to curing tuberculosis or to warming up acts for the Palace. But, at any rate, this episode does have a charm of a familiar kind and is quite as tolerable as, let us say, an old album enriched by accrued sentiment.

It is customary, as far as I can see, for English films of this type to come up with acting superior to the material involved. As the verger, James Hayter could hardly be improved upon, and the same goes for Nigel Patrick, as the Levantine in the second episode, and for Jean Simmons, as the consumptive lady in the third. These principals are surrounded by a group of fine people, and,

for all my exceptions to the picture, I enjoyed watching them perform.

A PAIR of melodramas roared into town last week, one an English affair called "State Secret," the other an American item called "Union Station." Of the two, the English film appealed to me the more, since it has a lot in common with "The Lady Vanishes" and "Night Train," although not enough in common to make it altogether satisfactory. The resemblance of "State Secret" to that excellent pair is not really surprising, because Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, who produced it, were co-authors of the two others. Not very long on plausibility, this one tells of an American surgeon hell-bent on getting out of a Balkan country because he is aware that the dictator of the nation is dead and aware also that the tough guys of the regime will kill him rather than let the news go any farther. There's plenty of chasing around, and the cast, headed by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns, Jack Hawkins, and Herbert Lom, struck me as being capable indeed. A language called Vosnian, especially made up for the occasion, is audible throughout, but I don't think it will bother you, since an interpreter is on hand to tell you what's cooking.

While "State Secret" has the virtue of originality, if little authenticity, "Union Station" is the complete reverse. Photographed in a real depot in Los Angeles, the film is standard stuff that tells how a railroad dick and his associates frustrate a bunch of badmen who have kidnapped a blind girl. William Holden, Lyle Bettger, and Barry Fitzgerald are among those present. —JOHN MCCARTEN

## FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[From "Voltaire," by John Morley, 1872]

... the strictly repressive policy of the church in the eighteenth century, sometimes bloody and cruel as in the persecutions of the Protestants, sometimes minutely vexatious as in the persecution of the men of letters, but always stubborn and lynx-eyed, had the natural effect of making it a point of honour with most of those who valued liberty to hurl themselves upon the religious system of which rigorous intolerance was so prominent a characteristic.

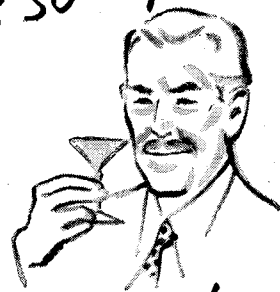
[From "Competition for Empire, 1740-1763," by Walter L. Dorn, 1940]

The church's persistent appeal to the secular authorities for a repressive policy, sometimes bloody and cruel as in the case of the Protestants, sometimes minutely vexatious as in the persecution of such pacific men of letters as Montesquieu and Buffon, but always lynx-eyed, had the natural effect of provoking opposition to a religious system of which rigorous intolerance was so prominent a characteristic.

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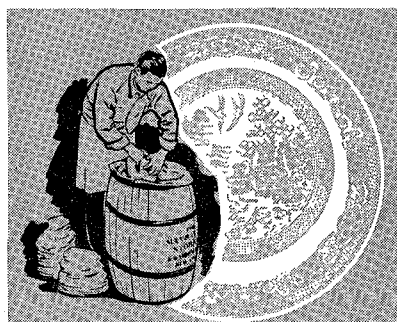
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## THE HOME GUARD BOOTS

ON a wet, surly Friday afternoon in January, 1943, when I was a private in the Eighth Air Force in England, I set out with a friend of equivalent rank in the R.A.F. for a two-day visit to his home. My friend—I'll call him Dick Minden—was a man of about forty who had a wife and two sons. He was stocky, energetic, and infused with an inexhaustible friendliness. I had met him a couple of weeks before, when I'd been sent for special training to an R.A.F. radio school. Dick, who slept next to me in barracks, had immediately appointed himself my shepherd. "Mark my word, you'll love England," he said to me that Friday as we stood at a muddy crossroad waiting for the bus that would take us to the nearest village and the train. "Oh, you're *certain* to love England."

He knew perfectly well that I had already been more than four months in England, but he was referring to his own small Midland town, and reflecting his secret conviction that the rest of the country was an outlandish place, its people no more English than they might be. As for me, I was delighted to be going there. This was the first chance I'd had to visit such a town—vouched for as England itself—and get to know the very people I was sure formed the backbone of the nation.

The trip was more than promising from the start. I had been to the village several times before and had thought the way there merely dreary, but that day the dripping holly and thorn hedges, the gray little houses back of them, and the red double-decked bus ricocheting incongruously along the winding country road were all incorrigibly and attractively British. In the village, we took the train for London, where we had to change. What I saw of the city between stations was grimy, austere, and wet. I was entranced. The trains themselves, with their compartments that opened directly onto station platforms, gave me a kind of bookish nostalgia, a peculiar feeling of returning to something familiar long in the past.

When we pulled out of London, Dick was excited. He sat turned partly toward me and told me bits and pieces

about his family, punctuating his remarks with friendly proddings of my shoulder. "My oldest boy'll be crazy to see you," he said. "Crazy. He's a good chap, mind you—a good, solid chap—but he's wild to learn about the U.S. Of course, he's only sixteen." He paused and frowned, apparently reviewing what he had said. "Ah, but of course we'll *all* want to hear about the States," he resumed cordially. "Now—how far is it from New York to Chicago, again?"

I told him. It was a figure he had asked me for before and it never failed to astound him. "You don't mean it!" he said. "Eight hundred and thirty miles! You must tell that to my wife. You really must. *That'll* shake her!"

He beamed and nodded and talked on until, at about nine o'clock, we reached our station. We took the high-road, which ran up a considerable hill, from the station to Dick's house. No lights were showing, of course, because of the blackout, but a diffused moonlight hung in the fine, cold mist, outlining the rounded shapes of old roofs and now and then showing up a half-timbered second story that made me feel I had unquestionably got to the England I wanted to see. The brick sidewalk was too narrow for us to go abreast, so Dick led the way. He had been a travelling salesman for a shoe manufacturer in civilian life, but a couple of years in the Home Guard and a few months in the R.A.F. had given him a quasi-military view of himself that obliged him to march briskly wherever he went, and he was hard to keep up with. I was puffing, but he talked steadily and with rising enthusiasm, pointing out houses and calling



ing them by the names of the owners. "That's Gerald," he said. "Old Gerald. A grand chap! That's Will. Fought at the Somme. You won't get away without having a pint with *him*. Yonder's Tom. We must make sure you have a word with old Tom."

When we reached the house, the supper Mrs. Minden began at once to put on the dining-room table surprised me. It wasn't that there was much of any one thing, but the variety was remarkable. Mrs. Minden was a pleasant woman, as

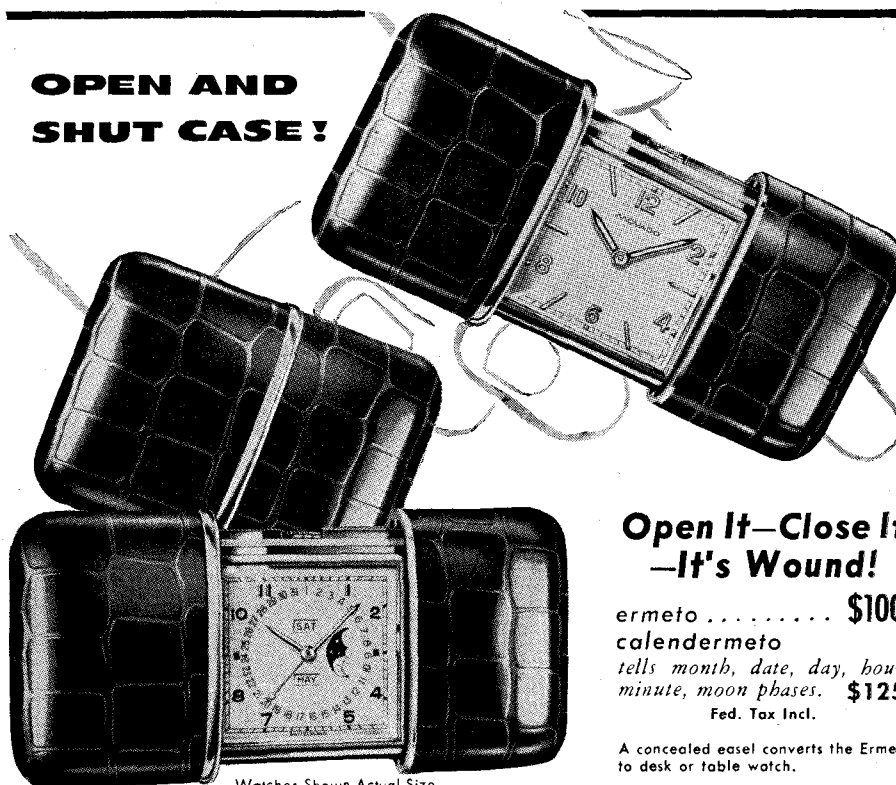


squarely built and as energetic as her husband, and while she shot in and out of the kitchen at something approaching a dead run, she told us that half the town, knowing the first American to visit there within memory was coming, had brought bits of this and that—a little flour, some powdered eggs, a piece of sausage, a jar of fruit, a bunch of beets—to augment the Mindens' ration. Dick was enormously set up by this show of neighborliness. He and I had a whiskey-and-water while we waited, and he walked up and down beside the table guessing which of his friends had brought each thing that appeared. Stanley, the second son, who was twelve, stood across the room watching me closely but with what I judged from his smile was an open mind, while his older brother, Walter, lurked in the shadow of the living-room doorway. He was a tall boy with a pleading look that he occasionally turned on me, alternately surveying the rest of the family, and particularly Stanley, with visible pain. It was obvious that he considered the whole scene intolerably homey and wanted me to know he had no part in it.

We had a pleasant time at supper, and, prodded by Dick, I amazed Mrs. Minden by telling her how far it is from New York to Chicago. Afterward, we sat around a small coal fire in the living-room grate and Dick ran through a partial list of the people he was most anxious for me to meet in the morning—the grocer, the baker, the postman of Irish descent who was a good chap in spite of all, the cricket players who frequented one pub, the footballers who gathered in another, the Home Guard. Dick came back to the Home Guard later, after Mrs. Minden and the boys had gone to bed. He said he had been a captain in it, and that the shoe manufacturer he'd worked for was only a sergeant major. "That tickled the old man, me being his Sunday boss, so to speak, and he had a pair of officers' boots made up for me," Dick said. He added that they were as handsome and stout as any ever made in peacetime, which was a marvel, the way material was no longer to be had. Then, with reverence, he brought them out.

They were indeed powerfully built, reinforced by metal plates under heel and toe. Compared to the comfortably broken-in G.I. shoes I was wearing, which, in a massive way, they resembled, they seemed tremendously heavy—resistant to almost anything. "I'd like you to have them," Dick said. "They'll

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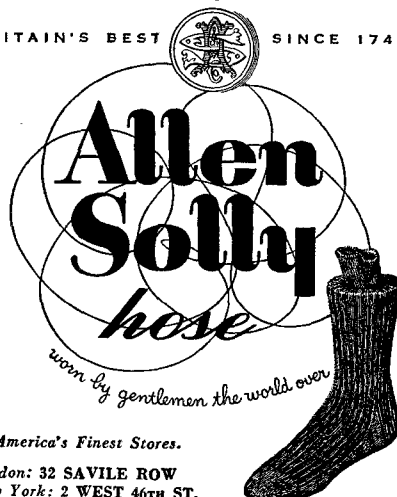
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fit. I looked at yours yesterday morning, and these'll fit."

I said it was too generous a gift, that I couldn't deprive him of them, and that, besides, it would be irregular for me to wear them with my uniform. Dick smiled and said that he never wore anything but black boots, in the R.A.F. or in civvy street either. I could see that he was somewhat disappointed, but he didn't press the matter, and after we'd talked a while more, he said it was time for bed. "We'd best be getting some winks," he said. "We've only a day and a half, so we'll need an early start."

**I**N the morning, Mrs. Minden, escorted by Dick and Stanley, brought me my breakfast in bed, and while I shaved, Dick took my G.I. shoes away and polished them. They were waiting for me when I got back to the bedroom, and when I went downstairs, I thanked him. "They polish quite well," he said. "I like a coarser grain in military boots, myself, though. A matter of preference. Had you noticed you'd got a great gash across one toe?"

I wouldn't have called it a gash. There was a scratch that I admitted didn't enhance the look of the shoes, but I didn't think it was too bad.

"The soles will be gone soon," Dick said.

I told him I thought they'd last a little longer. I explained that I'd be going back to my own outfit in a couple of weeks and would get a new issue then. Supplies from the States had been arriving erratically, and I hadn't been able to replace anything for some time. "Of course," Dick said. "It's hard. Of course. Ah, well."

I supposed that now it was time for us to go out and do the town, but Dick said he had a few chores around the house to take care of first, and I was glad, for a drenching rain was falling. I offered to help him, but he thanked me and refused, and I drifted into the living room and began browsing through a week's accumulation of the *Manchester Guardian*. Walter came in soon and, with a good deal of diffidence, asked if we could talk about America. I said we certainly could.

"I feel we ought to understand each other better, don't you?" he said. "Britain and the U.S., I mean. There was a woman wrote an article about the U.S. in the paper the other day. I hope you haven't come across it. It was critical, you know. I mean talking as if there were Chicago gangsters everywhere in the U.S. Some people here be-



lieve all that. Not anyone who *knows*, of course."

"Of course not," I said.

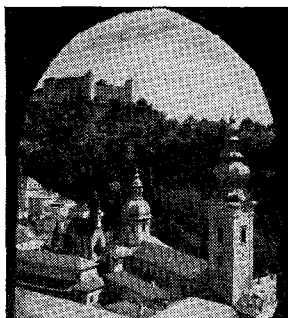
Stanley came into the room and took up his post a few feet away from me, and after a while Dick appeared. "Bit wet, still," he said. "Best to stay out of it, all things considered." He went into the front hallway and down the basement steps.

Walter watched him go and turned to me. He was a nearsighted boy, and when he looked directly at me, he leaned forward and peered into my eyes as if he wanted to speak in close confidence. "He generally goes down on Saturday morning for his ale," he said. "Do you like ale?"

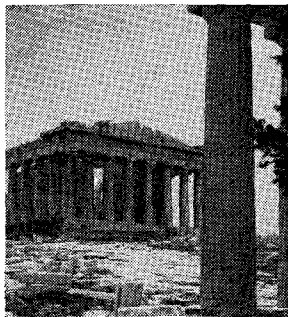
I said I did, and Walter looked disappointed. "Perhaps I shall learn to like it later on, though I doubt it," he said. "Do you suppose you and he could be going to stay home today? We could talk a good deal more if you did, though I daresay you'd rather not, if you *really* like ale."

I said that I was sure I'd like whatever we did but that I imagined his father and I would be going out sometime or other. The morning passed, however, and to my astonishment Dick still kept busy with his chores. First, there was a balky tap to be fixed in the laundry, and then he was in the attic looking for the leak that let in the rain that was staining an upstairs ceiling. Walter and Stanley and I spent a long while discussing American traits and customs. Walter admired what he called American candor, as well as our tendency to flout authority, police or parental, and our enthusiasm for sports. "Cricket's a smashing game," he said. "You'd love it. Stan and I could teach you, if it were to stop raining."

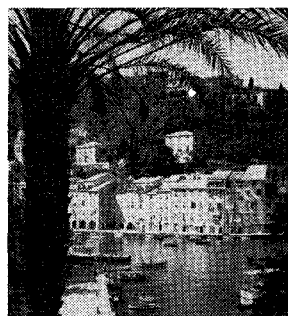
Dick was unusually silent at midday dinner, and afterward remarked apologetically that he had to be getting his garden things set to rights, as it would be planting time the next three-day pass he'd have. Then he disappeared again. The rain stopped and I did have a backyard cricket lesson, which I flunked flat. Dick turned up at intervals during the afternoon, said "Having a talk?" or "Getting on, I see," and went away. He seemed restless and evasive at tea, and I said nothing about the great plans he had abandoned, thinking that perhaps he was embarrassed at having let household matters interfere with them. In the evening, his spirits seemed to rise again, and we all sat around the fire while he and I had a drink before supper. It was at this time that, alto-



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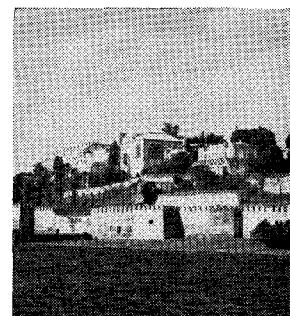
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gether inadvertently, I gave Walter a brief triumph.

I'VE forgotten what we had been talking about. Anyway, at one point Walter remarked that he had never been to London but that he knew Birmingham. He had been there only the month before, in fact. After he had said this, he looked startled, as if he had made a social error, and both Dick and Mrs. Minden looked uncomfortable, too. "I saw a ballet there," Walter went on, with growing embarrassment. "The Jooss Ballet, it was called." He pronounced it "juice bally."

"My, oh, my!" said Stanley, casting his eyes up and flapping his arms aesthetically.

Dick put down his glass and laughed thinly. "Now, what do you think of that?" he asked me, trying to sound jocular.

I said I'd seen the group a number of times and had always liked it very much. I had realized that we were on touchy ground, and said it as casually as I could, but everyone looked at me for a moment in total surprise before Dick spoke again.

"Now, then, fancy that!" he said in the tone he always used when I told him things about America that he couldn't quite believe. "Have you honestly?"

"I thought it was awfully good," Walter said, his voice gaining resonance with each word. "I quite enjoyed it. Dad doesn't approve, though."

"Oh, now, it's not that I don't approve," Dick said. He put his hands on the arms of his chair and twisted in it uneasily. "Can't say that I know much about it, when all's said and done. Seems odd, though. Chap like Walter, here. Why, he'll be called up for the Forces in not much more than a year! I mean to say..." He looked at me unhappily. "No harm, of course. No harm."

He fell silent again, and Walter and I talked briefly about the ballet. Walter was excited. He spoke with restraint and decorum, as always, but now his cheeks were flushed and his eyes bright, and he kept glancing covertly at his father, then turning to look at Stanley with disdain.

Later, toward the end of supper, the family disappeared one by one into the kitchen and eventually called me there. A handsome silver percolator was standing on the table. It had been a wedding present, Mrs. Minden told me, and they had never before tried to use it. Apparently there was something wrong with it; they had put



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ground coffee into it and poured in boiling water, just as one did with tea, but the results were wrong. "We don't go in for coffee a great deal, you know," she said.

Earnestly watched by all of them, I made what turned out to be spectacularly bad coffee. Whether the trouble was with the brewing or with the wartime adulterants in the coffee, I don't know, but the whole family was so proud of having obtained coffee for me at all that I felt I must pretend to like it. Back at the dining table, Dick, Mrs. Minden, and Stanley abandoned their cups as soon as they felt they decently could, but Walter kept right on, never wavering for a moment in his loyalty to me, the ballet, and America. His face rigidly maintaining an expression of extreme pleasure, he alternately sipped and exclaimed. "I say!" he cried. "Isn't it marvellous? It is an odd taste, isn't it? Fascinating, though. Quite good, too!"

ON Sunday morning, Mrs. Minden brought breakfast to me again and Dick came just behind her brandishing the Home Guard boots, freshly polished. "Gave them a rub," he said gaily. "Thought you might want to slip into them a bit, try them on." He set them down beside the bed and hustled out.

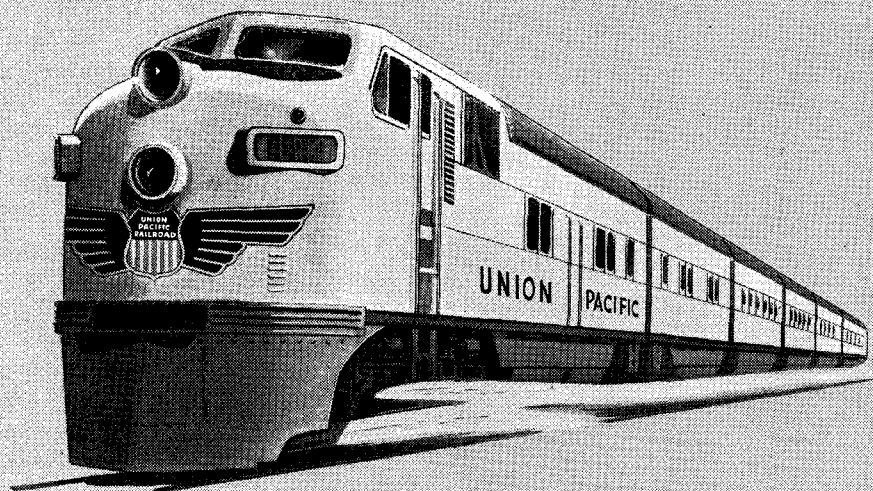
When I dressed, I did put them on for a minute. They were as immalleable as I had supposed they would be, and though I was touched by Dick's generosity, I still didn't want them. They weren't exactly forbidden, as I had told him they were, but they would be highly conspicuous and far, far too heavy for comfort. I took them off and put on my G.I. shoes, which now felt as light and soft as carpet slippers, and went downstairs to the living room, where Dick was sitting with Mrs. Minden and Walter. The instant I went into the room, I was sorry I hadn't kept the boots on, for a while at least. I saw Dick glance at my feet, and though he said nothing, I suddenly wondered if I mightn't have hurt his feelings quite badly. It was too late to do anything about it at the moment, however, so I sat down and we made conversation until Mrs. Minden went to begin early preparations for dinner. Dick gloomily suggested that he and I have a pint of ale, and went to the basement to fetch it. As soon as he had gone, I said to Walter that I thought I'd just run up and put on his father's Home Guard boots. "I'm afraid I offended him by not wearing them before," I said.

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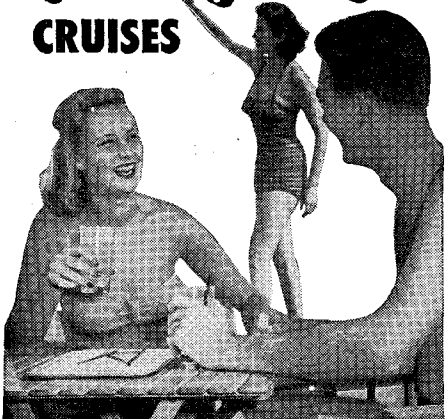
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mind too much," Walter said. "I think he'll be quite cross by dinnertime if you don't, and he won't take you down to the village unless you do."

I said I supposed it was stupid of me but that I had no idea he attached so much importance to them. Walter sat forward in his chair and spoke, now, with an air of considerable resolution. "It's no good not being candid, is it?" he asked. "It's a trait I've always particularly admired, candor. Well, it's not *his* boots so much. It's yours." He was peering at me intently and beginning to blush. "Dad says it's a disgrace your people haven't given you better ones. He says yours are thin and cut to ribbons. Of course, I can't see that it matters. They look quite all right to me, really, but he's wild about boots and having them spick-and-span, and all that. He says you can judge a man by his boots. I don't agree, do you? Anyway, I expect he wants you to appear your best, or some such thing." He paused, looking somewhat as his father did when he got himself into an awkward conversational spot, then went on. "I suppose I ought to have told you all this yesterday, but I didn't want to. I really hate to do it now. You'll put them on and he'll take you out, and I'd rather hoped you could teach me baseball this morning."

Walter sat back limply, as if at the end of an ordeal, and I went upstairs and put on the boots. When I came down, Dick was in the living room pouring ale, and I said I hadn't been able to resist giving the boots a try and that they were marvellous. Dick was transformed. The energy that had been absent so long shone out of him again. He thrust a glass of ale into my hand, said "Cheers!", and drank off his own. "Now, then, old man," he said, "we'd best get cracking, hadn't we?"

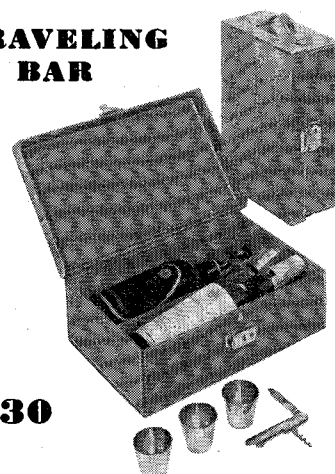
Five minutes later, we left the house and started down the street, Walter, who had said no more after his burst of sacrificial candor, watching us mournfully from a window. The Home Guard boots were loud in the Sunday stillness. They crashed and clanged in an aggressive, military way on the cobblestones, the echo reverberating from the house fronts on either side. It was an hour and a half until dinnertime, and I have never before or since been in and out of quite so many places or met so many people in so short a space. We went to a small, crowded pub, worming our way through its several rooms and greeting everybody, including old Gerald, old Tom, and a man who had run into some Americans

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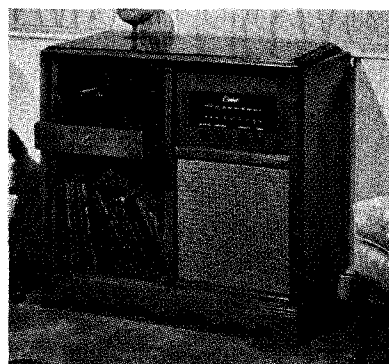
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in the First World War. We had one or two ales there, and when we went to the next pub, a larger but equally crowded one, we had more. We went to Dick's political club, where I was inveigled into a calamitous game of darts; we called on a couple of Dick's relatives; and we stopped in the home of an ancient man who had been a famous cricketer, and who brought out a split of champagne so old it had gone flat. He said it was one of a few bottles he had been saving for occasions worthy of old wine. In it, we toasted England, America, and cricket. On the street, where, fortunately, no drinks were available, we stopped to chat with several young Home Guard privates, who called Dick "Captain," and made him happier than I had ever seen him. Finally, after a quick trip through a hilly meadow to see the spot where Dick would have had a machine-gun emplacement had England been invaded, we went home, my head unsteady, and my legs stiff with the weight of the boots.

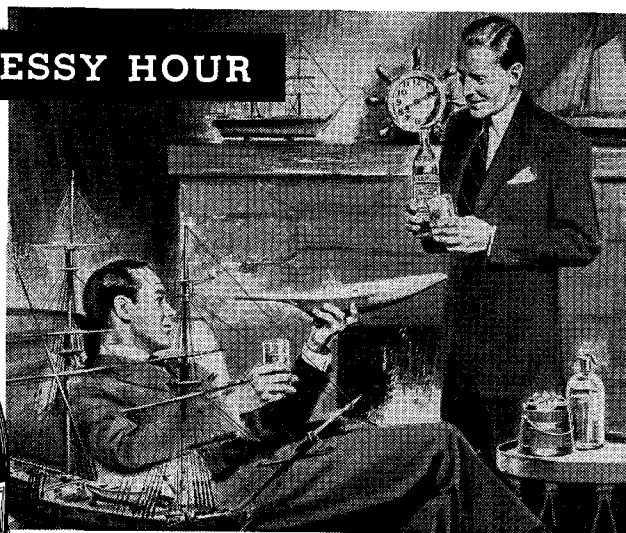
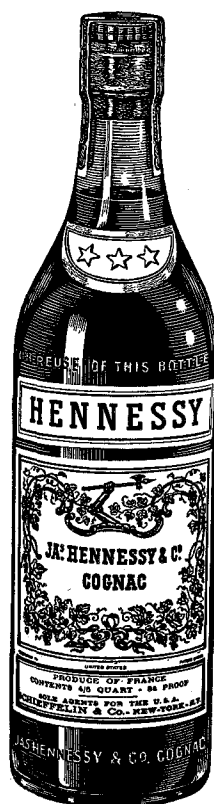
We had a cheerful and, for Dick and me, slightly tipsy dinner, while Walter, who seemed to have retreated completely into his former shyness now that his father had taken me in hand again, looked from one to the other of us in mild reproach. When the meal was done, we still had over an hour to catch our train, and the station was only ten minutes away, but Dick looked at his watch, pushed back his chair, and said, "Come on. Best get cracking, hadn't we?" I protested, but he insisted that we go.

IN a few minutes, we had said goodbye to the boys and Mrs. Minden, and, alongside Dick, I was bruising the cobblestones once more. Halfway to the station, Dick stopped and said we'd just wait there a bit. I asked why, and he merely winked at me, but almost at once I found out what we were waiting for and why we had left so early. Around the nearest corner came a company of the Home Guard out for their Sunday-afternoon maneuvers. "Here they are," Dick said. "Some of my boys. Grand chaps!"

They were marching at ease, but when the sergeant in charge saw us, he called them to attention, and as they came near he gave them eyes right and snapped his hand up in an imposing salute, all of which I took as a pleasant courtesy to their former captain. "Return it, man!" Dick whispered to me. "It's for you."

I returned the sergeant's salute, feel-

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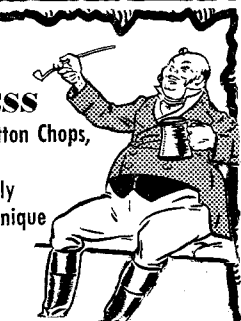
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ing abashed and fraudulent. He whipped his arm down, and the company marched on smartly and vanished. Dick was grinning and chuckling. "They've never seen an American uniform," he said. "They took you for an officer." He stood back and surveyed me. "I rather thought they might," he went on complacently. "It's your necktie, possibly. Our chaps don't wear them."

I thought that quite possibly my necktie had caused the sergeant's error, but I knew that in his heart Dick believed it was the boots. We went on to the station, and he was content to saunter. He no longer seemed restless, or even animated, but more like a man tired and yet satisfied after a job well done. As for the boots, I have them still. I wore them for Dick's sake the rest of the time I was stationed with the R.A.F., and I lugged them along with me the remainder of the war, never quite able to part with them. I wear them now almost every weekend, working around the house and in the yard, though I don't attempt to walk any distance in them. They protect me from snow and rain, mud and cold, and from things that sometimes drop on my feet. They are all but as good as new.

—ROBERT HENDERSON

Because of the care exercised by the fire department, Mrs. Worden and her house help, Mr. and Mrs. Steve Buraczewski and their four-year-old daughter, were unable to continue living in the house.

—Whitefish Bay (Wis.) Herald.

All right, let's not sit around making cracks.

In Norway the Sorensens, with Mr. Sorensen's mother, Mrs. S. C. Sorensen, who made the journey with them, were guests in a quaint house that had stood for 500 years. In Sweden natives donned colorful costumery to attend Sunday school. Paris, London and Glasgow teemed with U.S. citizens. "C'est la vie," said Mrs. Sorensen.—Salt Lake Tribune.

*Et comment!*

### LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

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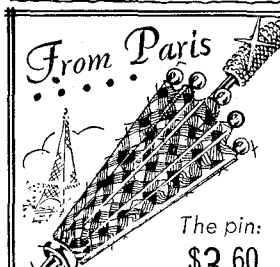
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# THE RACE TRACK

*Clincher*



AS was more or less expected—by this department, at any rate—Hill Prince beat Noor easily in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park last Saturday. There was nothing particularly dramatic about the race—no extraordinary run from last place to first, like the one that made Hill Prince's performance in the Jerome Handicap such a delight a few weeks ago. In fact, if important horses hadn't been involved, it would have seemed a tame race to most of the spectators, for Hill Prince led by lengths all the way, with Noor second and the three other starters far behind. However, many of Hill Prince's well-wishers, remembering how he wore himself out and lost after setting the pace in the Belmont Stakes last June, were dismayed to see him pop off in front, as headstrong as he ever was in midsummer. Since his best races had been those in which he began slowly, most Hill Prince men felt that, with two miles to go, the change in his tactics would be just about the end of him. I thought that Arcaro, in spite of the difficulties presented by Hill Prince's impetuosity, did a first-rate job of handling him; it has always been my idea that holding a horse back too determinedly is worse than letting him gallop free of restraint until he runs out of speed. Arcaro's job was far from an easy one; when he weighed in, he looked more bushed than his mount. Anyhow, Hill Prince came through beautifully, running the first mile in 1:40 and the second in 1:43 $\frac{2}{5}$ ; those add up to 3:23 $\frac{2}{5}$ , two-fifths of a second faster than his sire, Princequillo, ran in winning the Cup seven years ago. Now, of course, everyone is saying that Hill Prince is the Horse of the Year. Well, on the record there can be no possible doubt that he is a good colt. He has won seven of his twelve starts, some of them classic races, and earned \$263,715, more prize money than any other racer this season. With any luck at all, his next contribution to C. T. Chenery's collection of plate will be the Hollywood Gold Cup.

It's hard not to feel a little sorry for Noor. He made a brave try, but the closest he got to Hill Prince was when they were half a mile from home, and then there was a lot of daylight between

them. It was said after the race that he took a couple of lame steps. I didn't see him do it. His appearance as he paraded to the post impressed Jimmy Jones, Citation's trainer. He observed, "You know, that Noor looks as good to me as he did when we ran against him last winter." Longden, Noor's jockey, hasn't done so well at Belmont, either—thirty-four mounts without a winner. The night before the Gold Cup, he went to Yonkers Raceway and drove his pacer, Windy Stratton, hoping that would lay the hex by the heels. It didn't; he finished fourth.

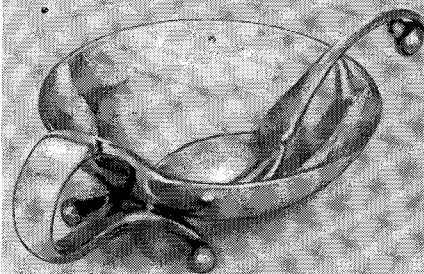
**P**RACTICALLY everybody who watched Next Move gallop off with the Ladies Handicap at Belmont the other afternoon came away with the impression that she is the best three-year-old filly. Even Alfred Vanderbilt, whose first choice had been Bed o' Roses, confessed that he can't choose between the two fillies. But he thinks it's rather nice to have them both in his barn.

**T**HE most notable steeplechasing event last week was the Grand National Handicap at Belmont, won by Trough Hill. It was the old fellow's fourth start in the race, and he's never been out of the money, finishing third in 1947 and 1948 and second last year. I pass along this straw of hope for people who feel that there isn't much of a future in owning jumping horses: Trough Hill, who is now eight, was bred in Virginia by Henry Frost, Jr., and was bought, when he was four, for \$800 by Jack Skinner, who is a very good man with a horse and is always on the lookout for steeplechasing prospects. Trough Hill quickly showed promise, and Mrs. E. W. Bromley bought him, for \$5,000, but Skinner continued to train the animal, and still does. Mrs. Bromley did well with Trough Hill, and two years ago she sold him for \$10,000 to Mrs. Stephen C. Clark, Jr., in whose colors he won the Grand National. Altogether, Trough Hill has won \$106,205. What steeplechasing needs is fewer steeplechases and more Trough Hills.

—AUDAX MINOR

**A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK**  
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## MUSICAL EVENTS

### Popular Records



**"THE HISTORY OF JAZZ"** is, despite its sweeping title, a rather casual summary of the subject, put out by Capitol on four long-playing records.

While it has serious limitations, it does manage to be entertaining from time to time. Since Capitol is a relatively young firm, with no old records to draw on, the set suffers both from the lack of authentic early examples and from the omission of many famous names in jazz. The oldest of the recordings, a couple of pieces exhibiting Jack Teagarden, date back no farther than 1943; specimens of anything prior to that have been reconstructed by a present-day orchestra. Through the years, an ever increasing refinement has been noticeable in jazz playing, so there are, inevitably, musical anachronisms in the collection. It is best judged, I would say, simply as a series of performances, some more enjoyable than others.

The first record opens with the late Huddie (Leadbelly) Ledbetter singing and playing "Rock Island Line" and "Eagle Rock Rag," crudely but spiritedly. He accompanies himself on his familiar twelve-string guitar in the first and on a piano in the second. The final piece in the album offers Stan Kenton and his new, thirty-nine-piece orchestra in a humorless bit of symphonic jazz entitled "Soliloquy," a gloomy note to close on. Of the stuff between these two end points in the history, I liked best Red Nichols' superb cornet playing and the fine ensemble work of his band in "Royal Garden Blues," Julia Lee's rich blues singing, Teagarden's trombone playing, Benny Goodman's and Barney Bigard's clarinet work, Coleman Hawkins' sax, and a lovely Bix Beiderbecke composition, "In the Dark," which was new to me. Julia Lee sings "Come On Over to My House" and "Trouble in Mind" expertly, and is sturdily supported by pianist Jay McShann and the Kansas City Stompers. Teagarden is heard in "Deed I Do" and "Stars Fell on Alabama," the latter burdened with a halfhearted vocal by him. Bigard's sensitive clarinet playing leads the Zutty Singleton Trio through "Lulu's Mood" and "Barney's Bounce," and a seven-piece Singleton group through "Crawfish Blues." Later on, with another combination, he sets the tone for Duke Ellington's "The

Mooche." Goodman's impeccable style is best represented in "All I Do Is Dream of You," in which he is accompanied by pianist Teddy Wilson and a drummer. There is also an example, "Sweet and Lovely," by a sleek Goodman band that sounds nothing like the rougher but more forceful earlier outfit that came along in the thirties, though it is intended to revive memories of that old orchestra. Hawkins, playing with a handful of proficient musicians who were to become associated with bop a couple of years later (this bit was recorded in 1945), does some imaginative work in "Hollywood Stampede," a sound jazz performance with only a trace of the burgeoning bop influence. The Beiderbecke piece, lyrical and appealing—much more so than his better-known "In a Mist"—is appreciatively played by an orchestra under Bobby Sherwood.

A pair of curious but welcome selections in this collection present Paul Whiteman, conducting seven of his old musicians (including Ferde Grofé, at the piano), in reconstructions, made in 1945, of "Wang Wang Blues" and "San." These primitively arranged works may be the weakest performances of all, but they provide an authentic picture of the kind of music made by the large Whiteman orchestra of the twenties. Other performing groups in the collection are headed by Eddie Miller, Nappy Lamare (Wingy Mannone's expansive trumpet figures largely in the Lamare performances of "At the Jazz Band Ball" and "High Society"), Al Casey, Rex Stewart, Big Sid Catlett, Benny Carter, Billy Butterfield, and Nat (King) Cole, and many excellent musicians play in them.

"The History of Jazz" is a far from accurate guide to the origins and development of the idiom, but it contains a good deal of exciting music.

**E**THEL WATERS, one of the finest popular singers we have had, turns up on a new long-playing single, put out by Remington, that incorporates some fairly recent recordings, in which she is accompanied by J. C. Heard's small orchestra. Miss Waters' voice retains only a shred of its former glory, but her musical instincts are so perceptive that her singing is a delight from beginning to end. The beginning is "Cabin in the Sky," one of the gems in her repertoire. She also sings "Taking a Chance on Love," "Am I Blue?," "Dinah," a pair



of blues numbers called "Honey in a Hurry" and "You Took My Man," and a couple of nondescript pieces, "Man Wanted" and "I Shoulda Quit When I Was Ahead." The accompaniments are rough, but that doesn't really matter, for the only important thing is Miss Waters' voice, with its remarkable warmth and its inspired embellishments of the songs.

IT is a risky business bringing up comedy records, because they usually fall flat so quickly, but I don't think anyone will be seriously hurt by listening to Abe Burrows' comments on popular music and documentary films, on a new Columbia long-playing single. A number of the gags are bound to pall, but the epic piece in this collection, a work called "Boulder Dam," is first-rate. For the rest, he offers, with orchestral accompaniment, his own parodies of love songs, cowboy songs, gypsy songs, college songs, sea songs, and, in "Brooklyn," all songs of nostalgia. "Abe Burrows Sings?" is the title of the set.

NOW I'd like to note some other interesting singles:

GET HAPPY and FRIENDLY STAR—Judy Garland, with orchestra, in passages taken from a movie sound track. Miss Garland delivers the recently revived "Get Happy" with strong fervor, and in the other instance offers a soulful performance of a rather pretty song. (*M-G-M*)

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DREAM and A LITTLE TASTE—Johnny Hodges and his orchestra. A small, deft ensemble, playing in the Ellington style, presents subdued arrangements of two melodic pieces. (*Mercer*)

EVENING IN PAKISTAN and JOLLY ROGERS—Stan Kenton's orchestra. A nice bit of musical esoterica and a loud display piece that doesn't quite come off. (*Capitol*)

IMAGINATION and CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?—Jess Stacy, pianist, with guitar, bass, and drums. Two loose-jointed, tasteful solos by an old jazz hand. (*Capitol*)

LA VIE EN ROSE and UN REFRAIN COURAIT DANS LA RUE—Edith Piaf, with orchestra. Standard offerings by the mighty little French café singer. The first is the most popular piece she sings, and the other is an engaging waltz. (*Columbia*)

I'VE FORGOTTEN YOU and NO OTHER LOVE—Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, with vocals. "I've Forgotten You," a mildly mawkish ballad more artfully constructed than most in this line, is the better side. The other is a regrettable tampering with Chopin's Etude in E Major. Both are beautifully arranged and played, though. (*Victor*)

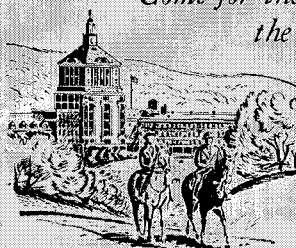
THE BEST THING FOR YOU and I'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE—Margaret Whiting, with orchestra. I have nothing favorable to say about either of these selections. They are both exceedingly dull, and the only reason I bring them up is that they are said to be major songs from two of Broadway's big fall musicals. The first is a watery excerpt from Irving Berlin's score for "Call Me Madam," and the second is a bit of thin sentiment drawn from Frank Loesser's "Guys and Dolls." (*Capitol*)

—D. W.

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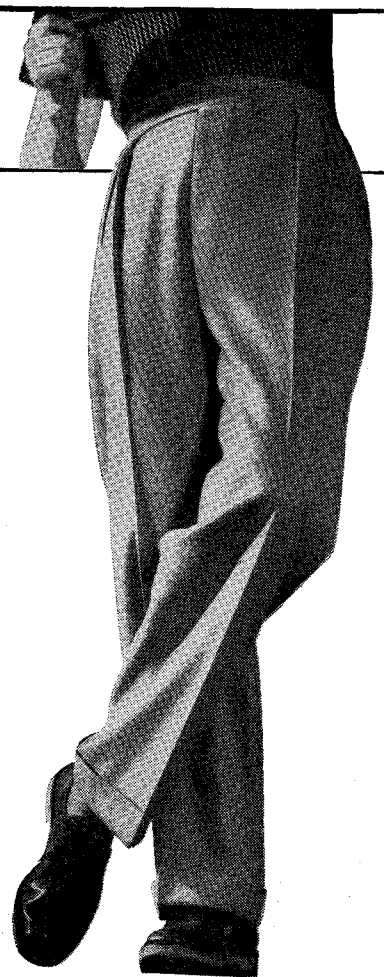
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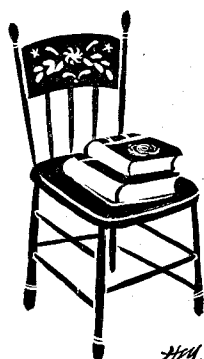
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## BOOKS

*Mind in Matter*

EVERYBODY knows by now about the machines that think, or seem to think—machines that make what looks very much like choice when definite alternatives are presented to them. Their choices always appear to be the most effective ones.

They seem to learn from experience, to remember what choices they have made, and to be guided thereby. They have, in other words, a memory lane of their own, but one without error and without sentiment. Already, Dr. Norbert Wiener, author of "The Human Use of Human Beings" (Houghton Mifflin), tells us, there is on the way to realization a machine that will play good, if not inspired, chess and will see two moves ahead, or, if someone turns up willing to spend enough money on it, three moves ahead.

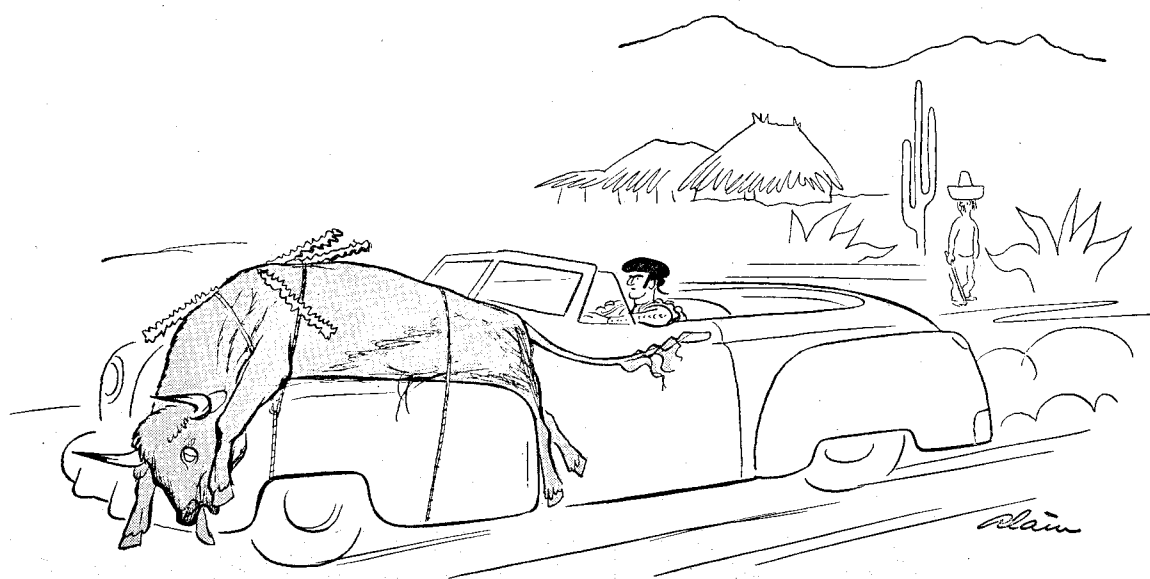
Everyone who reads even *Quick* has heard of Dr. Wiener, the distinguished mathematician of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who is, among other things, co-inventor of the most remarkable of these "thinking" devices, which he calls "communication machines." He is, in addition, the chief exponent of the new science of cybernetics and the inventor of its name, which is derived from the Latinized Greek word for "steersman." It is the science of the communication machines, which, once set in motion, direct themselves and direct the action of any apparatus to which they are connected. Into these machines may be built not simply rigid patterns of unvarying behavior but patterns of variable behavior under varying circumstances. These machines seem, in a given situation, to explore their past for the proper solution of a given problem. In effect, because of a device called the "feedback," they learn and they remember. It is very like what goes on

in the physiology of memory. Such a machine can function all by itself in, say, a power plant in a wilderness. It can meet with appropriate action any technical crises that might arise, such as variations in the power load, a breakdown of part of the equipment, many of the problems one would think, or until recently would have thought, necessitate human decisions. Conceivably, Dr. Wiener admits, machines might be constructed that would take over not just the work of minor engineering foremen, but, as this reviewer once heard him say, the work of junior executives. That, he added, would be very expensive, and for the present it is more economical to use junior executives.

In "The Human Use of Human Beings," Dr. Wiener quotes a review of his earlier book "Cybernetics" by a penetrating French Dominican, who offered the terrifying suggestion that there might eventually be a *machine à gouverner*, a "State apparatus covering all systems of political decisions," by which conforming reactions would be educated into the entire population of a country. A machine for governing is not in immediate prospect, but the mere possibility is a nightmare—one that has, of course, already been approximated by certain governments of the extreme Left and the extreme Right. With this ruthless apparatus, the Doctor points out, a dictator could build into the human beings under his and its control a rigidly conforming set of reactions and of social tendencies.

These macabre possibilities could be dismissed as the melodrama of science

fiction if they were not broached by so distinguished a man and mind. Dr. Wiener, an infant prodigy who has become an adult prodigy, is distinguished because of his technical achievements and the range of his interests and sensibilities. No one who has listened to him will ever forget this small, bearded, vivacious man who looks like a singularly benign, humorous, and intelligent gnome. Nor is one likely to forget his gift for lucid and quietly entertaining exposition of the most complex issues in cybernetics and the related sciences, or the modesty and forthrightness with which he answers questions. His new book displays all these qualities. "Cybernetics" was addressed to those with a special knowledge of mathematics. "The Human Use of Human Beings" is addressed to the lay public. It differs from "Cybernetics" in another important respect. It is not only a simplified explanation of the operation of the communication machines but a remarkable series of reflections on their effect upon our future, both in peace and war, and on the potentialities of these instruments, which, practically human themselves, may serve or destroy humanity. One might think that this co-inventor of these cybernetic machines would look forward with delight to their future or be hypnotized by their ingenuities, but one would be wrong. Dr. Wiener, being thoroughly human, admits delight in the prospect, for example, of a competent, though not brilliant, chess-playing machine. He sees, too, and not without enthusiasm, the possibility of machines that would take on not mere-





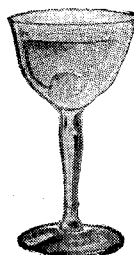
ly the backbreaking physical jobs, the fatiguing chores of calculation, and the tasks of the assembly line but the supervision of many of these operations. He is, though, too wise a man to believe that these machines would always be benignly used, too wise to ignore their sinister potentialities, and he awaits with some alarm what he calls the second Industrial Revolution. The first Industrial Revolution substituted mechanical power for muscle. The second will thoroughly decentralize industry. The conventional huge factory might well disappear in favor of small, scattered units, a reversion (in a sense) to the early days of manufacturing. It will accomplish this by eliminating the need for the physical work of people, and in millions of instances the need for their particular skills. The communications machines will render excess and dispensable whole assembly lines and whole echelons of supervisory employees. Dr. Wiener prophesies that when the second Industrial Revolution really gets going—and another world war would speed it up just as World War II speeded up the using and the capacities of radar—it will create such unemployment that the world depression of the thirties will, in retrospect, look like prosperity.

Dr. Wiener, who realizes that he and other scientists must take some share of the responsibility as well as the credit for the second Industrial Revolution, sees reason for us all to fear these new machines nearly as much as we fear the atomic bomb. The important thing will be the conditions, social and economic, under which they operate, and these conditions will depend on the moral weather in what is now inescapably a single global society, however torn and divided. Electronics and atomic energy have made the world almost unbearably one. These machines, however adroit at making use of the possibilities within them, cannot determine the use to which these possibilities are put. They could do terrible damage if left, as were our forests, to the business entrepreneur without social responsibility and operated under what the author calls the Fifth Freedom, the freedom to exploit. They could do worse still if they or those who built them were at the beck and call of dictators of the Right or the Left, and even in our own country Dr. Wiener sees these "voices of rigidity" becoming more articulate and powerful. They are, it would appear, capable of making Thomas Hobbes' "Leviathan" seem a pleasant joke and

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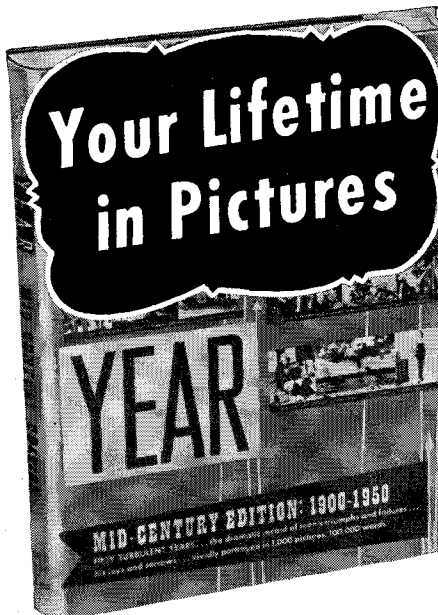
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George Orwell's "1984" a mild whimsey.

If the scientists become simply sorcerers' apprentices, the willing or stupid servants of power, the technician errand boys of the fanatic or the greedy, our vaunted scientific accomplishments will bring ruin upon mankind. If the scientists are trained to a tradition of secrecy (even though secrecy in science is never kept very long), we shall corrupt the worldwide flow of mind and information that is the lifeblood of science. If we train nothing but cookbook engineers, our leadership will pass into the hands of those shrewd and willful men who will use technical experts for their own ends, as they will use all other human beings. There is not much hope, Dr. Wiener says, in those "classicists" who parade a nostalgic love of the culture of the past and hate the machine age without troubling to understand it. The Doctor, who knows his way through the humanities, from Aristotle to Sartre and from Aeschylus to T. S. Eliot, has little faith in the professional classicist, who is for him typified by the standard professor of English.

Where, then, is leadership to be found? Not among the backward-looking man of "culture," not among the uncaring technicians. The best source, Dr. Wiener thinks, is those who, trained in the exact discipline of the sciences, have been educated to an awareness of the human implications of what they do, those who believe in human values. American know-how, the Doctor declares, can be built into machines, but not know-what, or what's-what, or what-it's-for. Such things are beyond these machines, just as the values of art and society are beyond those human beings who are simply automata. Men must have freedom to grow into truly human beings. We are in danger of practicing the ruthlessness of the Communists, he says, and without a clear faith or a clear set of values. The author goes on to remark, "We have failed to realize that the element in Communism which deserves our respect consists in its loyalties and its insistence on the dignity and the rights of the worker." Which Communism is that, one is prompted to ask, and one wishes that the Doctor had made his attitude a little clearer than it is in this rather starry-eyed sentence.

Dr. Wiener himself has the deepest respect for the dignity and rights of human beings. The chief point of his book is the hope that we can "reverse the tide of the moment and... create



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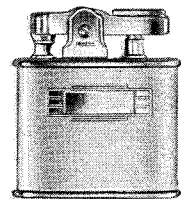
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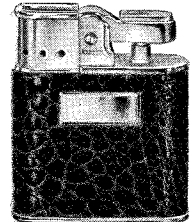


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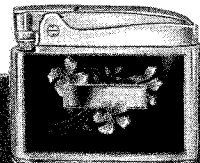
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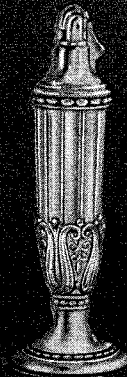
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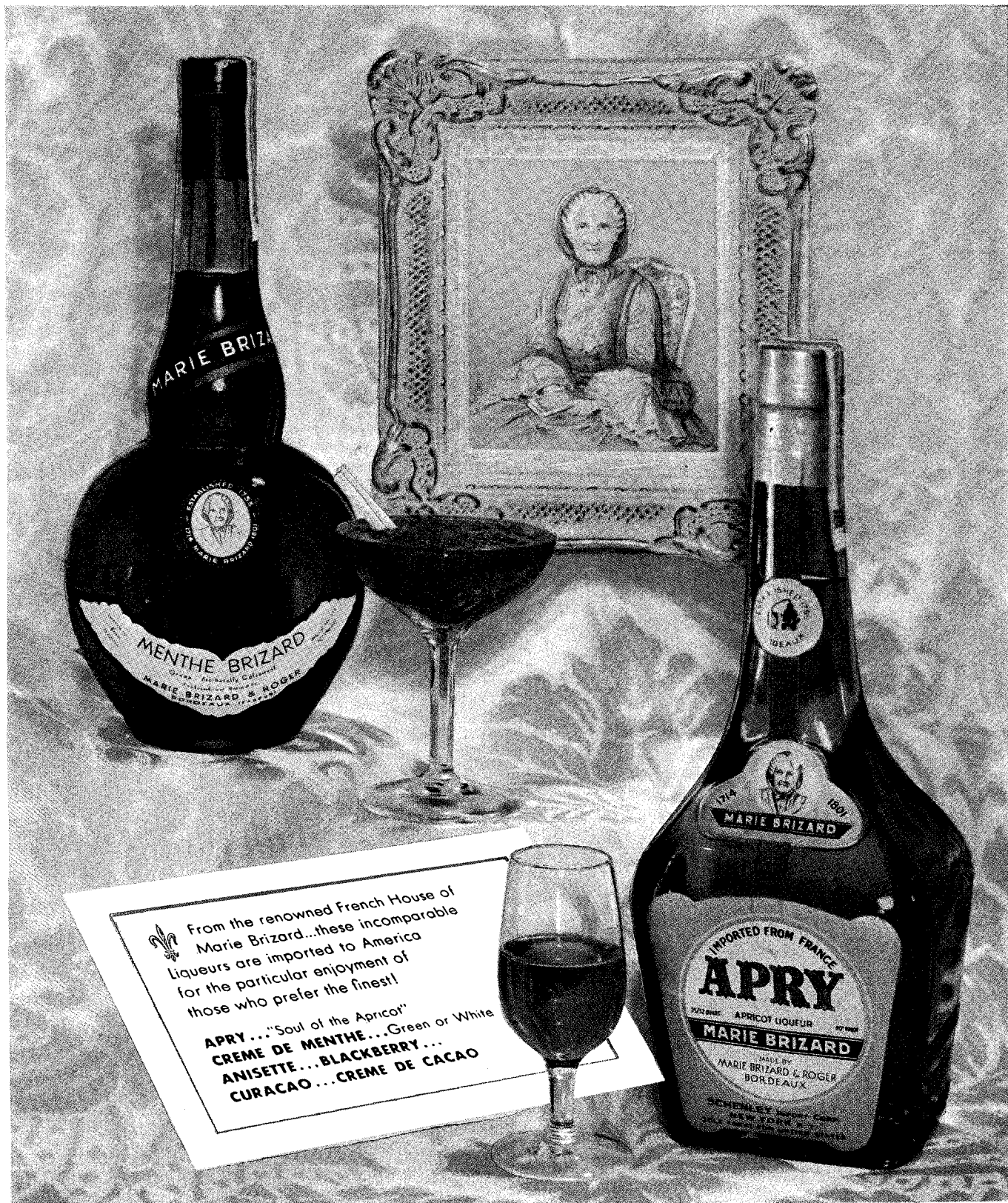
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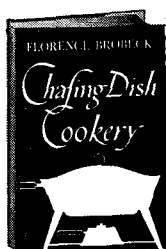
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—IRWIN EDMAN

## BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

COUNTY CHRONICLE, by Angela Thirkell (Knopf). A novel of wit and style in which at least three delightful heroines struggle separately through the wilderness to the promised land of marriage with a nice, solid man. Mrs. Thirkell is no respecter of youth. She thinks that twenty-nine is a good age for a girl to be, fifty or so about right for a widow. Of course, there is no use wishing to make friends among all these fortunate, humorous people. The residents of Barsetshire are so tightly bound together by birth, manners, and mutual understanding that one obviously has to be born among them or remain forever on the outside.

CHARACTER AND SITUATION, by Christopher Sykes (Knopf). Six extremely detailed character studies of Englishmen, all of them encountered away from their native land. Mr. Sykes apparently is willing to use all his space in describing the background and personality of each subject, in order eventually to be able to make some tiny, ironic point of disillusionment about human beings and their ways. As a result, his stories seem top-heavy, an effect that is increased by the charm and importance of the style in which they are written. This lean, detached style of Mr. Sykes', which continually promises a revelation that he cannot induce, is almost, but not quite, enough to persuade us that his stolid little group is worth all his trouble.

BACK, by Henry Green (Viking). The third of Mr. Green's peculiar novels to be published here. Like "Loving" and "Nothing," it is written with an eerie succinctness that seems to some readers a sort of lyrical shorthand and is to others as irritating as grown-up baby talk. "Back" is a more humane, or perhaps only a more homely, book

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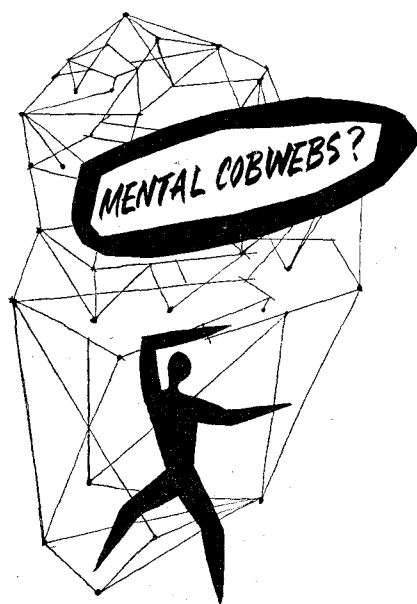
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than its predecessors. It tells of an English soldier who, having lost a leg in the recent war and having been held prisoner by the Germans, returns home and starts putting together the scattered fragments of his life. In his absence, his mistress has died, and it is with his adjustment to her loss and with his slowly reacquired ability to love that the novel is chiefly concerned. If you like Mr. Green, you will find "Back" a touching and often beautiful story; if you don't like him, you will wonder where the story is.

**THE DRY SEASON**, by Dan Wickenden (Morrow). A tale about fugitive Americans living in a small village in Guatemala and having a rather flat time of it, even though some of them are young and some others seem to have a good deal of sense. Mr. Wickenden's people are all right; it is entirely his fault that his novel loses speed with almost every page and after a long time finally comes to a complete and quite impressive standstill.

**THE EASY WAY**, by Kay Cicellis (Scribner). A collection of short reverie stories by a young Greek girl who writes in English, although she has never lived in an English-speaking country and seems to have learned the language more or less by proxy. This remoteness from the language of her choice is reflected in the stories, which are lonely, withdrawn, and self-contained, and have a sameness of voice and mood that makes them seem more like several approaches to one novel than like completed pieces of work.

**THE MAUGHAM READER** (Doubleday). A good, fat collection of Maugham, including two novels ("The Painted Veil," which, melodrama and all, stands up remarkably well, and "Christmas Holiday," which does not); the whole of "The Summing Up," one of the most stimulating books Maugham has written; two plays ("Our Betters" and "The Constant Wife"); and a lot of short stories that, except for "Rain," have not been anthologized to tatters. Glenway Wescott, who got to know Maugham during the war years Maugham spent in this country, has written a personal, critical, and affectionate introduction that is weakened by the unnecessarily defensive way he discusses Maugham's place in the contemporary literary hierarchy. This serves only to emphasize the fact that, of all living writers, Maugham needs defending

the least; he is what he is, and you can take him or leave him.

## GENERAL

**THE MAN OF INDEPENDENCE**, by Jonathan Daniels (Lippincott). A thoughtful biographical study of Harry S. Truman that is far superior to the kind of stuff usually dished up about living politicians. Mr. Daniels, whose primary source of information was President Truman himself, admires his subject, but he doesn't let that blind him. Although the book contains some sensational material—and the newspapers by no means covered it all when they pounced on the cutting remarks Mr. Truman made about former Secretary of State Byrnes—this is not merely another compilation of backstage gossip. The author feels that Truman's life and defeats and victories are congruent to the average American's; he makes it clear, however, that he doesn't consider Truman average. What Mr. Daniels has really written here is a sort of "Everyman" of American political life, with Harry Truman as its folk hero. The story goes to prove Mr. Daniels' thesis that American democracy offers a way up for everybody and that an "everyday man" is capable of rising to the challenge of leadership.

**NAPOLÉON'S MEMOIRS**, edited by Somerset de Chair (Harper). Once installed on St. Helena, Napoleon was stricken with an acute case of garrulity, which lasted until his death, six years later. During that time, he exhausted the various members of his staff by dictating his memoirs to them, more or less chronologically but with many a tirade on such extraneous subjects as harem life in Egypt, George Washington, and anything else that came into his nimble mind. When the work was published, in 1823, it was a jumble of seven volumes that must have discouraged even the most avid Bonapartist. Mr. de Chair has rearranged it, cut out the longer irrelevancies (one disquisition on the military techniques of Marshal Turenne and Frederick the Great ran to a whole volume), and presents a cogent story in one book. It is a great story, though hardly objective, for Napoleon dictated this history in more senses than one. The narrative is fairly complete up to and through Marengo; then there is a gap until the Hundred Days and the Battle of Waterloo, which Napoleon called the Battle of Mont-



Saint-Jean. The writing has style, bite, and wit, and the whole constitutes one of the most exciting I-was-there stories since Caesar's "Commentaries."

**THE AGE OF SCANDAL**, by T. H. White (Putnam). A carnival display of eighteenth-century England's dirty linen. The author, who wrote the delightful fantasy "The Sword in the Stone," has assembled a cast of rascals in high places and ladies who were no better than they felt like being, and, with the help of their private papers and those of their dear friends, tells tales on them. Included in the gallery are Horace Walpole, the arch-gossip of Strawberry Hill, upon whose paternity Mr. White cheerfully casts doubt; George Selwyn, the elegant necrophile who never missed a hanging and who once travelled all the way to Paris to see a fellow drawn and quartered; the Marquis de Sade (it's a tribute to Mr. White's sense of humor that he can be funny about *that* one); and Queen Carolina Matilda, of Denmark (she was a sister of George III), and her unusually attentive physician. The book is written with amused malice toward a group of people who spent a great deal of time and effort being nasty to others, so it's all right. Pictures.

**THE ROPEMAKERS OF PLYMOUTH**, by Samuel Eliot Morison (Houghton Mifflin). You wouldn't think a "History of the Plymouth Cordage Company," as this book is subtitled, would be very interesting, but it is, because Professor Morison is a gifted writer and because that particular rope manufactory has had a lively, salty career. Plymouth Cordage was founded in 1824, two miles from Plymouth Rock, and has survived three major wars, five major depressions, and the temptation to emigrate that has taken so many New England industries afield. It lately celebrated its hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary. Since pre-clipper-ship days, the company has made every kind of rope, from ships' fenders to glider towlines. During the recent war, when our Navy was using more rope than the British Royal Navy consumed in the greatest days of sail (aircraft carriers alone used it by the mile, for lashing down planes), Plymouth supplied a big share of it. Professor Morison feels that the history of the company is a lesson in what integrity and fair dealing—and local management—can



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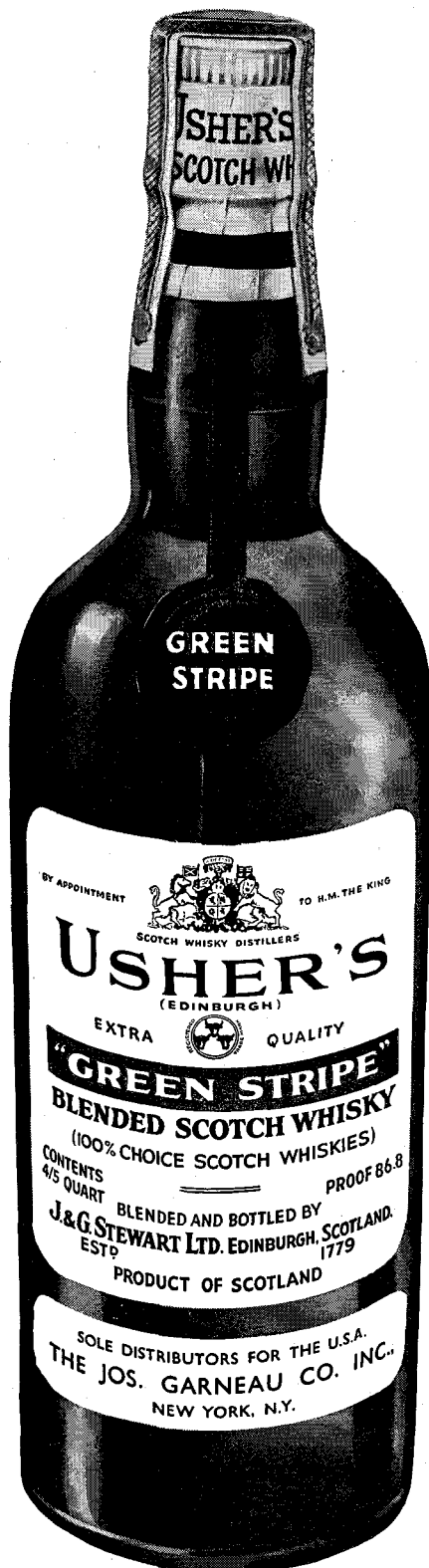
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do for an American business. Pictures. **THE GENTLEMAN AND THE JEW**, by Maurice Samuel (Knopf). As a result of his upbringing in England, where he was reared in a devout Jewish atmosphere and then exposed to the British public-school system, Mr. Samuel has evolved an ingenious theory to explain the conflicting sets of ideals presented to him in the course of his education. The gentleman turned out on the playing fields, he says, is being trained to outdo and outfox the other fellow—in other words, to become, ultimately, a killer. The Jew, on the other hand, is indoctrinated with the coöperative, or peaceful, approach to life. In a subsequent section of his book, Mr. Samuel describes his intellectual efforts to reconcile these two points of view and examines—with very confusing results—the writings of the Biblical prophets, who seem to be in accord with his thesis. In the final section, he rather critically examines the attitudes of the various factions in Israel toward their religious heritage. By this time, however, he's meandered some distance from his original idea and has pretty well abandoned the lucidity of presentation that makes the early chapters plausible and provocative reading.

**THE LIFE OF MAHATMA GANDHI**, by Louis Fischer (Harper). The Gandhi story has been told many times before, but no other Western author, writing for Western readers, has ever depicted the Mahatma's life and teachings—they amount to the same thing—with such coherence. If Mr. Fischer is a devotee of the Gandhi mystique, he keeps the fact well under wraps. In this book, he tells what, as far as can be ascertained, made Gandhi what he was; *what* he was; and what he was like as a man. An immense and exciting personality emerges. Gandhi was a living sermon, the author says, and that was what gave him his tremendous influence (which is what he had, rather than power). There was nothing glum about the sermon, though. Gandhi was earthy and he knew that "life consists of the details of life;" he would discuss the ruthlessness of Stalin in one breath, and in the next he would go into a dissertation on the proper way to suck a mango. He loved jokes; he often repeated an Indian woman's quip to the effect that "It costs a great deal of money to keep Gandhiji living in poverty." "People describe me as a saint trying



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to be a politician, but the truth is the other way around," Gandhi once said. After reading this book, one is likely to disagree with him. As his friend Tagore observed, he may have been a failure in the sense that Jesus was, but he will always be remembered as one "who made his life a lesson for all ages to come."

**IMMORTAL MAGYAR**, by Frank G. Slaughter (Schuman). A life of Ignaz Philipp Semmelweis, the obscure Hungarian doctor who, while working in a Vienna clinic, discovered that childbed, or puerperal, fever, which was killing an appalling number of mothers, was transmitted by physicians who did not wash their hands—who, indeed, often came to the delivery rooms, innocent of soap and water, direct from the dissecting slabs. The astonishing part of this story is the amount of political and professional persecution that Semmelweis incurred in trying to get across the simple and reasonable proposition that obstetricians wash up before going to work. The poor man died an early death, defeated and scorned by most of the medical profession, in 1865. Dr. Slaughter tells the story well.

**THE GREAT ESCAPE**, by Paul Brickhill (Norton). A first-hand account, set down with rather schoolboyish verve, of an elaborately devised mass escape from Stalag Luft III, the same German prisoner-of-war camp that was the background for the escape dealt with in Eric Williams' more distinguished book, "The Wooden Horse." This later and far more ambitious attempt had a tragic aftermath; of the seventy-six officers, of various nationalities, who managed to make their way through the tunnels they had dug, fifty were later machine-gunned by the Gestapo. Much of the author's material is drawn from the records of the War Crimes Court in Hamburg, where his comrades' assassins were tried and convicted. Illustrated with sketches, maps, and photographs.

**THE TRUMAN MERRY-GO-ROUND**, by Robert S. Allen and William V. Shannon (Vanguard). The current administration viewed with even greater omniscience—if such a thing

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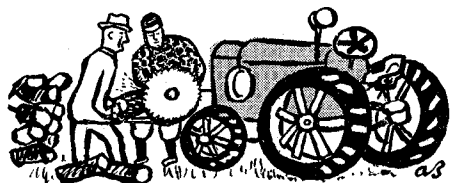


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is possible—than was evinced in "The Washington Merry-Go-Round." After voicing, in a tone of mild, paternal sorrow, their disenchantment with the way Mr. Truman has handled his job ("Limited" is the word for Harry Truman," the authors conclude), Mr. Allen and Mr. Shannon—the latter a newcomer to the peephole school of experts—go on to appraise practically everybody who has set foot on Capitol Hill, in either an official or a persuasive capacity, during the past few years. Dean Acheson emerges from this ordeal with a cluster of blue ribbons in his buttonhole, Mr. Truman's personal advisers, not unexpectedly, with a communal booby prize. Apparently for the benefit of those readers who are unable to digest straight prose, the authors have interlarded their text with a series of bon mots of an elementary type, such as "Washington society is like lemon meringue pie without the filling: all fluff and a lot of crust." These sayings are an unfortunate addition, because the rest of the book seems fairly sensitive.

THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS, edited by Perry Miller (Harvard). Professor Miller has compiled an anthology of the writings of the New England Transcendentalists that is at once surprisingly interesting and, thanks to his illuminating introduction to each selection, a brilliant dramatization of a major era in our intellectual history. We see the movement start as a revolt against Unitarianism, see it absorb Cousin and Carlyle, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Swedenborg and Oriental thought, and watch it develop into a philosophy that culminated in the great period of our literature. We also are shown its connection with educational reform, radical politics, abolitionism, woman's suffrage, utopian communities, diet faddism, and a kind of tongue-tied free love. The pressure of space has forced Professor Miller to omit most of the relevant Emerson and Thoreau (he points out that they are readily available anyway), and to trim most of his selections, but even the bits and pieces of these are fascinating, and a few of them, like Elizabeth Peabody's account of Bronson Alcott's conversations with children, are heirloom treasures that should have been taken out of the attic long ago.

THE NEW NATION, by Merrill Jensen (Knopf). A history of the United States during the years it was gov-



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(Advertisement)

erned under the Articles of Confederation (1781-89). This period, Dr. Jensen feels, is one of the most interesting since the Revolution. It is also one of the most diversely interpreted and frequently distorted, he says, because whenever Americans have fallen to quarrelling about the Constitution, they have always turned back to the history of the years in which it was being born and tried to reinforce their arguments by referring to the debates among the Founding Fathers. The author concedes that the era was one of profound change and readjustment, but he doesn't see it as an era of chaos, as some historians do. The problems of the day were both immediate and far-reaching—how best to demobilize the Army; how to keep the officer class, which included a large corps of foreigners, from power; what to do with returning loyalists; and what kind of political foundation to dig for the new nation. Dr. Jensen, in his effort to get the record straight and give a picture of the period as it was seen by the men who lived through it, has tapped an enormous fund of source material that covers almost every aspect of life in those times, right down to the wranglings over how to end prostitution and how to dispose of garbage. The author writes clearly and without bias, except for the initial one against those he regards as misinterpreters of the lessons of the Confederation; he places the proponents of world union in that camp.

AMERICA BEGINS, edited by Richard M. Dorson (Pantheon). Acting on the theory that the origins of American belles-lettres lie buried in such unpromising genres as Indian treaties, Colonial promotional tracts, and theological works, Richard Dorson has compiled a captivating anthology of these and other seventeenth-century literary efforts, modernized in spelling and illustrated with early woodcuts. The accounts of the hardships of the voyages to the New World (on one of them, a starving "woman great with child offered twenty shillings for a rat, which, the proprietor refusing, the woman died"), of the barbarism of Indian fighting, of the marvels of the local flora and fauna, and of the scandals and credulities of witchcraft add up to a good weekend's reading and about as painless an education in early American history as anyone could ask for. The book suffers from the edi-

## THE Minneapolis Star and Tribune

COLUMN



by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

**J**UNIOR WILL HAVE AVAILABLE for him by Christmastime a toy popcorn machine for \$9.95 which can be plugged into an electrical outlet. The midget popper actually turns out a pretty fair job. Let him plug that in along with his home movie set and he's in business with a neighborhood theater . . . You can expect a few mellow utterances from the press agents about this: In the movie "Macao" Jane Russell will wear, for the first time on the screen, a sweater . . . If you want to make a really strong pitch when you pop the question to your lovely, skip a couple of meals beforehand. Yearning and hunger produce exactly the same look on a man's face . . . What's in a name: 352 W. Forty-fourth street, New York 18, N. Y., in the heart of the metropolis, is the address of the Farmer Boy Corn & Equipment Co. . . . Even the stripteasers have gone scientific. The peelers made a survey among themselves and discovered that to secure the best audience results, the stripper must start to unbutton from the bottom to the top. Progress!

★

**EVER RUN OUT** of toothpaste, aspirin or some other medicine cabinet necessity? You make up your mind to purchase some the next time you shop, but keep forgetting. Try this: Place the cap from the empty tube or bottle in your coin purse as a reminder . . . Bird watchers found excellent subject matter in drive-in theaters during the daytime this summer. Birds flock to the theater lots to pick up popcorn spilled the night before. The birds, incidentally, provide the drive-in operators an entirely free and unanticipated service in cleaning up the grounds. . . . The neckline set in TV, the glamor gals who flit from one panel to the other, average \$250 a show for their network appearances.

★

HERE'S A RARE thrill for a speaker: a turn-out of 586 persons in a town with a population of 230. Yet that's what happened when George Grim, the Minneapolis Tribune's globe-trotting columnist, went to Astoria, S. D., to tell folks what he recently saw and learned in Korea. George is driving 1,000 miles a week over our Upper Midwest to fill a speaking schedule that calls for 90 engagements in 120 days before 200,000 neighbors. The frequent visits of staff members to cities and towns throughout this great region comprise one more reason why the best-liked, best-read newspapers in the area are the Minneapolis Star and Tribune (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) and the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune (circulation: now more than 600,000).

★

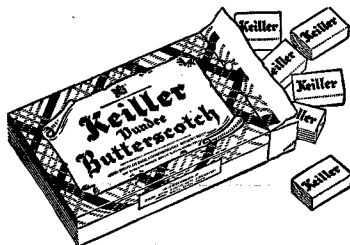
**EVER WONDERED HOW** olives, particularly the pimento-stuffed jobs, form such a precise pattern in the jar? I met a girl the other day who is an olive-stuffer at the Griggs, Cooper Home Brand plant in St. Paul. Packers use a long prong to pick up the olives, one by one. Each olive is inserted into the jar by the prong, placed in a particular position by the packer. It takes six months to become proficient in the art. A fast olive-stuffer can insert 11,000 olives a day into jars. Such precision is required in packing olives that the girls very often get touchy. Background music relieves their tension. Home Brand officials predict that no machine will ever replace human olive stuffers.

★

NOTE FROM THE hard life of show business: Spike Jones and his wife, Helen Grayco, as presents gave each other new Cadillacs . . . Consider the work day of one Harold Franklin of Baltimore. As a professional mosquito bitee, he thrusts his repellent-smeared arms into a container crammed with laboratory-bred mosquitoes. Recently he was bitten for the 100,000th time . . . You think you're so smart—which way does Lincoln face on the Lincoln penny?



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tor's naïve idea that the Indians taught their white conquerors savagery and total warfare, and from his unnecessarily bouncy style, but it is a very well-done job.

THE DRAMA OF ATHEIST HUMANISM, by Henri de Lubac (Sheed & Ward). The author is a French Jesuit, professor of theology at Lyon. He must be a remarkably undocinaire professor, because the men for whom he expresses real admiration (Comte, Feuerbach and his disciple Marx, and Nietzsche) are atheist thinkers, and the voices of faith that he finds to refute them (Kierkegaard and Dostoevski) are, respectively, a Protestant and a Catholic-hating Russian Orthodox. Actually, the book is concerned not so much with atheism as with what de Lubac, following Proudhon, calls "antitheism," the militant movement to dethrone God and replace Him with man, and de Lubac, while strongly opposing this program, acknowledges its power, summarizes it fairly, and admits the grave weaknesses in Christianity that have given it strength. He finds hope that the antitheists will not triumph principally in the prophetic and tortured Christianity of Dostoevski. A stimulating and impressive book.

NOTE: "Monster Rally," a collection of drawings by Charles Addams, most of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Simon & Schuster. There's a foreword by John O'Hara.

Q.—At 55 I have too many wrinkles around the angles of mouth. Is there anything I can do about it? (Mrs. H. T.)  
A.—Yes. Boop your riboflavin intake.

—Chicago Daily News.

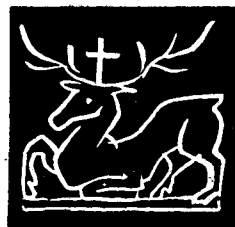
And if you still wrinkle, boop it again.

Exposes such as a recent magazine story on conditions in women's prisons and films like "The Snake Pit" lead many Indians to conclude that Americans are unworthy of the pretensions attributed to them.—The Times.

Never mind the dialect, just tell the story.

**NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK**  
[From the News]

The Bauers were married on Christmas Eve, 1944, after meeting at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., where he was stationed. Their children were born in Staten Island Hospitals while the couple were on Ellis Island.



**THE CLIFF'S  
EDGE:**

*Songs of a Psychotic*

by Eithne Tabor

\$2.00

These poems are not a literary exercise in the worst sense or even in the best. Eithne Tabor is a psychotic. She is at present in a mental hospital. It is of her own experience she writes, with a precision that strikes one at first as reportorial, then as scientific, and only then as poetic—tremendous emotion, tremendously under control. She is just twenty years old.

One of these poems appears in the current TRUMPET, which Anthea MacGill will send you on request, free and postpaid.

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